March 1960, 60 cents

THE Atlantic

Noel Martin

Man Alive in Outer Space

Dr. Thomas R. A. Davis

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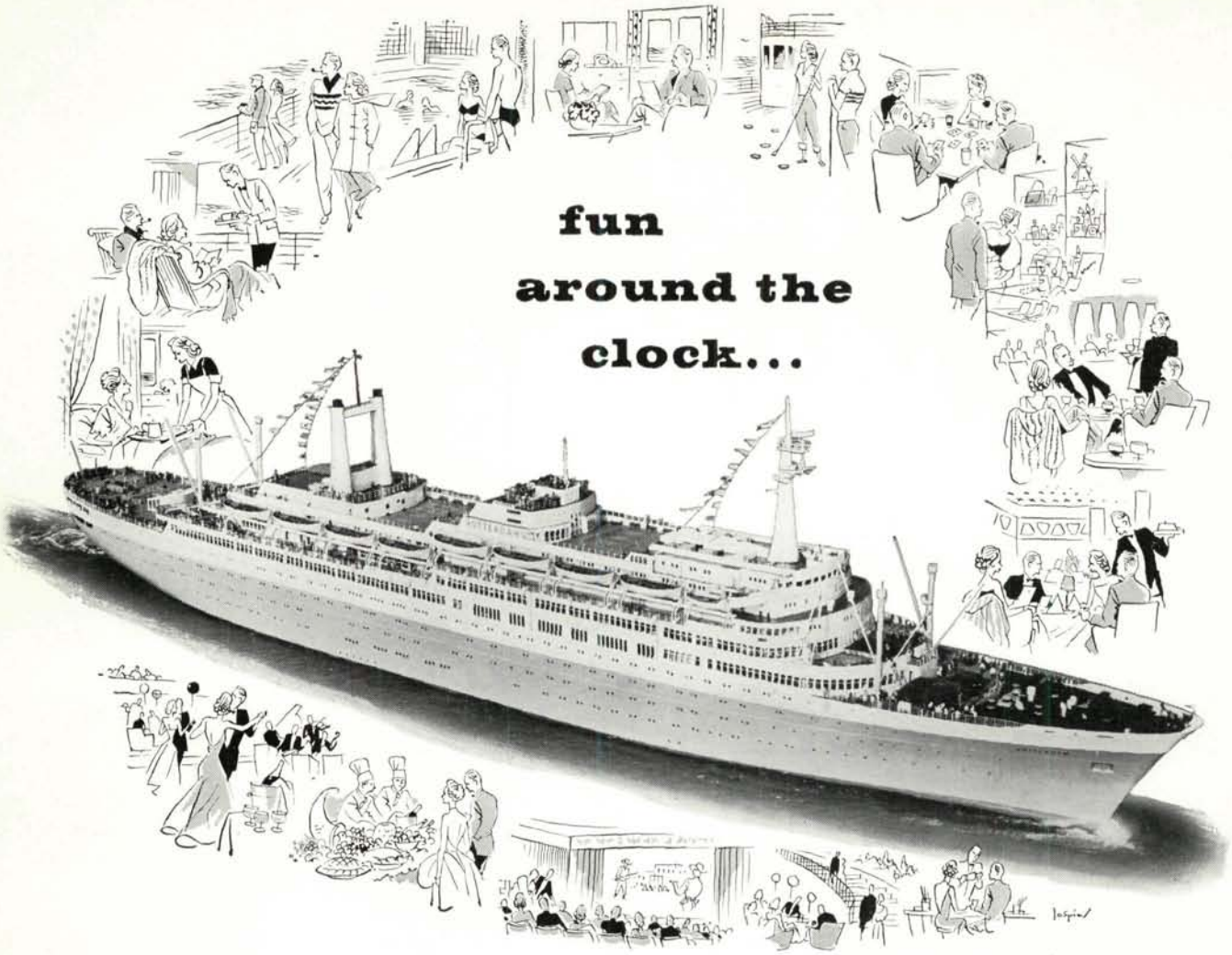

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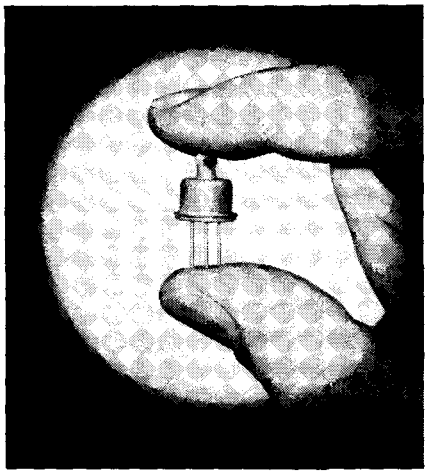

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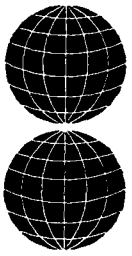
The Atlantic Report  *on the World Today*

BONN

THE sleepy Federal village of Bonn was rudely jolted out of its beauty sleep on Christmas Day, when two 25-year-olds of the extreme right-wing Reichs Party daubed swastikas and Nazi slogans on the walls of the Jewish synagogue in Cologne. This had promised to be the happiest German Christmas since 1913. A well-fed, well-housed, well-clothed population had just celebrated a comfortable and comforting Christmas Eve. The Berlin Eve had receded into the hazy middle distance. There were fewer unemployed than at any other time in living memory. Industrial production for the year was up by nearly 7 per cent to two and a half times the 1936 figure. Overall industrial orders were up by 22 per cent, export orders by 28 per cent, and Federal Minister of Economics Ludwig Erhard was prophesying the materialist's millennium.

The Cologne outrage scandalized the West German public, not least because it happened on Christmas Day, for the desecration of the Düsseldorf synagogue eleven months earlier had raised scarcely a ripple of interest. Policy considerations played their part too. It was obvious that the crop of anti-Semitic incidents which followed on Cologne would earn the Federal Republic harsh words abroad. Certainly it was this thought which induced Konrad Adenauer to make the suspect suggestion that the outrages, in other countries as well as Germany, were part of a deep-laid plot. It very quickly became plain that no such plot existed. Yet neither sentiment nor policy was responsible for the immediate human reaction of disgust produced in the average German citizen.

Why did baker's assistant Arnold Struenk and accountant's clerk Paul Josef Schoenen deface the Cologne synagogue and the nearby memorial to the German resistance to Hitler? The easy answer was that they were two young buffoons who happened to have criminal records and to have picked up outdated political ideas. But within twelve days anti-Semitic outrages had occurred in thirty-seven different places in West Germany. After another week the number had climbed to more than fifty. The question of motive, then, was an important one.

A part of the answer was supplied by the statements of the twenty-five men and boys who were arrested in West Germany (excluding West Berlin) during the fortnight after the event in Cologne. More than half of those arrested were under twenty years of age; most of the remainder were between twenty and thirty. Some of them asserted that they were drunk when they smeared the buildings with swastikas; others said that they hardly knew what they were doing.

German police interrogations are reasonably tough and can be indefinitely prolonged — there is no law of habeas corpus in Germany. But there was no evidence of dark plots hatched by international fascism or by the East German Communists. What became clear was that the perpetrators of the outrages were frustrated and dissatisfied people.

The lack of ideals

Ideals are sadly lacking in present-day West Germany. How should it be otherwise? Patriotism is no inspiration when one's country is divided between two world blocs. European union has been robbed of much of its meaning by the economic feud between the Six and the Seven and by the self-centeredness of French policies. What about the defense of the West? It costs a lot of money and still leaves Germany divided. Furthermore, it is remarkable how many Germans, even in the Bundeswehr, resent the presence of foreign troops on German soil.

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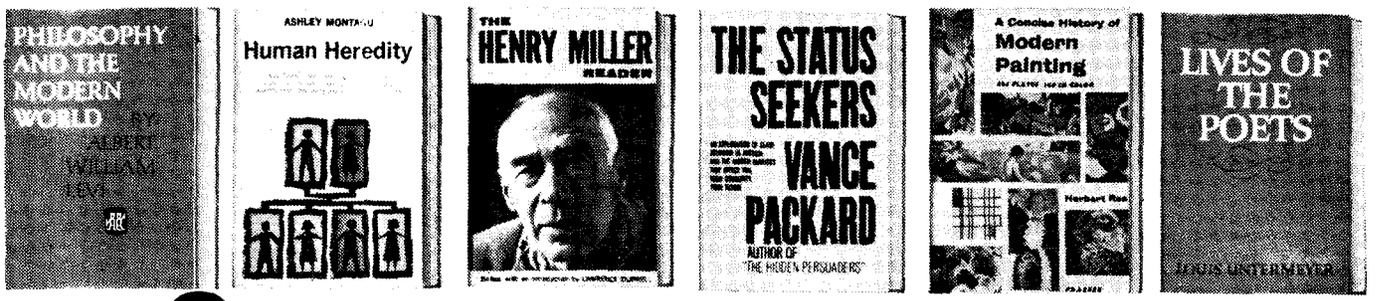

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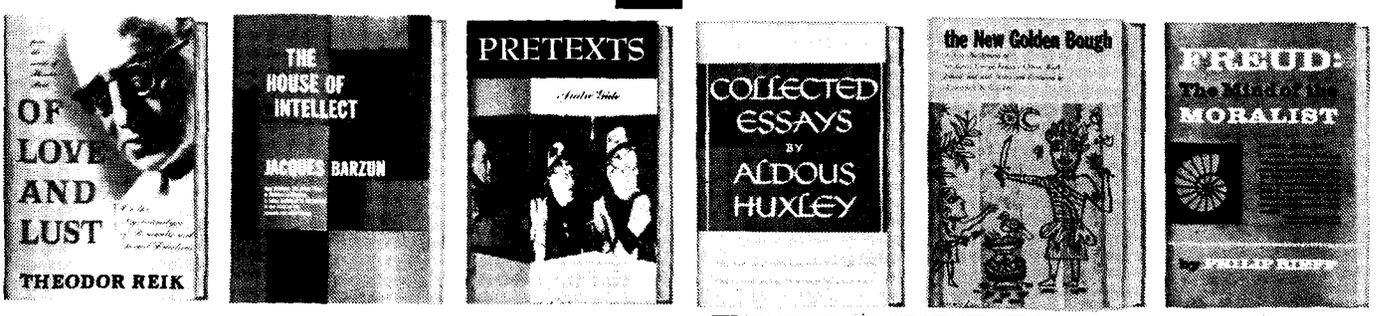

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Report on Bonn

As for traditional loyalties, these were swept away long ago, in the burning ruins of the Reich chancellery, in the Nuremberg war-crimes courts, in the breakup of the old German Army and the uprooting from their estates of a great part of the landed aristocracy. All that was left was the smugness and dullness of provincial Bonn, with its humdrum routine, its dreary Bundestag debates, and its endless, enervating cocktail parties and official receptions.

It is not surprising that some young Germans have turned elsewhere for inspiration and have turned to the wrong mentors. These fall into three categories: old Nazi literature, new Nazi literature, and the old Nazi elite.

Old Nazi literature, such as Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf* and Alfred Rosenberg's *Myth of the Twentieth Century*, was well represented in the rooms of men like Struenk and Schoenen and of the many members of radical right-wing groups who had their homes searched by the Berlin police. There was also a recent addition, *Hitler's Table Talk*. It is sometimes forgotten that this book, ostensibly published to clarify the Führer's inmost thoughts, can have bad effects on innately credulous young Germans who receive no proper instruction about the Nazi era either at school or in their homes. These young Germans are in no way enlightened by this searchlight on Hitler's character; instead, they are immensely impressed by his violent and often trenchant opinions. It is sometimes forgotten, too, that a man who played a major part in the publication of *Hitler's Table Talk* is a Swiss Nazi living in Lausanne on the placid shores of Lake Geneva.

There is no law against owning a copy of *Mein Kampf*, and in a sense it is still one of the best sellers to the German reading public. Right-wing groups keep their own printing presses and circulate their own copies or selected extracts from the original. *Hitler's Table Talk* circulates freely, and so do the apologias of Von Papen, Admirals Doenitz and Raeder, and the letters of Ribbentrop and Hess.

The new Nazi literature

Next to such a satanic classic as *Mein Kampf*, the new Nazi literature may at first sight look innocuous. Yet new Nazi publishing houses, like the Druffel-Verlag at Leoni on the shores of the Starnberg lake, the Plesse-Verlag and the Verlagsanstalt in Goettingen, the Abendland-Verlag of Wuppertal, and a score of others, churn out many books which have a common purpose: to extol the Nazi regime and condemn its enemies and successors.

Recent titles have included *Hitler, Friend of My Youth; The Third Reich*, a "correction" of the accepted facts of the Nazi era; the bitterly anti-British *Old Enemy — What Now?:* and a "jolly" biography of that most brutal of Nazi bullies, Hermann Goering. The Druffel-Verlag has on its own published plenty of works by leading Nazis and former members of the SS and new and almost certainly dangerous children's histories of Bismarck and Frederick the Great.

The work of the new Nazi publishers is supplemented by a score of lending libraries and book clubs. The clubs are an interesting growth, for they organize discussion evenings and seminars and maintain panels of speakers from among the Nazi literary elite who barely managed to keep out of prison. The starkly nationalist ex-soldiers' Stahlhelm has a book club in Bonn, ex-general of SS Herbert Gille has another at Stemmen, the Waffen SS has the Wiking Ruf library in Hanover, and from Berchtesgaden the Breinlinger Book Club has been telling its members about "the lie that 6 million Jews were ever murdered."

The third arm of new Nazi literature is comprised of weekly and daily papers. There is the *Reichsruf*, published by the Reichs Party and probably giving away half of its 25,000 weekly copies. Last autumn it published, in the course of a few weeks, articles accusing the Poles of murdering 50,000 Germans in order to provoke World War II, attacking Dr. Adenauer for "forking out reparations" to the Western allies, absolving the Nazis from any part in the burning of the Reichstag, and commending the Waffen SS for defending the West from "barbarism."

The *Nation Europa* asserts that Hitler offered the British people peace but that "German hands which were outstretched were not clasped but were hacked off." In December this paper declared that Jews and freemasons provoked the war for their own ends and that "German war guilt is the greatest slander of all."

There is the *Soldatenzeitung*, which has demanded the replacement of allied troops in Berlin by the Bundeswehr and the withdrawal of every allied soldier from German soil, and which has been banned from circulation among Bundeswehr units by Inspector General Heusinger.

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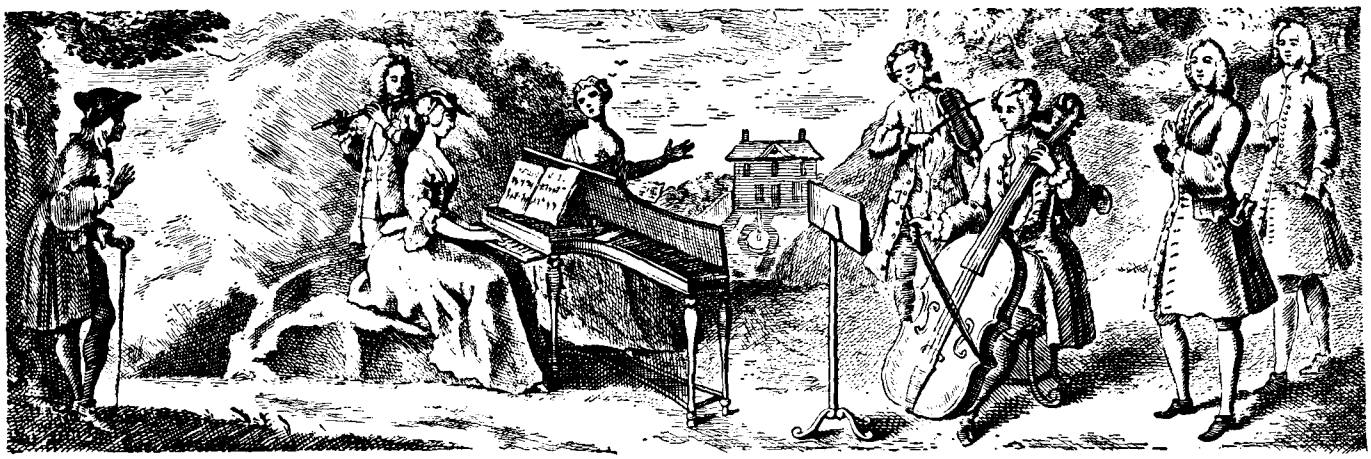

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Our British cousins, as you might expect, operate their stock exchanges in much the same way that we do ours, but with picturesque minor differences. On the London Stock Exchange, when the attention of members is required, a man called the waiter (although he has nothing to do with serving food), splendid in silk hat and gold braid, shakes a rattle. On the rare occasions when an announcement is made on the New York Stock Exchange, the president or the chairman of the board of governors in a plain business suit rings a gong.

In Britain, they talk of *ordinary* and *preference shares* where we would say *common* and *preferred stock*. What we call *leverage*, they call *gearing*. In this country, normally you are allowed four business days to pay for securities bought or deliver securities sold. In London, there is a day "for account" every two weeks when everyone's books are cleared and the cycle starts again.

These differences are superficial and only make life more interesting. But there's one basic point on which we don't see eye to eye with our British cousins, and that is the matter of advertising. "Members of the London Stock Exchange," says a bulletin of that Exchange, "do not advertise nor do they circularise anyone but their own clients."

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Report on Bonn

Heinrich Hueter's *Neue Weltschau* recently published this letter: "Dear Herr Hueter. You are giving to us Germans something which no one else has given — belief in the coming great leader, who will not be the menial of Moscow or the mercenary of America, but who will be for Germany!" The writer spoke of "that wonderful springtime of 1933" and of "Hitler, the man for whom German youth died willingly." He concluded that all that National Socialism did that was wrong was "to liquidate only the minor enemies of our Germany, and to leave the big ones."

Credulous young Germans sometimes believe this sort of nonsense, but they may require to see the leaders in the flesh. This, indeed, is vouchsafed them, since speakers for the Reichs Party, for the book clubs, and for the right-wing groups include compelling personalities, among them Hans Ulrich Rudel, Germany's greatest wartime air ace, "Papa" Ramcke, who defended the fortress of Brest with bitter courage, and Kurt "Panzer" Meyer, the most dashing of all SS generals.

Lucifer may often be an attractive fellow, and these men were in their way paladins who won the confidence of their men and their public. They remained loyal to nationalist ideals, and they displayed that most vaunted of all German characteristics, the power to face up to every trial and misfortune.

A closer watch

This is the background to the anti-Semitic outbursts in Cologne and fifty other German towns and villages. What the Federal and Laender governments can do about matters remains to be seen. The Ministry of the Interior is preparing a comprehensive standard work on the Nazi era for the schools. Legislation to deal with anti-Semites is being tightened up, and the law courts are urged to implement it. A closer watch will be kept on right-wing organizations. The prosecution of Nazi war criminals will go on until they have all been brought to justice. Private citizens will be encouraged to report on antidemocratic activities, and even take legal action if the opportunity presents itself.

All this is to the good, and the Federal Minister of the Interior, Gerhard Schroeder, may be right in refusing to purge ex-Nazis from posts in which they have worked hard to the public advantage. He is certainly right in ranking the rule of law above purely punitive measures. The banning of papers and political parties seldom pays off; the instruction of the young in the unvarnished truth does. The Federal Government's internal policies will be judged in relation to their success in doing this.

Naturally, the anti-Semitic issue has overshadowed other recent news from West Germany. But it has helped to point up one vital facet of the German problem as a whole — namely, that persisting internal and external pressures must be faced as long as Germany remains divided.

Only a few days before the action in Cologne, intruders broke into the grounds of the house of Willy Brandt, Lord Mayor of Berlin. A day before that, bombs exploded in a Munich house in which members of a Russian *émigré* group had been living and working. Munich is the center of anti-Communist work in Germany. A month earlier, the Ukrainian nationalist leader Stepan Bandera died of cyanide poisoning. A week or two before, an attempt was made to murder members of Radio Free Europe, broadcasting to Iron Curtain countries, by mixing atropine crystals in cafeteria saltcellars. What was being plotted against Herr Brandt can be guessed, but the miscreants have never been caught.

It is comforting to know that social insurance payments in West Germany are the highest in Europe, and that Volkswagen will make 750,000 new cars in 1960. But this is only a part of the German picture, perhaps not the truest. The wave of anti-Semitism will have served one good purpose if it underlines the pressures imposed on the German people and the need to face them with resolution at home and the sympathy and help of friends abroad.

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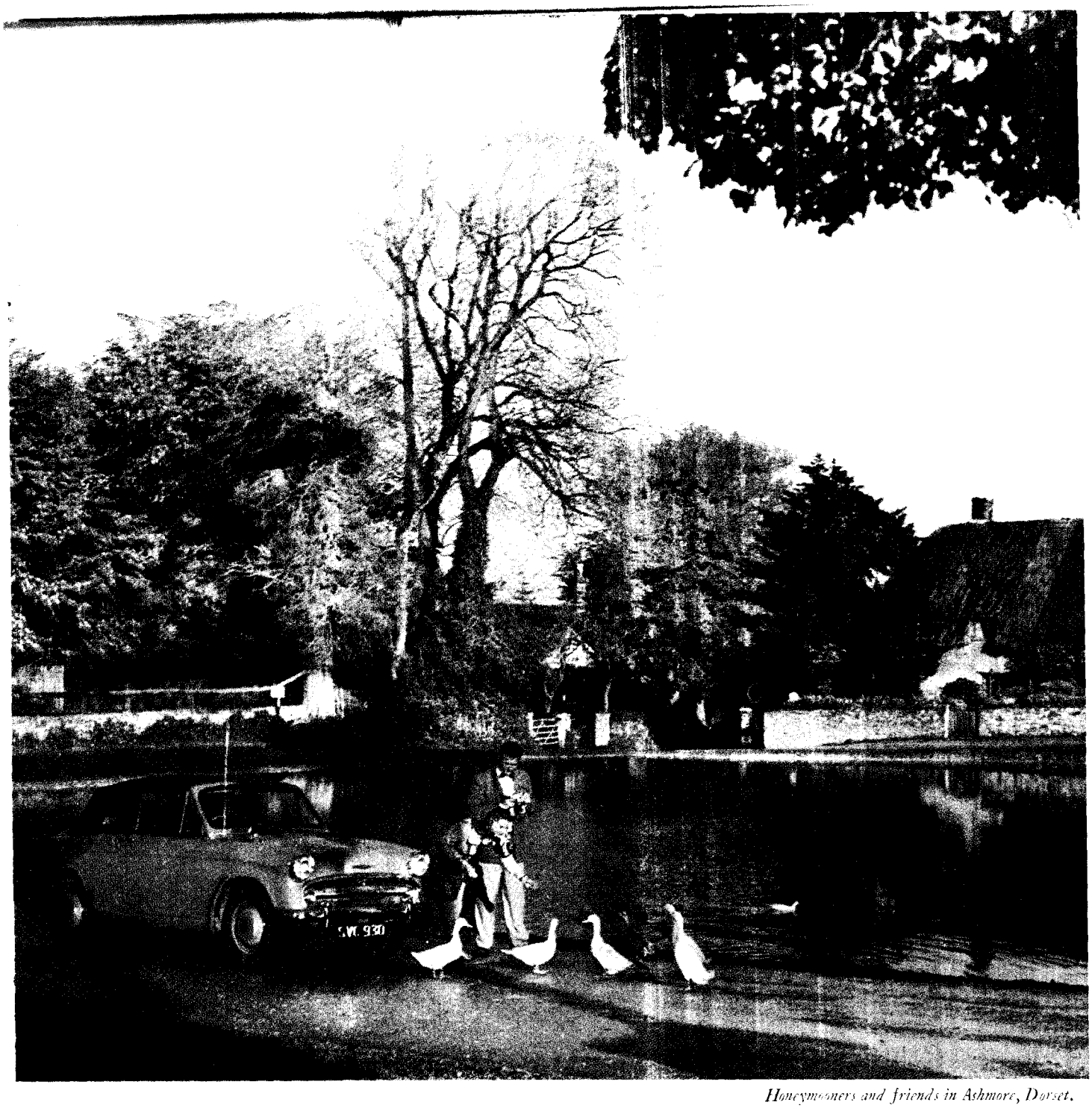

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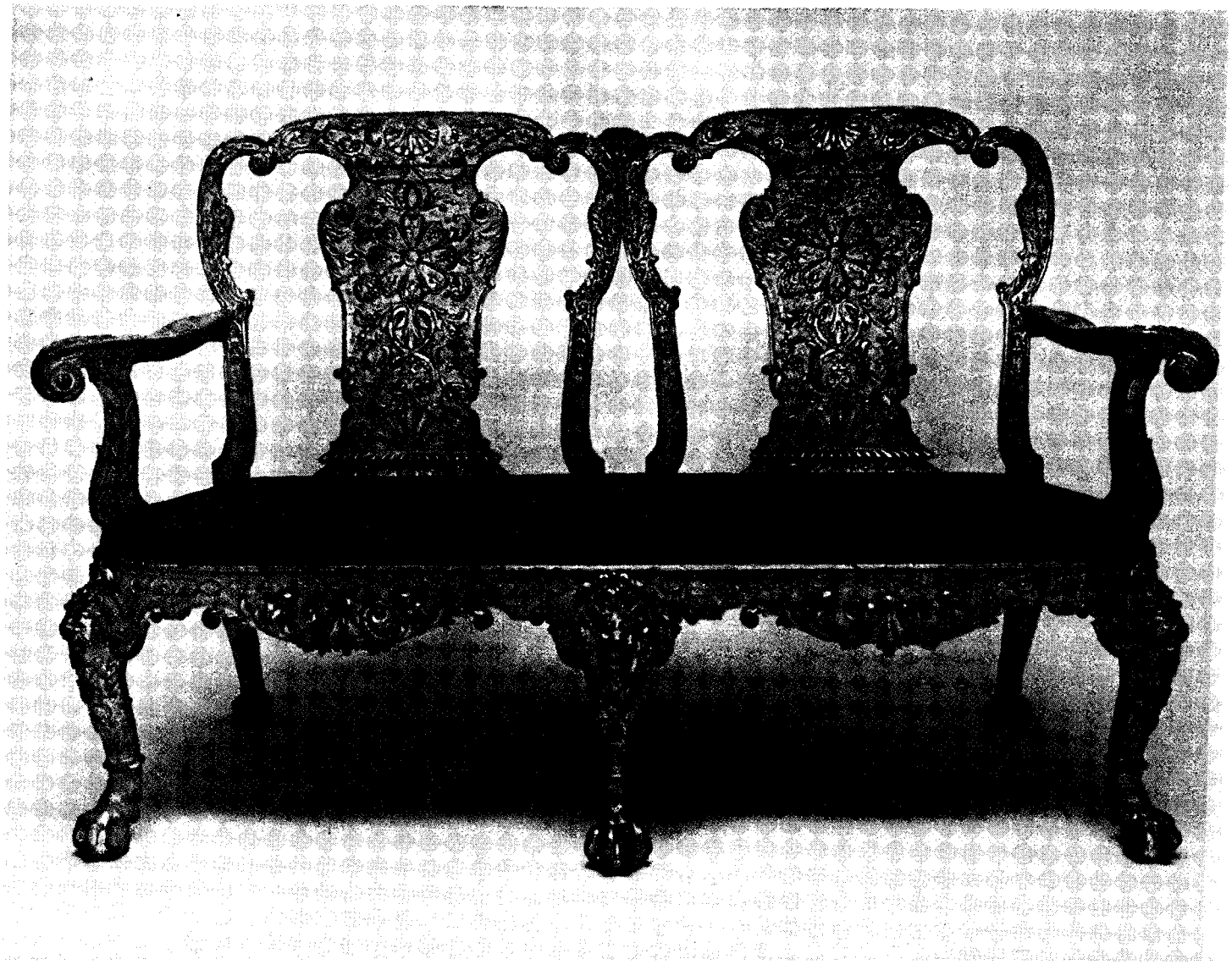

In nature craftsmen find the stimulus for decoration

In the realm of creature comforts it is decoration which elevates the purely functional to art. And the craftsman in search of motif mostly turns to nature for inspiration.

Since the beginning of civilized living, designers of furniture have looked to the natural forms about them to serve as models for their carved adornments. The shell—naturally sculpted emblem of the sea—has inspired many generations of craftsmen seeking to embellish their handiwork.

Science has also turned to nature to find in its intricate chemistry the means of serving man's physical well-being, just as the artist has used nature's outward forms for man's aesthetic gratification.

The hundreds of scientists at Shell are dedicated to the creative task of finding the petroleum that nature has hidden in the earth and perfecting it into chemical and petroleum products that perform better, last longer and cost less. Millions know these products by the sign of the familiar shell.

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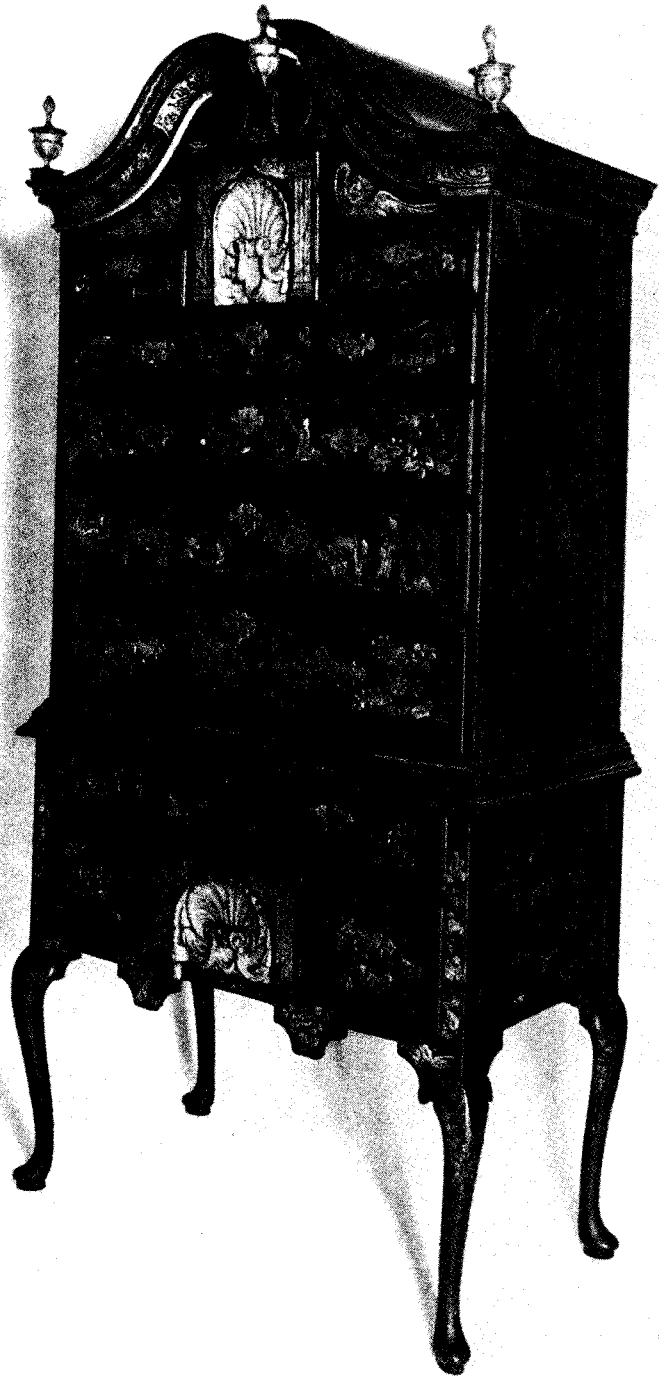
◀ English settee, 1720-1730, wood gilded and decorated in gesso. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, Fletcher Fund 1924.

American, 1735 highboy, maple and white pine with japanned decoration, gold on black. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, Joseph Pulitzer Bequest 1940. ▶



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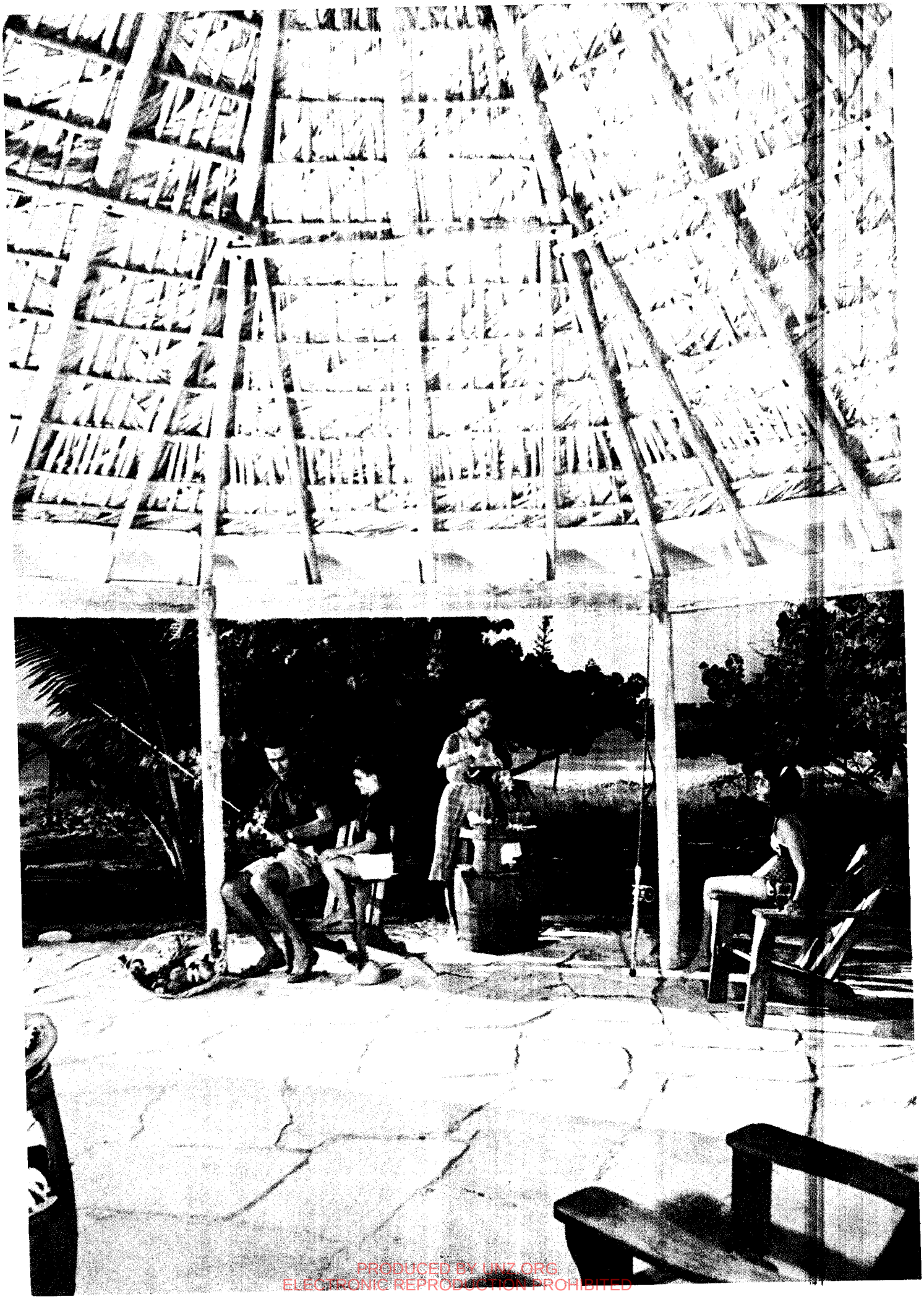

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AND THE GOOD LIFE IN CUBA

If Cuba could be said to have one predominant art, it would have to be the art of living. Here leisure time is something to be enjoyed to its fullest measure, and is, preferably, to be shared... so the gracious Cuban life revolves around sun, sea, family and friendship. And the gathering place may be Varadero... a spacious expanse of talcum-soft sand gently sloping into a multi-hued sea and dotted with thatched-roof "sombrajes"... or it may be some other sunwarm spot, for Cuba's beaches stretch, palm-lined, in graceful white sweeps along hundreds of miles of coast. The island's wonderful weather, its facilities for fun and relaxation, its natural beauty—all that tourists travel to enjoy—are appreciated just as much by the Cubans themselves!

Every day new highways reach farther... into every corner of the island... paving the way to more beaches and marinas, spas and mountain resorts. The new government development program is providing even fuller enjoyment of all the many charms of Cuba, and Cubans as well as tourists are taking advantage of it. The roads along the coast hum with cars; beaches sparkle with colorful striped umbrellas; and the blue sea is patterned with sails of all sizes as the many yacht clubs hold their annual events. Havana is the scene each year of the famous International Regatta, and the St. Petersburg-Havana races ...and in Varadero's delightful pleasure port, visiting yachts, whether sail or power, meet with exceptional hospitality, for Cubans are enthusiastic sailors and friendly hosts.

This, then, is the good life—and, to a Cuban, as well as to so many perennial visitors, this is surely the best life of all, in the best place of all... the beautiful island of Cuba!

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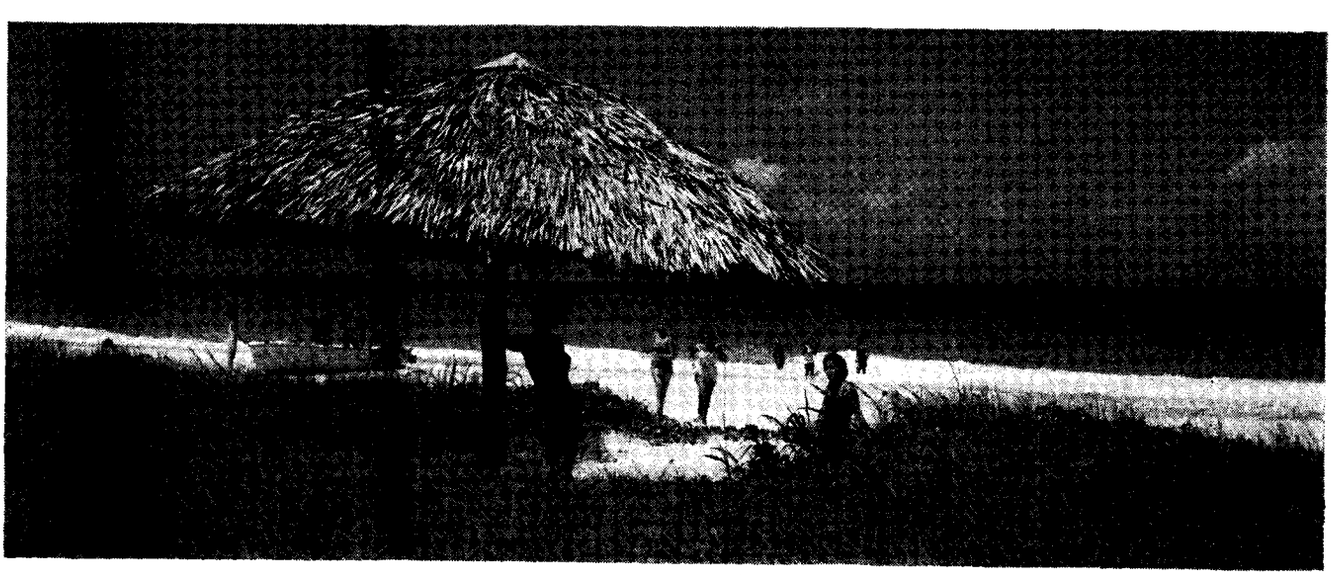

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The Atlantic Report WASHINGTON

This is the year of the great economic boom. Unless the signs fail, the newspapers and news magazines will be bursting with all sorts of records for the American economy. Once the steel strike was definitely settled, the Administration led the pack in proclaiming the advent of what the President forecast as "the most prosperous year in our history." Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson, with more restraint than most, prophesied that we are entering "one of the most prosperous and fruitful" decades in history. Anderson offered one caveat, however — "in the absence of any major change in the international outlook" — not exactly a minor consideration.

The great majority in the Capital think that Nikita Khrushchev's course, as now so firmly set, has as a fundamental the avoidance of war with the United States. This does not exclude use of the many types of Communist pressures around the globe nor nuclear blackmail. His speech to the Supreme Soviet announcing a cut of 1.2 million men in the armed forces was well sprinkled with evidence of such pressures to come, most likely over Berlin.

Despite a lot of election-year cries from the Democratic Congress, the President once again may have his way on his defense and space budget. He anticipated some of the outcry by boosting both missile production and the space effort, though not to a level considered satisfactory by many of his best-informed critics. Given the President's undoubted popularity and the acceptance of his dictum on national defense ("I know more about it than almost anybody . . . in this country because I have given my life to it"), the opposition is not going to get very far.

Prudent management of public affairs, sound money, and fiscal responsibility are Anderson and the President's key phrases this year. They will ring often in the ears of frustrated Democrats on Capitol Hill. Democratic presidential hopefuls are likely to tiptoe around them in attacking the Administration, including Vice President Nixon, for what Senator Kennedy already has called the approach of "a bookkeeper who feels that his work is done when the numbers on the balance sheet come out even."

In this connection, the following quotation is worth recalling: "The question of a country's defenses cannot be measured by the concern for cost nor by any economic concern." It was said not by a Democratic candidate for the presidency but by Khrushchev. And he sounded even more like the Democrats when he added, "We shall not chase the ruble when the lives of our people, the existence of our country, may be subject to risks."

The 1960 budget

The skies over Washington seemed magically clear to the Administration, and especially so to Nixon, with the settlement of the steel dispute. The only possible clouds were the Democratic hints of an election deal between Nixon and the steel companies and the considerable alarms that the settlement was inflationary. A concerted campaign by the President, Nixon, Labor Secretary Mitchell, and the whole Administration machine worked hard to destroy these fears. And if there is no price rise before election day, as may very well turn out to be the fact, given the indications of full-capacity orders for the mills, the alarms are likely to be forgotten. The continuing low farm prices promise to match the creeping rises in other components of the consumer price index, which reflects the housewife's budget problem.

The President's budget surprise was his forecast of a $4.2 billion surplus for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1960. While he said in his State of the Union message that this should be used to pay off a bit of the national debt, in his budget message he suggested that perhaps in the following fiscal year — the first one fully under control of the next Administration — it might be possible both to reduce the debt and to cut taxes.

This is the opening for the Nixon campaign theme; the fiscal policies of the Eisenhower Administration, on whose record the vice president must run this fall, have brought record prosperity

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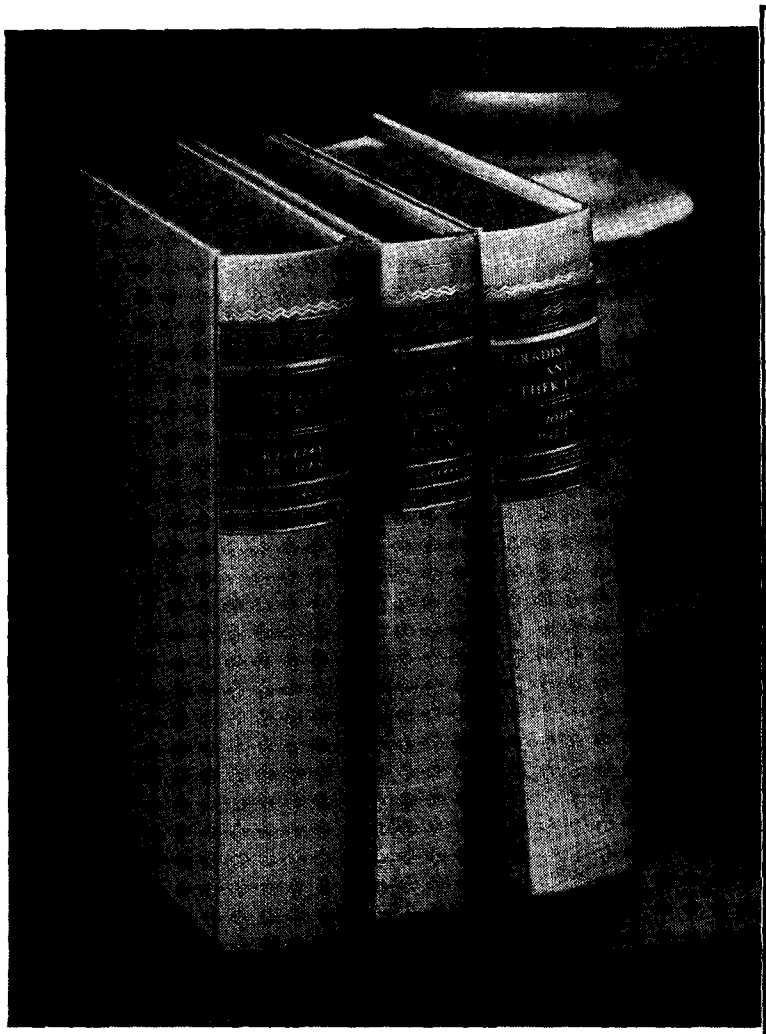

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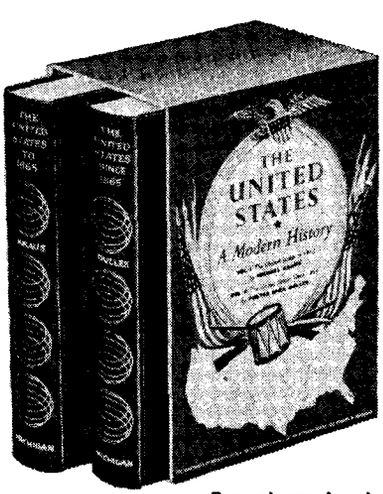

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Well, not *really* backwards. That's just said figuratively. And that photograph above isn't really them. It's posed by professional models. Mr. & Mrs. Corlis aren't in it at all. They're down at Berlitz . . . learning to speak French.

To begin at the beginning we'd have to go back to the day the Corlises first decided to combine business with pleasure and visit France. It was a very exciting day indeed. Mr. Corlis' promotion came through and he hurried right home, his new paycheck in one hand, travel folders in the other.

The trip was wonderful; the most enjoyable few days they'd had in years. And the day they put in at Le Havre the air was clear, the sun was shining and their spirits were soaring. Everything was fine—except for the language that the people were speaking. The Corlises were soon to discover that it was French, the native language of France and the one item they had overlooked in making their plans.

They had a nice enough time overseas because France is great and how wrong can you go even if you don't know the language. But they could have enjoyed it so much more had they only devoted some time to learning to speak French.

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and the possibility of a tax cut once Nixon is in the White House. In the heat of the campaign, it may be difficult to stick to only the possibility of a tax cut. Aside from campaign pressures, Nixon well knows that Anderson's predictions for fiscal 1961 are conservative on the revenue side. They are based on a gross national product for the calendar year 1960 of $510 billion, a figure a good many economists in and out of the Administration think will be surpassed, and on a corporate profit estimate which may turn out to be even more conservative as far as the resultant inflow of the Treasury is concerned.

The thesis of the President, Anderson, and Budget Director Maurice Stans is that the federal budget should move up somewhat as population grows but that it should not rise in any mathematical relationship. The problems of our cities and their sprawling suburbs, under this thesis, can be met only by the states and the cities themselves. And here the record amply demonstrates that they cannot thus be met, in part because of the overrepresentation of the contracting rural areas in most of the state legislatures.

The Democratic attack will be against this restrictive philosophy in domestic issues, as well as against the limitations of the missile and space programs. But, unhappily for the Democrats, the economic prospects as conservatively forecast by the Administration should allow Nixon considerable room for campaign promises of increased spending by the federal Treasury.

The missile gap

One thing on which there is agreement among the Democratic contenders is that the four years of the next Administration will present the United States with its most dangerous period of military inferiority vis-à-vis the Soviet Union in the critical field of nuclear-tipped intercontinental missiles. The Eisenhower Administration has acknowledged the missile gap, and the experts are in general agreement that the period of the greatest lag will begin about the time the next President is being inaugurated.

Furthermore, all the major proposals to bridge the gap are based on the same assumption: that the United States could not possibly close the gap in less than three to four, or perhaps five, years, the time difference largely depending on estimates of further Soviet advances. The temporary remedies are generally the same as those the Administration is now undertaking, or for which at least the first preparations are being made: hardening of bases for stepped-up missile production and dispersal of Strategic Air Command planes equipped with stand-off missiles, plus putting a number of SAC planes on a round-the-clock air-alert status.

These issues will be argued out during this session of Congress, and there probably will be some alterations in current plans but no major changes. The Administration's gamble is based on a political as well as a military reading of the Communist bloc. This reading of a Soviet intention to avoid nuclear war is, however, nothing about which to be complacent, considering the unresolved issues to be argued at the May summit conference in Paris.

If the Senate and House missile and space inquiries this year are to have any real effect on American policy, either in this or the next Administration, they will have to come to grips with the lack of coordination between the civilian and military components of the space program. All the evidence shows that one of the keys to the Soviet space successes has been the integration of military and civilian scientific efforts under a single head. President Eisenhower has publicly disapproved this method of operation.

Spies in the sky?

The problem involved cannot be neatly compartmentalized, as the issue of the reconnaissance satellites known as Midas and Samos demonstrates. Midas is an early-warning vehicle which will be able, its backers say, to pick up by infrared techniques a Soviet missile as it ascends relatively slowly through the atmosphere, and to flash back a warning of attack. As Samos hurtles

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around the globe it will be able to scan the Soviet Union and send back detailed information of Russian missile bases and other intelligence now lacking in the West.

There already have been hints from Moscow of an effort to brand such space vehicles as spies and to rule them out of the skies in the same way that the Kremlin forced an end to nuclear testing by using the fear of radioactive fall-out. Because of an apparent lack of coordination in Washington of military and political-psychological problems, there has been talk of shooting down such a Soviet satellite if the Russians launch one first. Chairman Overton Brooks of the House Space Committee has publicly called launching of such a Soviet satellite a hostile act.

To treat it as such could very well mean depriving the United States of its own chance to gain something like parity with the Soviets in intelligence. Those in Washington who are alarmed at this trend hope to counter it by getting into the skies as quickly as possible a number of weather and communications satellites, vehicles which would have major world-wide utility of a clearly peaceful nature. Their launching and acceptance, it is argued, could thereby counter and blunt any Soviet attempt to bar reconnaissance vehicles. But this has not yet become accepted Administration policy.

Shelving the supersonic bomber

Another related problem is best demonstrated in the controversy over the President's elimination of the B-70, a long-range supersonic bomber. There is merit in the Eisenhower belief that, by the time it would be ready, about 1965, the United States will have bridged the missile gap, at least to the point where such a plane would not be the necessity it is today. But some observers make this point: while the United States is shelving the B-70 (two prototypes only will be continued), the Soviet Union is not shelving its counterpart aircraft, despite Khrushchev's public statements about ending bomber production in favor of missiles.

Even if one takes Khrushchev's statement at face value, it is said in Washington, the Russians have so geared their state-owned civil airline, Aeroflot, to military necessities that all the airliners are basically military vehicles available for quick conversion, just as was the case with Hitler's pre-war Lufthansa planes. And the Soviets already have said that they are working on a supersonic civil airliner.

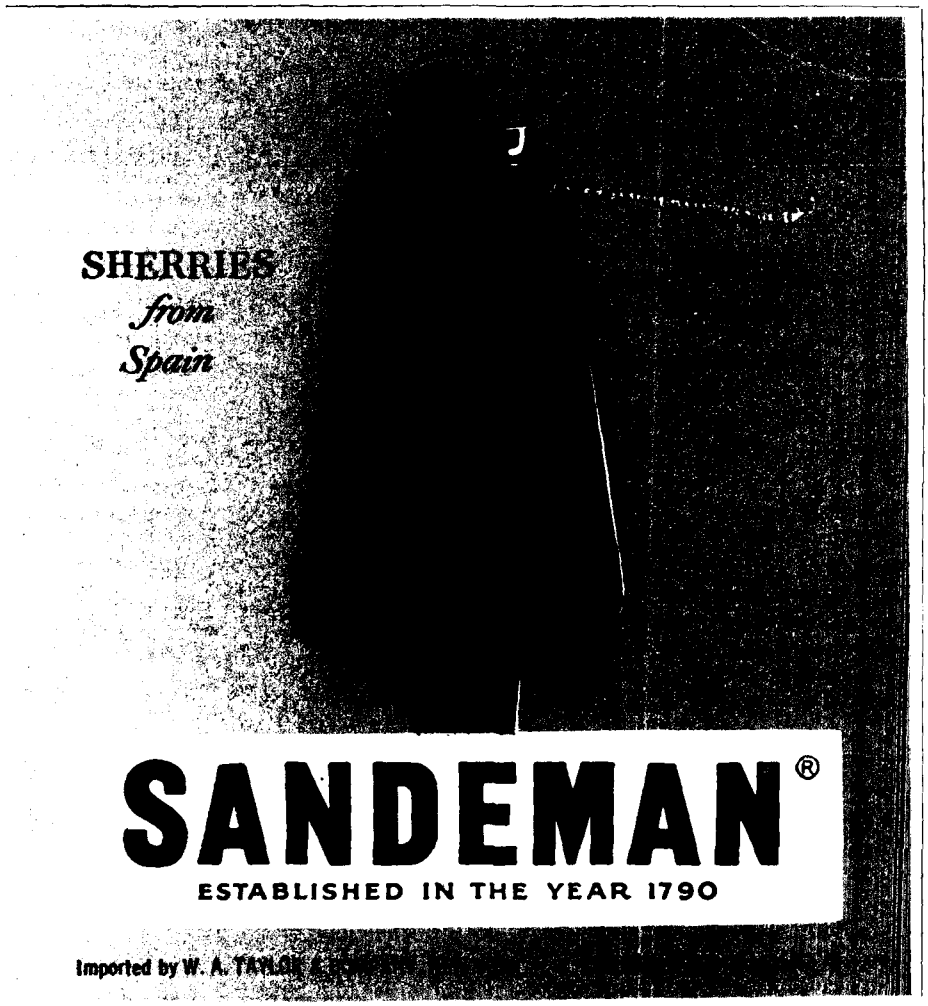
The United States needs to bring together more closely its civil and military aircraft programs. Those alarmed over the B-70 issue contend that the reason there is not now a comparable civilian liner under way is that the Air Force insists that such a supersonic plane must be under its command if it is to be built at all.

The railroad mess

The big labor issue, which will reach crisis proportions by next summer, will involve the railroads. This is the one labor dispute which could spoil the otherwise happy economic predictions.

In the nineteenth-century days of the robber barons, the railroads ran roughshod over the public interest, buying up members of Congress and state legislators in brazen and now well-documented fashion. Part of the current unpopularity of the railroads springs from that historic background; part springs from the cycle of declining revenue, declining service, rising rates, and so on; part springs from the rise of the new transportation titans, the truckers and the airlines with their powerful Washington lobbies, aided by the automobile lobbies.

The net result is that the railroads today are the sickest of all the major industrial segments of the American economy. A few mergers have helped. State and local subsidies of tax reductions have been initiated to keep commuter trains running, but even this has failed in some localities. And, as the railroads say rather plaintively, they are subject to restrictive regulations and manifold taxation which put them at an ever-



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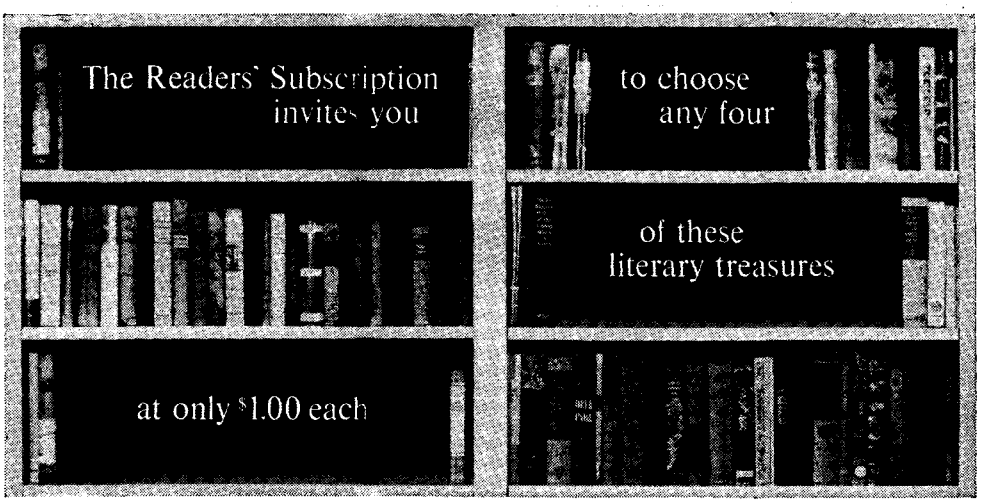

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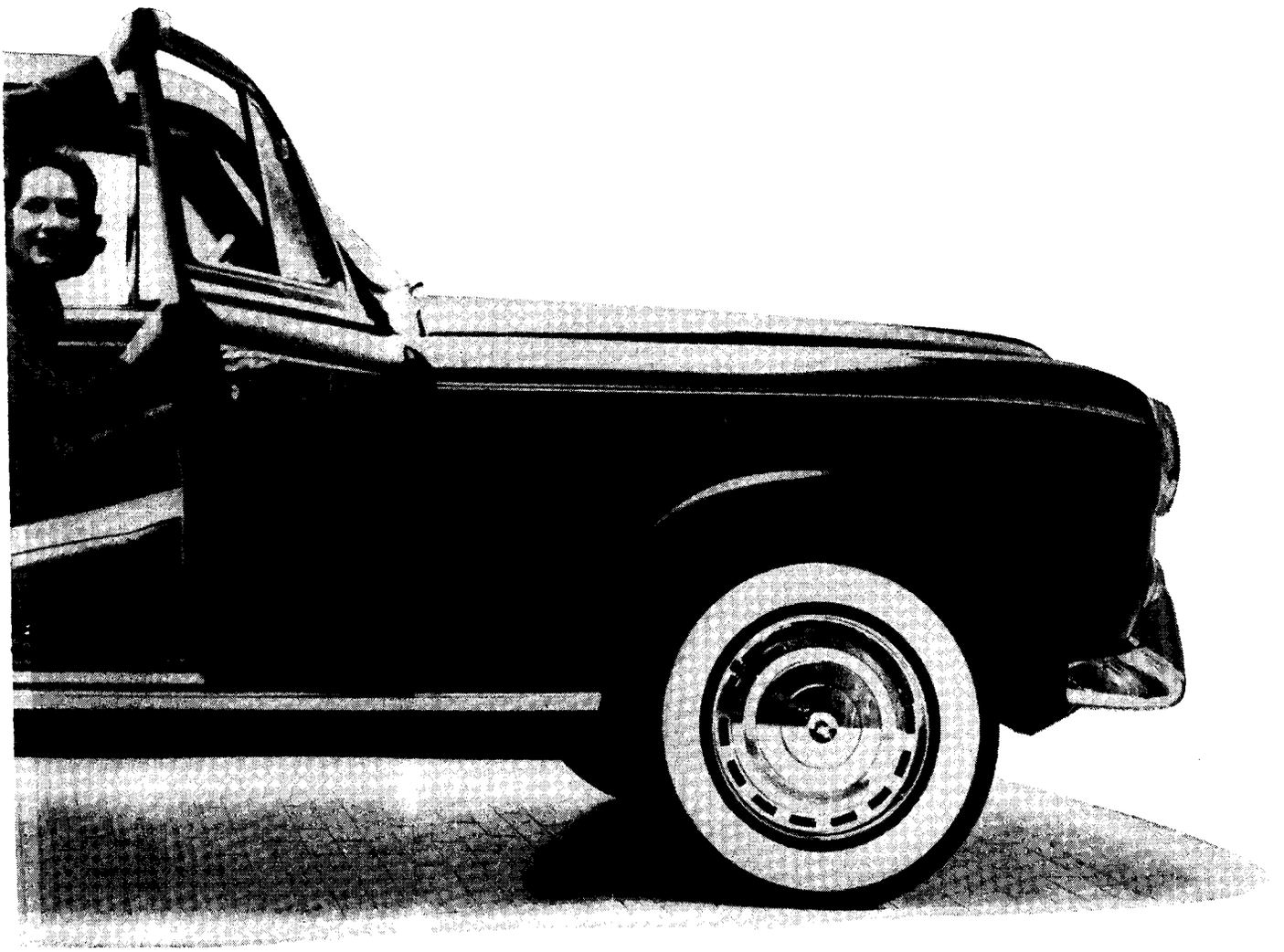

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increasing disadvantage with other forms of transportation.

It was in this context that last year the railroads decided to make an all-out attack on union featherbedding — work rules which they state, with much truth, inhibit their effective operation and prevent full benefits from technological improvements.

Railroad management's contention is that featherbedding costs some $500 million a year in useless expenditures. The unions disagree, but privately it is conceded that a good many practices are out of date and ought to be revamped. Practices which management is attacking include a fixed-mileage pay system (based on steam locomotion and now irrelevant), artificial crew change requirements (seven stops for crew changes on a New York to Chicago passenger run), and use of personnel not needed on new diesel equipment.

The trouble, from the unions' standpoint, is that since 1950 railroad employment has dropped from 1,200,000 to under 850,000, in part due to automation practices and in part to the shift of business to competing trucks, buses, airlines, and private automobiles. The unions are fighting to hold jobs, an approach opposite to that which John L. Lewis took in the equally declining coal industry.

The featherbedding row is a far more serious business in the hard-hit railroad industry than was the work-rule issue in the steel dispute. Steel is prosperous, and the steel industry failed to make a case. In steel, however, the end result was a nonbinding agreement that both sides would consider the problem in a less heated atmosphere. So far, in the railroad impasse, there is no agreement. And unhappily, as in steel, there has been no move by the Eisenhower Administration to anticipate the trouble by getting some fact-finding under way. The result has been only rival and confusing advertisements and statements by both sides.

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To Assist Irish Coffee Drinkers Through the Difficult Withdrawal Period

TEN DAY IRISH WHISKEY WONDER DIET

[NUMBER VI]

Doubtless there are many Irish Coffee drinkers who would drink Irish Whiskey in its pristine state but have no idea what it tastes like unadorned. The fragrant coffee, the frothy cream, the sugar cubes all conspire against the emphatic, burnished subtleties of the whiskey therein Not that we presume to criticize. We [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] have said repeatedly and we say it again that we utter no word against Irish Coffee. Whenever we feel the urge we have only to fix our mind's eye on the great ships standing out to sea for America fit to burst with their golden burden and the cat has our tongue. Our Pride in flavor wrestles with our childlike delight in Profit. But silently. [If *you* wish to be partisan, write and we'll gladly send you a Pride or a Profit Badge.] Well, but we're not here to talk about our inner torment, but about you and *your* problem. Let's see if we rightly understand: you are now a devotee of Irish Coffee and wish to broaden your narrow life; to enter the shining world of Irish Whiskey itself. But are paralysed by indecision. That's it, isn't it? Now while we shan't dwell overmuch on what you might call the psychic factor, we would dearly like to offer you one bit of reassurance: any man worth his salt can become an Irish Whiskey fancier if he makes the gradual approach to it. Like the countryman who lifted a calf every day from birth and so eventually was able to put the grown cow into the air! Though we never figured out how he got the grip on her. The diet then:

First day:	*Customary breakfast, luncheon, tea and dinner. As required,* CUSTOMARY IRISH COFFEE.
Second day:	SAME *except add one teaspoon more Irish Whiskey.*
Third day:	SAME *except add one tablespoon more Irish Whiskey.*
Fourth day:	SAME *except add one soup ladle more Irish Whiskey.*
Fifth day:	SAME *except cut out half the coffee.*
Sixth day:	SAME *except cut out the cream.*
Seventh day:	SAME *except cut out sugar cubes.*
Eighth day:	SAME *except cut out ALL coffee.*
Ninth day:	SAME *except cut out breakfast.*
Tenth day:	*You are now an Irish Whiskey fancier and can stand up there with the best of them, the light shining golden through your hoisted glass.*

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The Atlantic Report PANAMA

For what he had wrought on the Isthmus of Panama, Theodore Roosevelt had only pride until the day of his death. "No more honorable chapter in U.S. history," he wrote defensively a decade after the revolt in Panama. But when the Panama Canal opened a few years afterwards, President Woodrow Wilson asked the Congress to give Colombia $25 million in conscience money for the 1903 rape at the Isthmus, and after Theodore Roosevelt was dead Congress paid it, with the approval of a Republican President.

Today the United States remains on the defensive. The Canal Zone twice was rushed by mobs last November; scores were injured, American firms were attacked, and the U.S. Embassy was stoned. U.S. soldiers fought against the citizens of the little republic Theodore Roosevelt had helped to create. During a year-end lull, President Eisenhower tentatively granted Panama the right to "visual evidence" of "titular sovereignty" in the U.S. corridor bisecting the Isthmus. And Major General William E. Potter, the governor of the Canal Zone and president of the Panama Canal Company operating the dual locks, lakes, waterways, and establishments of the zone, was ordered to yield to Panama certain economic privileges, at a loss to the company and its owner, the U.S. government.

These unusual developments have come during another period of violence within the Republic of Panama. The traditional struggle for political power and spoils is under way, with the showdown scheduled at the national elections in May. In addition, there have been four exceptional revolutionary outbursts and an invasion-rebellion in less than two years. Panamanians by the hundreds have been killed or wounded, and many have been arrested. The government of the republic had to seek urgently assistance from the United States and from the Organization of American States.

The two thrusts at the Canal Zone were rooted in these earlier events. The government of Panama has a well-trained National Guard, a police force which is Panama's only army. On November 28 at the Canal Zone boundaries, it showed how effectively it could resist the mobs. But on November 3 it was not there; it was not anywhere, not even at the U.S. Embassy. There is abundant other evidence, aside from the Guard's absence, to show that the men running Panama's government machine wanted to assist Aquilino Boyd, who led the first nationalist demonstration at the Canal Zone. U.S. troops were given no assistance in repelling the mob until the National Guard's leaders were warned that gunfire would be used if they persisted in withholding their men.

It was a wild night, even after the National Guard intervened, for Boyd and his assistant, Ernesto Castillero, Jr., an ex-deputy-foreign-minister, had lost control of their demonstrators. Perhaps, as some have said, professional agitators were present. The fact is, however, that Boyd's planned flag march was not opposed by President Ernesto de la Guardia, Jr., and the National Guard. And while this can be explained as a nationalist gesture, it also can be explained as a maneuver to assist Boyd's campaign to make himself a presidential candidate, to oppose the candidacy of Ricardo M. Arias, Panama's ambassador in Washington and a strong personality.

There are many differences between Arias and Boyd and their followers. But Boyd, a former foreign minister, is no more likely to seek to revolutionize the social order than Arias is. An honest election in May, between them, thus would bring none of the risks inherent in the revolts and uprisings of the last two years.

Panama asks for help

One such risk is the coming to power, in the republic which embraces the Panama Canal, of men in the mold of Fidel Castro and Gamal Abdel Nasser, revolutionary nationalists who could make life on the Isthmus quite unpleasant for many Panamanians and for residents of the Canal Zone. This seemed to be the danger inherent in the invasions and revolt of the spring of 1959, when Washington promptly intervened at the urgent request of Panama's government.

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Only a self educated man can be truly educated

A thoughtful discussion by **William Benton**
former Asst. Secretary of State and U.S. Senator

"There are probably very few people who labor under the delusion that because they once satisfactorily completed a physics course in school their knowledge of science is complete. In fact, there is general recognition that a scientist's education is never complete.

"It is paradoxical indeed that in the equally profound areas of history, philosophy, theology, literature, all the important humanities, just the reverse is commonly held to be true. Once the required course of study is passed and a college degree earned, our education in these subjects is often assumed to be complete.

"This, of course, could not be further from the truth. A person who does not continue year after year to add to his knowledge and insight can never be a really educated man. In fact, just the opposite is likely to occur. Change is a law of life. Nothing remains static. Our interests either broaden or narrow. Our thoughts deepen or become ever more shallow. We grow in knowledge and perception or our minds shrink away to insignificance.

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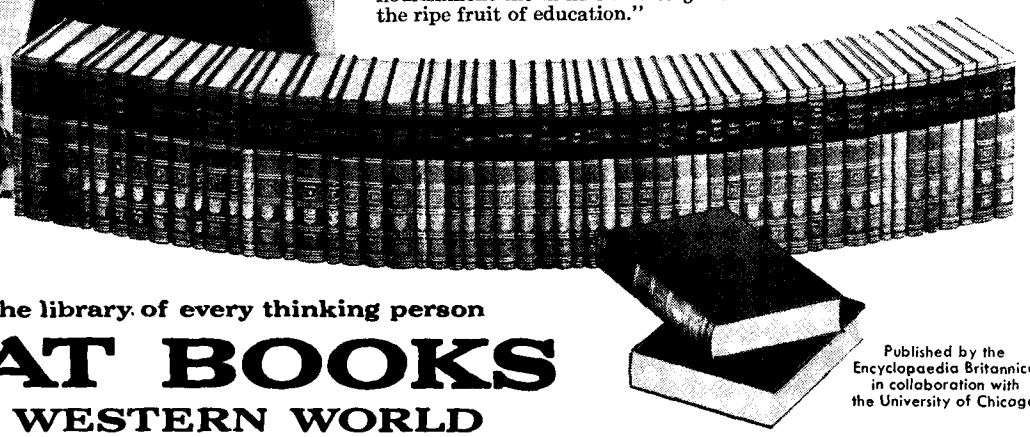

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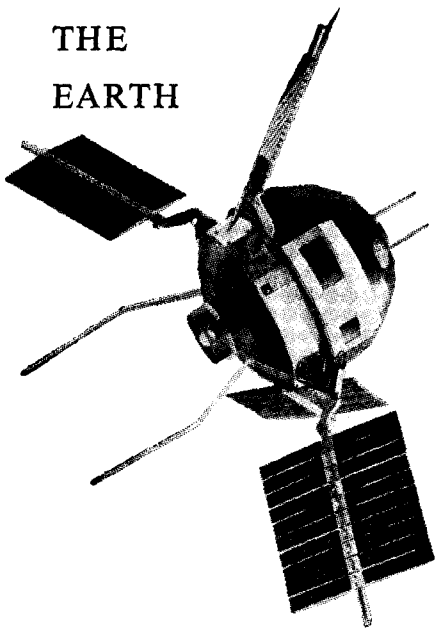

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Report on Panama

Plotting and financing the revolt were members of the family of an ex-president, Harmodio Arias, led by his son Roberto, an attorney who had been Panama's envoy to Britain, where he married Dame Margot Fonteyn, the ballerina. Also involved was a Cuban invasion force led by Cesar Vega, a Havana bistro owner, resistance fighter for Castro. Anibal Illueca, a Panamanian attorney whose brother is Panama's UN delegate, was arrested, charged with gathering arms for the rebels. Two other Panamanians found asylum in the Brazilian embassy along with Roberto Arias. Dame Margot was held briefly and deported.

Washington dispatched weapons to Panama's National Guard, helped in spotting the invaders who landed on the Caribbean and Pacific coasts, and brought investigators from the Organization of American States to the scene to effect surrender, arrest, and deportation of the Cubans. This prompt and effective action probably forestalled the internal uprising expected by the conspirators and possibly also by the government itself. Only a few months before, a revolutionary movement had been proclaimed openly in a public plaza in Panama City for the stated purpose of "overthrowing the corrupt national government." It in fact succeeded in overthrowing the city's municipal government.

The city hall in Panama City was taken by storm in February, 1959, by several hundred persons led by Guillermo Marques Briceno. A junta was formed and a new council named to supplant the councilmen ousted as corrupt. For two days the new councilmen and the junta ruled in the council chamber, seeking by radio to start a revolt against the national government. But the government cut off their broadcasting and National Guardsmen reluctantly escorted Briceno, the junta, the reform councilmen, and hundreds of their followers out of the city hall. They went to a plaza, where Briceno proclaimed the "eighteenth of February" movement of revolution.

The year before, bloodier uprisings had occurred in Panama City. Students led off the first attack in May, 1958, demanding the dismissal of a corrupt minister. They were besieged in the national university; dozens of persons were killed and wounded in street fighting. A general strike paralyzed the city. In September there was another revolutionary strike. Many people openly sided with the strikers and the students.

The Canal Zone

Panama has been notable even in Latin America for its lawlessness. Theodore Roosevelt, in the defensive article mentioned earlier, recorded the instability of Panama. "The Isthmus of Panama during 57 years," he wrote, "saw 53 revolutions, rebellions, insurrections, civil wars, and other outbreaks . . . on six occasions [U.S.] marines and sailors were forced to land . . . to protect property."

Such being the historical pattern, Panama's violent revolts and repressions of the last two years caused little excitement or anxiety outside of Panama or inside the Canal Zone, where some 11,000 U.S. civilians live and work on company properties. In this civil service paradise there are also some 16,000 employees who are not U.S. citizens (not all are Panamanians, however — the canal project has drawn heavily on the nearby British West Indies for workers), but only about 3000 live within the zone, usually in servants' quarters, and only a small number hold responsible positions in the canal company.

In the beginning of the American canal project and during de Lesseps' earlier, abortive work on the Isthmus, the importation of skilled and reliable persons was a necessity; Panama's handful of white families offered few candidates for the kind of engineering, management, and administrative work required, and Panama's Indians and former slaves were found to be less fit for the hard work of canal digging than were the West Indian Negroes who flocked to the Canal Zone.

It took about ten years to build the canal linking the Caribbean to the Pacific across the lush, tropical Isthmus. The American investment

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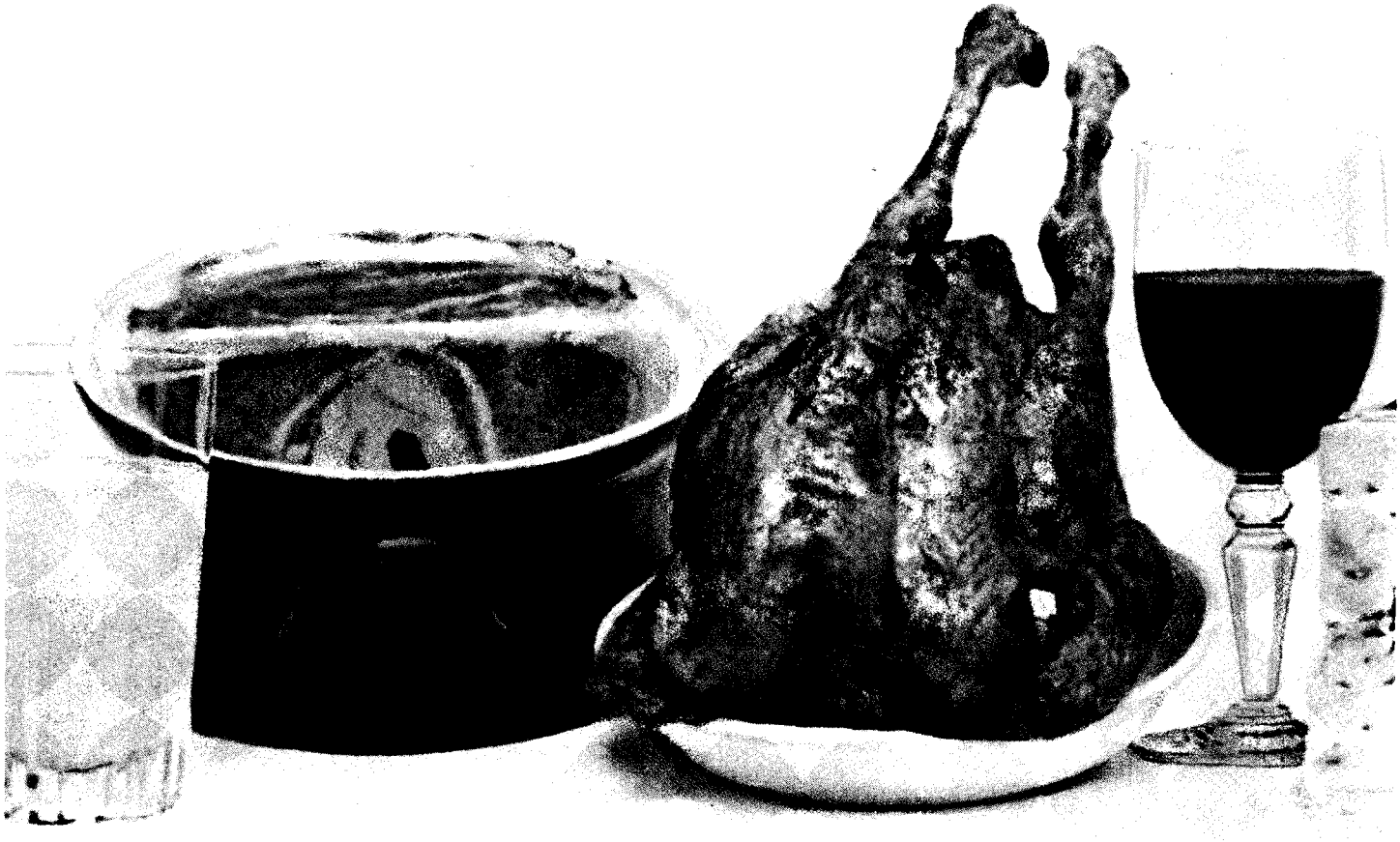

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or equity was fixed last year at $480 million; the canal company's gross annual revenue now is about $83 million, its net profit $3 million. Panama's annuity is $1,930,000, fixed in 1955, after being raised to $430,000 in 1936 from the original $250,000 payment starting in 1913. The canal company estimates that the bulk of the $24 million it pays in wages to employees living outside the Canal Zone is spent in Panama. In addition there are some 10,000 U.S. servicemen and the tourists who have come to Panama because of the canal and who contribute to the economy. Panama certainly depends on the canal for its rising standard of living.

The barriers to cooperation

Equally important to the progress of Panama has been the influence of American science, education, and politics. Panamanians have clean water, sanitation, and schools in the communities adjacent to the Canal Zone, and new opportunities for education are coming, along with economic betterment.

Among the expectations of Panamanians today is a less corrupt, more responsive and responsible government, as the revolutionary outbursts of the last two years show. And this ambition surely has been produced by what so many Panamanians observed and learned about governments elsewhere, usually as part of the education stimulated by the Canal Zone. Before the canal, Panama was, as Theodore Roosevelt wrote, "one of the festering pestholes of the world." It is no longer that, and Panamanians are no longer ignorant, sick, and unemployable within the operations of the Panama Canal. Discrimination against them by the canal company is one of the two main barriers to Panamanian-American cooperation.

The other barrier is history. American apologists and legalists have tried to justify 1903 on grounds other than raw national interest. But Latin Americans do not agree. Theodore Roosevelt was convinced that he was dealing in Colombia with men he described as "banditti." Latin America recalls the political leaders of Colombia in the early twentieth century as patriotic, perhaps overly emotional, misguided, propertied gentlemen, who had fought a bitter civil war and whose president was much more meek than dictatorial.

Latin American students, especially those whose interests center around Colombia and Panama, know about the U.S. treaty made with Colombia's envoy in Washington and ratified by the U.S. Senate just six months before the revolt of Panama. In this document, the proposed Panama Canal Zone was to be five kilometers (three miles) wide, Colombian sovereignty in the zone was to be affirmed and safeguarded — there could be no U.S. forces unless Colombia were unable to protect it — and the lease was to be for 100-year periods. It provided for mixed courts to administer justice within the Canal Zone.

The Colombian Senate refused to ratify this treaty. Panama revolted, and with unseemly haste the United States signed a treaty with a Frenchman, the Panamanian envoy, whose only interest in the affair was to get $40 million for a defunct canal company. The Panama treaty fixed a ten-mile-wide zone under perpetual U.S. sovereignty and made Panama into a protectorate. Meanwhile, an offer from Bogotá to go through with the earlier treaty was rejected by Washington.

The story does not end there. U.S. naval vessels were sent to Panama in advance of the revolt with orders to prevent the landing of Colombian troops. And while this was happening, the United States was bound by a solemn undertaking to guarantee "Colombia's rights of sovereignty and property" on the Isthmus.

The grievous wrong to Colombia was tacitly confessed when the U.S. Congress voted $25 million for it, the amount Colombia had been seeking for the smaller Canal Zone in 1903. But the wrong done Panama goes unrighted, except perhaps by President Eisenhower's offer to let the Panamanian flag wave over the Canal Zone. Even that offer is in doubt. A House Foreign Affairs

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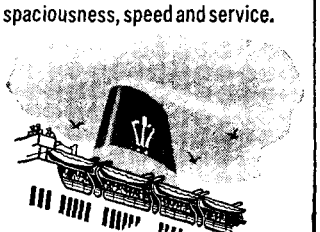

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subcommittee has gone into the question, and it meanwhile asked the State Department to postpone a final decision. Representative Armistead I. Selden, Jr., the subcommittee chairman, recalled that in 1955 the State Department had explained in detail why Panama should not be allowed to have "visual evidence" of "titular sovereignty" in the Canal Zone.

There are, as there have been since the canal was started, overtones of racial prejudice in the American attitude toward Panamanians. Economic discrimination in the building and operation of the canal has always seemed racist to Panamanians.

Business interest also is a factor in the attitude of congressmen and of North Americans in Panama. Banana plantation workers in neighboring Costa Rica have conducted a long strike against the United Fruit Company, although the Costa Rican courts called the strike an illegal violation of the company's contracts. The same company operates extensively in Panama, and back of U.S. reluctance to make concessions to the Panamanians may be a fear of more labor trouble and social unrest.

The need for partnership

Panama and the canal have changed; defense from the Isthmus is extremely unlikely during a war of missiles. U.S. fortifications have been abandoned, and the base is in mothballs. More important, the people of the Isthmus are ready to take their place in the management of the canal, today much more of a business than a strategic outpost.

The proposal has been made to demilitarize Canal Zone government, to add a United States–Panama Joint Board of Management with nondiscriminatory labor policies, and thus to begin a partnership which could become a beacon in the troubled, growing, restless Western Hemisphere and an example to the world of a peaceful transition from the old imperialism to the new neighborliness.

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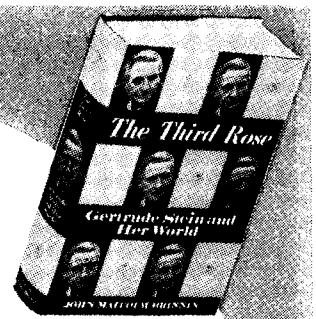

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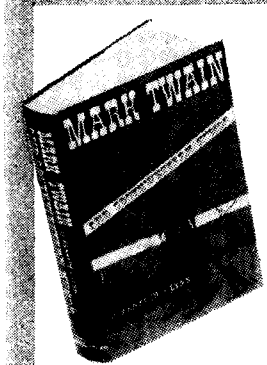

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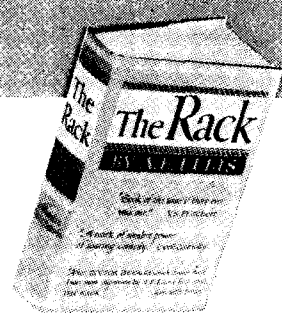

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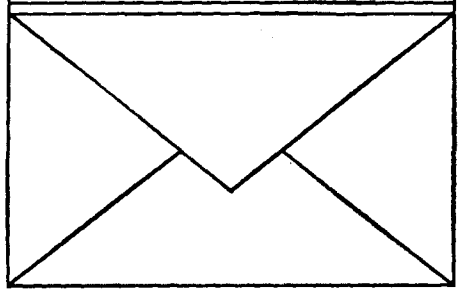
Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Boss Crump's Memphis

SIR:

The January *Atlantic* contains an article entitled "Boss Crump's Town," being the reminiscences of Ralph McGill, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, of when he was a cub reporter many years ago.

I am astonished at some of the statements made, and I refer more specifically to "Ed Crump . . . created a sort of oligarchy as a front for the more sordid operations of his organization" and "Crump was, after all, not really a romantic figure, as he had seemed, but a corrupt and corrupting boss."

My father's political enemies may have differed from him as to his policies or his politics, mostly on the score of such total authority and power vested in any one man, even though some termed it a benign dictatorship. There were violent partisan political feuds within the framework of traditions in the Old South school of politics. My father's worst enemies, however, never accused him of being corrupt.

My father turned over to me the management of our several businesses in 1932. Prior to that time, I handled the personal finances of both my father and my mother. Accordingly, as a son who was not only interested in his father's career but who was intimately associated with and knowledgeable of all his financial transactions, I can say with the greatest possible emphasis that I have never known a man so honor-bright as to approach an almost idealistic viewpoint and so honorable as to bend over backwards in our own business to prevent any income to us which could be considered directly, indirectly, or remotely as resultant from political influence.

E. H. CRUMP, JR.
Memphis, Tenn.

It seems to me, first of all, that Mr. Crump was quite right to write the letter, but if he will pardon me, it seems to me that he misses the point. The Crump machine has, for many years, been discussed as a corrupt influence. The most efficient political organizations are rarely headed by men who monetarily are corrupt in the direct sense. Many political bosses operate entirely legitimate businesses, but during the years of power they are corrupt in the sense that it is just good business to do business with the political boss, and his enterprises thereby flourish. It is still my opinion that Mr. Crump was corrupt and that his machine was a corrupt influence. But it had never occurred to me that he was corrupt in the monetary sense. I am sure he would never have taken money which did not come to him strictly in the law.

RALPH MCGILL

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

For an author who has frequently advocated writing inclusively about "one's own gallery," John P. Marquand presented many curious observations about the Karamojo in "Afternoon at Moroto" (January *Atlantic*).

But as I was reading his article, I had the feeling it was nurtured on his belief that he had squeezed everything out of the sponge of American society and was now looking elsewhere to do his wringing out.

With books on the ills of American foreign policy, memoirs of old soldiers who refuse to fade away, and second-rate novels by women who forget there is only one Daphne du Maurier all heading the best-seller lists, please tell me if Mr. Marquand was serious when he said he was through writing fiction.

It seems shameful to lose such a perceptive social critic to the tribes of East Africa.

SCOTT WHIPPLE
New York City

SIR:

Belated but hearty thanks for publishing George Freitag's "Stories of Childhood" (December *Atlantic*).

George and I have been friends for more than twenty years, but mostly long-distance friends. Not more than three years after we met, geography came between us. It hasn't allowed us to meet since then.

But that brief hand-to-hand friendship left me with a flavor of George that I have continued to cherish. It's an odd flavor, a rare one, something subtler than the common spices.

And, of course, that essence saturated his childhood memories of the Ohio that is unique for him and universal for us.

I was going to praise his stories as perfect miniatures. But I won't risk a deprecatory inference. They are miniature only in size, as children are. In spirit and understanding they are as large as life, as large as the heart of the child who is father to all men.

Many thanks, then, for bringing George back to me in print.

WILLIAM B. LAMBLE
New York City

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SIR:

The November *Atlantic* brought us an unexpected bonus. Our first stop on a recent trip to the Far East was to be Lisbon, which we had not previously visited, and the *Atlantic* arrived just as we were trying to decide on the best place to stay.

Charles Morton's description of the peculiar charm of the Hotel Aviz in Accent on Living sounded so convincing that we immediately wrote for reservations — which were promptly confirmed. All we can say about the Aviz is that it more than deserved Mr. Morton's glowing tribute, and that for once our designation as "guests" of the hotel seemed to have real meaning.

FREDERICK J. ADAMS
Cambridge, Mass.

The morals of extermination

SIR:

So many people wrote to us to call our attention to Lewis Mumford's "The Morals of Extermination" (October *Atlantic*) that our Peace Literature Service staff felt a reprint was in order. Having received permission from you and Lewis Mumford, we are glad to say that reprints are now available.

We would like to let your readers know that copies may be ordered at ten cents each, one hundred for $8.50, from Peace Literature Service, American Friends Service Committee, 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia 7, Pennsylvania.

ADELE RICKETT
Philadelphia, Pa.

Raymond Chandler's letters

Sir:

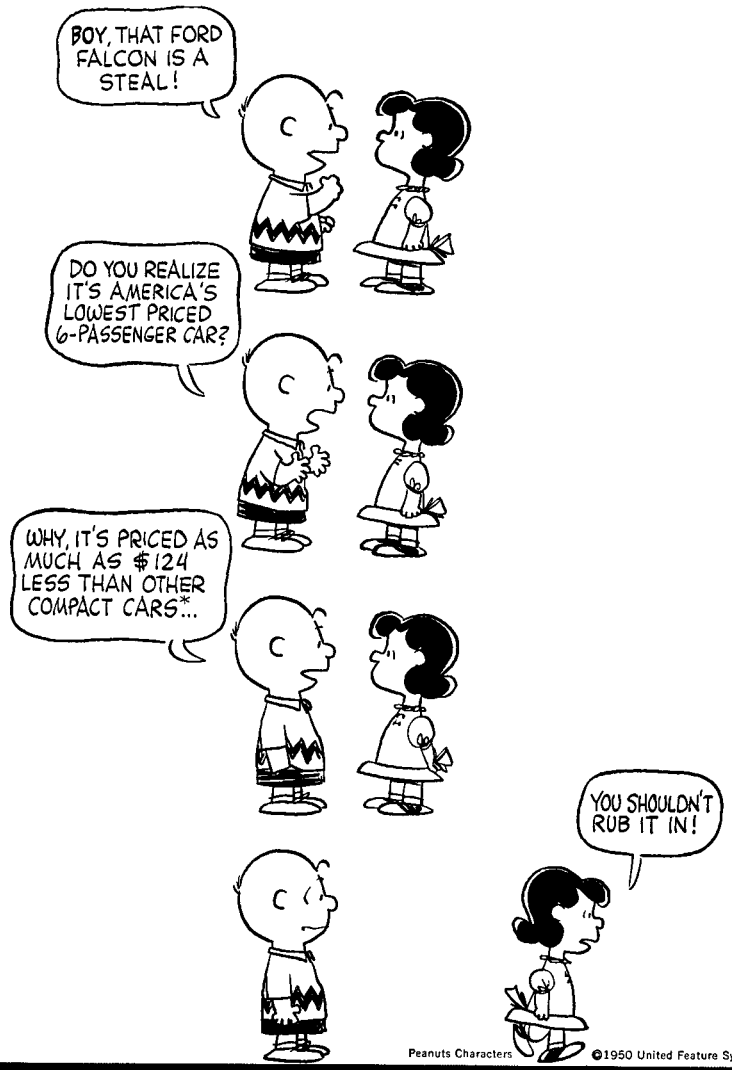
Houghton Mifflin and Hamish Hamilton will be publishing a selection from the letters of Raymond Chandler, edited by Dorothy Gardiner, 300 West 12th Street, New York 14. Letters from anyone willing to lend them will be returned as soon as relevant passages have been copied out.

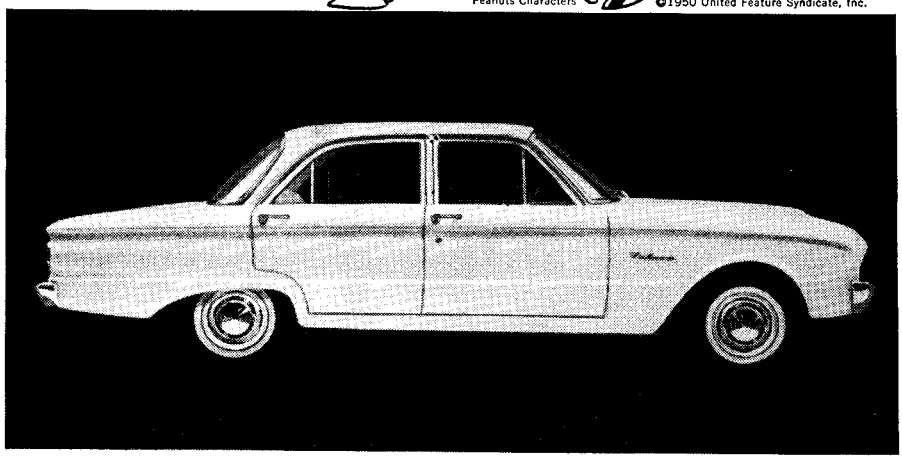
HELGA GREENE
Executrix, Raymond Chandler Estate

Correction

We regret that the Institute of Race Relations in South Africa was referred to in "The South African Treason Trial" by Alan Paton in the January *Atlantic*, through an error in our office, as a "political" organization, whereas it is in fact a non-political organization.

—THE EDITOR





We can understand your enthusiasm, Charlie Brown, but money isn't everything. Think of how beautiful the Falcon looks . . . how easily it handles . . . how comfortably it carries 6 big people. On the other hand, you're right Charlie—it *is* the lowest priced. It *does* go up to 30 m.p.g. on regular gas. It *does* save like no other car. Gosh, come to think of it, Charlie—we're with you all the way!

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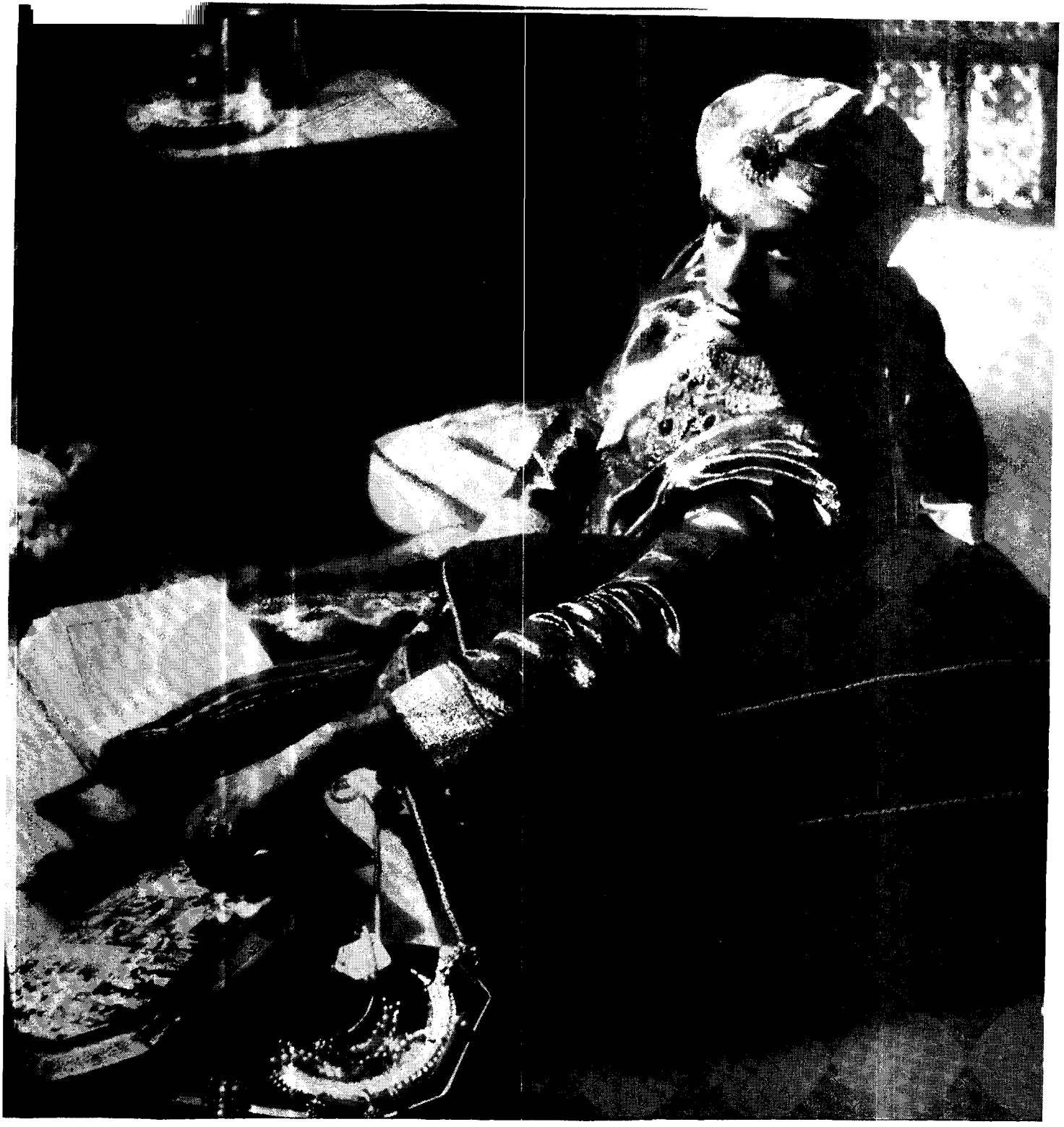

Contact on Crane's

"...probably don't remember, but we met you at the Covington's party in Westchester. Our Emily Jane will be in New Delhi this June, and is just dying to meet a real Maharajah..."

When it comes to opening closed doors, a letter on Crane's paper is far more impressive than name dropping. The letter to the Maharajah was written on Crane's silk laid grey paper with Emily Jane's house imprinted in green. Crane's Fine Papers are made in Dalton, Mass., and have been for one hundred and fifty-nine years.

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THE ATLANTIC

MAN ALIVE IN OUTER SPACE

BY THOMAS R. A. DAVIS, M.D.

What scientific precautions must our doctors take to ensure that man can be projected into outer space and return alive? The question is no longer academic; Russian scientists have predicted that their astronauts will be ready for the adventure within two years. DR. THOMAS R. A. DAVIS *is director of environmental medicine for the United States Army Medical Research Laboratory.*

SPACE travel for man is imminent. Engineers have already supplied us with the vehicles. Admittedly, some of them are still unreliable and, for technical reasons, some will never become reliable. However, certain of them are now operational and have 90 per cent reliability. Although the engineers of these missiles have presented man with the means of travel to outer space, the medical biologists have been slow to accept this fact and find themselves somewhat short on knowledge and understanding of how man can go into space and remain alive. Except within a fairly limited range, we cannot change man's existing *modus operandi*, and we can therefore take no other view than that his entry into the new environment is merely an extension of our current knowledge of human biology.

Biologically, the principal problems which will confront man in outer space are: first, the necessity of operating in a virtual vacuum; second, weightlessness, the result of operating under zero or reduced gravity; third, protection against the extremes of solar and nuclear radiation; and fourth, adjustment to high acceleration and deceleration.

No biological system that we know of at present can operate in a vacuum, and therefore an artificial environment compatible with man's physiological requirements must be contrived. For each of the five components affecting the proper functioning of man — namely, oxygen, barometric pressure, carbon dioxide, humidity, and temperature — there is a relatively narrow limit outside of which his system will not function either efficiently or comfortably. Our failure to recognize such limits has already cost animals their lives while they were still on the launching pad.

Juggling with an artificial environment is a necessity because, except for short flights, the engineers tell us that a life-support capsule operating under reduced atmospheric pressure would be lighter and easier to engineer than one in which the normal sea-level pressure of 14.7 pounds per square inch is maintained. The high-altitude studies which have been going on for a number of years do not provide a solution, because they are carried out with oxygen deprivation, neither necessary nor desirable in a space-capsule environment.

Because we have not had a need to know, we have not tried to find out the relationship between barometric pressure and oxygen percentage in terms both of toxicity from too much oxygen and of hypoxia, a condition of less oxygen in tissues than is required for their proper metabolism. Until experiments to determine this relationship on a short- and long-term basis are carried out

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both with animals and man, we will be working entirely in the dark. Already the preliminary work being done indicates that the relationship is more complex than we had hitherto estimated.

The safe level of carbon dioxide, which along with water is a respiratory waste product of metabolism, is much easier to control than is the safe oxygen level, and as long as carbon dioxide is kept at less than one per cent, it can do little, if any, harm. However, if at a different atmospheric pressure its percentage increases significantly, we may have problems to solve.

THE TEMPERATURE OF SPACE

One cannot measure the temperature of space with a thermometer because, for all practical purposes, there is nothing to measure. If one puts a thermometer into space, one is measuring the temperature of the thermometer itself; this is the resultant of the radiant heat it is receiving on its sunny side and the radiant heat it is losing on its shady side. Since the heat loss to the cosmos is constant and only the heat gain from the sun varies with distance from the sun, the nearer in space an object is to the sun, the higher will be its final temperature, while the further away, the colder this temperature will be.

Unlike the earth, our space vehicle will have no buffering atmosphere around it, and so we can expect a potential temperature of about 250° F. on the sunny side and about −250° F. on the shady side. It is unlikely that this will actually be the case, especially if the construction materials of the spaceship have good thermal conduction properties and if its atmosphere is assisted in its thermal convection properties by the simple act of stirring. Stirring will occur as part of the system used to remove carbon dioxide and water, the waste products of respiration.

From actual measurements in space, it seems that, in the terrestrial orbit area, we may have trouble in keeping the spaceship atmosphere cooled to the required comfortable temperature. This is especially so since each astronaut gives off an average of 500 B.T.U.'s per hour and since our electronic equipment inside the capsule will also be giving off heat. Fortunately, we can obtain temperature control by varying the ratio between the sunny and the shady side, a relatively simple operation. This system of temperature control would work within certain limits near the terrestrial orbit but should be adequate as long as our exploration is confined to the moon and the neighboring planets. Interstellar travel will pose more difficult questions. Between the area where we lose our solar thermal radiation and that where we gain the radiation equivalent of the next star, we can expect the temperature of the space capsule to drop as low as −273° F.

The high temperatures encountered on re-entry into the earth's atmosphere are due to the friction caused by the high speed of the vehicle passing through air, when temperatures of greater than 3000° F. can occur. The production of such an extreme of temperature is the result of the ballistic-like nature of our present missiles. If the costly pay load could be increased to carry enough fuel to allow the spaceship to slow down for a soft landing, high temperature of re-entry could be avoided, but because at present this is not the case, our astronauts are going to have to experience some very warm moments. If this period of high temperatures were short, there would be no great difficulty, but, unfortunately, the very insulation which prevents the heat of surface friction from affecting the capsule too severely also prevents the rapid loss of that heat which is conducted into it. It has already been announced that the temperature of the capsule intended for a man could be kept at around 150° F. during re-entry. During the Able-Baker flight, a deviation of less than one degree Fahrenheit from the specified capsule temperature was achieved.

A nude man is physiologically a tropical animal, and at rest he is most comfortable at temperatures of 80 to 86° F. with a relative humidity of 50 to 60 per cent. In this area, he is in what we call "thermal neutrality." That part of his circulation which is concerned with the regulation of his normal body temperature is at rest, his sweat glands are at rest, his metabolic needs are minimal, and environmentally he is completely unstressed. Above this temperature range, there are changes in his circulation, respiration, sweating, and metabolism which enable him to maintain the body temperature that nature has chosen for him. Primarily, this increase is costly in fluids, which are lost in the form of sweat. Below this temperature, man has to stoke up the internal fires, a reaction costly in food and oxygen, and to some extent in fluid also.

I would venture to say that, in the recent past, a number of animals have died because of our failure to recognize that the narrow limits of thermal neutrality greatly increase the effects of other physical stresses that are less controllable during preflight, actual flight, and recovery. The best operating temperature for our capsule is determined by the type of clothing its occupant is going to wear. Since in the Able experiment the animal was to be encased in a restraint harness with padding of unknown thermal properties, the thermoneutral range had to be determined by experiment prior to the 72-hour period of the animal's enclosure within the capsule.

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The thermoneutral range of both man and animals can be extended by conditioning. Human subjects have been conditioned to the extent that they are able to sleep in the nude at 50° F. room temperature, and if you do not think this is a neat trick, try it sometime. Conditioning to heat can also be achieved, and, happily, cold and heat conditioning can coexist, greatly increasing the resistance of man to injuries of thermal extremes.

Relative humidity is a less complicated problem, so long as it is kept near the range of 50 to 60 per cent for all temperatures. If humidity is too high, man cannot carry out the normal minimal fluid exchange that should take place, while if it is too low, regardless of temperature, he will suffer from excessive fluid exchange and the tendency will be toward dehydration. Therefore, both the upper and lower limits of relative humidity must be established in the capsule for proper physiological efficiency.

WEIGHTLESSNESS

There are some scientists who strongly believe that weightlessness will create a tremendous difficulty in outer space, and to support this theory some very fancy physiological assumptions have been put forward. There are scientists who think that weightlessness will cause only a partial difficulty, similar to seasickness. Still others think that weightlessness will cause no physiological or psychological difficulties whatsoever.

The state of weightlessness is brought about by the absence of gravity in space and cannot be simulated for any useful period of time within the environs of the earth. Earth's gravitational force, one G, is the unit used not only to describe degrees of weightlessness but also to describe forces which increase the weight of mass above its static weight on earth. Such forces occur during acceleration or deceleration and also when a mass is rotated on a centrifuge. G forces of greater than one G are easy to simulate on earth, either by the use of a centrifuge or by a fast accelerating and decelerating vehicle. What you feel in the seat of your pants when you mash down the accelerator of your car is G force; in reverse, this is also what you feel when you apply the brakes, and both are identically expressed. G forces less than one G cannot be simulated on earth except for a few seconds during high-speed parabolic flight. These few seconds of weightlessness are of no real help in the study of its physiological or psychological effects because the body cannot adjust in the time available. This inability to adjust has led some scientists to believe that there may be a constant feeling of falling and of spatial disorientation as a consequence of weightlessness.

This theory could be quite wrong. Falling is associated with acceleration, while reduced weight or complete weightlessness need not be so associated. The forces of acceleration and deceleration are a changing state which is reported as such by the organs of position and balance, and spatial disorientation is suspected, presumably, because the organs responsible for orientation are now free-floating and without weight. The enigma cannot be solved unless we know whether our organs are mass-weight or mass-inertia dependent. Weight alters during weightlessness in space, but mass and its inertia are always the same, whether on earth or in space.

During Able's flight through space, she was weightless for about ten to twelve minutes, and there was no physiological change detected as a result of this. The in-flight movies indicate that, psychologically, the monkey was quite undisturbed by finding herself in this strange state. It is probably true that, regardless of the physiological effects, the ordinary acts of living will be somewhat difficult during weightlessness, and especially will this be so on the space satellite stations, which are considered to be a necessity as way stations and take-off points for exploration of the moon, the planets, and of space itself. These satellite stations will orbit around the earth and will be manned by construction crews building true space vehicles.

The engineers and physicists tell us that it is their intention to rotate these satellite stations in order to provide them with artificial gravity by the use of centrifugal force and at the same time to overcome all the problems of weightlessness. These specialists do not appear to realize that rotation creates an interesting but disturbing set of medical problems associated with the organs of balance. If a man or an animal is rotated and the axis of his vestibular apparatus is changed, as in nodding or tilting of the head, some wonderfully fantastic and highly disturbing results take place, similar to those we experience during a ride on a super roller coaster. Very few individuals can tolerate much of this. Some vomit, some manage to emerge with only a pale-green complexion, and others have to go to bed to recover.

Current research has done much to define the psychophysiology of the problem. The adverse effects of rotation vary greatly from one individual to another; professional dancers and acrobats are the least affected. If rotation is necessary, there is some glimmer of hope, for it has been shown that animals and man have a fairly rapid ability to adapt to the effects of rotation.

The space engineers glibly set up conditions without due regard for the biological implications of those conditions. They murmur of weightlessness, but the biologists visualize only an astronaut

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having difficulties with his balance mechanism. For the past several years, results of experiments indicate that rotation may be a worse problem than weightlessness. Rotation is used not only to establish artificial gravity in space but also to stabilize vehicles in order to overcome the problems of tumble. This is especially important during re-entry into an atmosphere, when violent vibration of the space vehicle takes place. And vibration has a nebulous gamut of biological problems all of its own. This vibration of re-entry appeared to be the only event during flight that caused Able disturbance.

NUCLEAR RADIATION

Nuclear radiation in space has been demonstrated by James Van Allen and his colleagues as consisting of a doughnut-shaped belt which surrounds the earth and is primarily centered over the equatorial and temperate regions of the globe, with its inner edge about 400 to 1000 miles distant from it and its outer edge approximately 70,000 miles out. Although the intensity of this belt is fairly well delineated, we have no idea of its effect upon biological systems. Furthermore, we do not as yet completely know what types of radiation compose this band. Animal experiments designed to tell us what harmful effects, if any, may be caused by entry into it would be desirable before we expose an astronaut to its unknown quantity. Of course, in order to cut down the exposure as much as possible, we could rush our astronaut through the Van Allen radiation belt at very high speed, provided that it is as confined as is currently believed, a supposition that seems to become more dubious as the days go by.

Below, within, and beyond the Van Allen radiation belt, we must contend with heavy cosmic particles which travel with a tremendous energy and leave destructive tracks in animal tissue, each of which is about the diameter of twenty blood corpuscles. In the area between the earth's atmosphere and the inner edge of the belt, we know that these particles occur frequently enough to damage the tissue of animals in high balloon flights. Their strike is apparently not felt by biological specimens, and the effect of their damage is conjectural.

Radiobiologists are of the opinion that if one of these cosmic particles should strike an important area of the brain, a man could be put out of action. It must be remembered that the brain is not composed of finite pinpoint areas but of a large association of cells, the destruction of a small part of which would be unlikely to produce any undesirable effect. The only question that remains is "How many holes in the head can a man or an animal stand?" and to date we are not sure of the answer. We must make sure through adequate animal experiments, especially if we plan to have a manned satellite station rotating around the earth within the area of cosmic radiation.

In this area, the Able-Baker flight lasted approximately ten minutes, and two strikes of such particles occurred on the sensitive plates designed to record the heavy particle concentration. Able's death from anesthesia five days after the flight allowed exhaustive histopathologic examinations to be made of her tissues, and no heavy particle tracks were found. Baker, who is still alive and well, has shown no evidence that she was in any way affected by such radiation. A conclusion of "no effect" can be made only for a similar flight path and for a similar duration in space. Longer periods in this area of space are required before definite conclusions can be drawn.

ACCELERATION AND DECELERATION

Although acceleration is the process of speeding up and deceleration the process of slowing down, the net effects of the two forces are the same, so that physiologically we can speak of them as being one.

Newton's first law states that a body either remains at rest or progresses in uniform motion. Because there is no resistance in outer space, the velocity which a body achieves is maintained without any propulsive assistance. The velocity, its direction, and the distance from earth determine whether an object will soar on into space, will fall back to earth, or will go into orbit.

Currently, our methods of propulsion into space consist of giving the space vehicle a high velocity after a short period of time and then allowing the vehicle to continue on its own in free flight without further help. Such a method of propulsion demands that, in order to get into true space, we reach the earth's escape velocity of about seven miles per second. To achieve this velocity, efficiency of the method requires high accelerative G forces.

A return to earth obviously demands that we apply slowdown methods involving high decelerative G forces. In our present ballistic approach to space travel, deceleration has to be achieved in a relatively short distance, and therefore in a relatively short time, so that, usually, much higher G forces are attained in landing than in take-off. In the Able-Baker flight, G forces during re-entry were three and a half times greater than those during take-off. Although G forces during take-off and recovery can be mitigated by engineering design, which will require larger funds than have so far been made available, the escape velocity of seven miles per second is necessary only because

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of the current ballistic approach. If we had a long enough ladder and could spare the time, we could climb up into space and back with no G forces of consequence to worry us. This would also be true if we had a space vehicle which could maintain a constant speed when it was pointed toward space. In both instances, we would eventually arrive in outer space; so perhaps future spacemen will look back at our present propulsion methods and smile at the crudity of their forefathers, who contemplated putting a man into a rocket and then firing him off into the blue.

Our chief medical concern with accelerative and decelerative G forces is their effect upon man's circulatory system. We need to find out whether there will be impairment of its function of supplying oxygen and nutrition to tissues and carrying away the waste products of tissue metabolism, which the respiratory system eliminates as water and carbon dioxide and the urinary system eliminates as a multitude of end products. The difficulty arises from the fact that, for all practical purposes, the vascular system obeys the laws of hydrostatics.

Fluids are not easily compressed, a fact put into use in the many hydraulic systems, including the braking system of an automobile. And fluids seek their own level. At one G, or the force of gravity on earth, when we are standing up the blood tries to flow out of our toes and is prevented from doing so only by the competence of our blood vessels. Blood cannot go to our brains without the pumping action of our hearts. The heart is sensitive to changes in hydrostatic pressure, to the degree that the mere raising of an arm can be reflected in its compensatory reaction. When we lie down the hydrostatic pressures more or less equalize, and blood goes to the head or to the feet with equal facility.

Under all normal circumstances on earth, the efficiency of the vascular system far outweighs these hydrostatic effects. At zero G, which is weightlessness, these effects do not exist, and any position is as good as the next one. However, at G forces greater than one G, these potencies can be expected to increase in direct relation to the amount of G force applied, so that now position becomes extremely important. Insofar as the direction of the applied G force is concerned, the position which allows no point of the vascular system to be higher than another would give the best results. Under sufficient G force the position which allows the head to lead in the direction of acceleration would drain the brain of blood and cause a blackout through oxygen starvation. Theoretically, the position where the long axis of the body is perpendicular to the G force would be the best choice.

In the Able-Baker flight, G forces encountered caused Able to increase her heart rate, while little Baker's rate decreased. I have reported this as being perhaps due to the fact that Able did not have the most important part of her anatomy perpendicular to the G force, while Baker did. If this contention is true, then the dynamics of circulation in the critical anatomical areas require further study, so that our spaceman will not be subjected to unnecessary stress or trauma.

VISION IN SPACE

As an example of some of the lesser difficulties in space medicine, consider the question of vision. Without the buffer of the natural terrestrial atmosphere, the radiation of visual light and infrared and ultraviolet rays will be maximal, so that filters and other specialized protective equipment will be necessary for an astronaut. Also, owing to the absence of an atmosphere, tremendous contrasts between lighted objects and the darkness of space may pose some visual problems.

Perhaps the most serious visual difficulty for an astronaut may be the condition of empty-space myopia. At rest, our eyes tend to accommodate for a distance of about six feet, so that objects beyond this distance are out of focus and not readily perceived. On the ground and in ordinary flying, this circumstance causes no severe problem, since our eyes can quite rapidly accommodate to distant scenery by progressive accommodations to a series of objects. However, traveling in space, a man does not have this procession of objects in front of him, and with his eyes at the resting accommodation of six feet or less, he has no yardstick by which he may determine whether his eyes are focusing at six feet or at infinity. As a result, objects even as close as a hundred feet can be completely missed visually. For exactly these reasons, the difficulties of vision are a plague to our high-flying jet pilots.

THE NEED FOR BASIC RESEARCH

All of the foregoing might lead one to conclude that space is an outrageously dangerous area to be entered by man. Some have chosen to make an issue out of the difficulties, while others have overminimized them. Doubtless the truth lies somewhere in between. In order to be sure of the extent of likely dangers, biological investigation using animals should have high priority on any program concerning outer space. From what I can glean of the efforts of space scientists in Soviet Russia, the necessity is fully recognized, and Russian biological research is probably ahead of ours. To place a man in space without biological research would be equivalent to developing a polio

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vaccine by using human subjects instead of animals. The successful efforts carried out in the United States which are worthy of the term bioflight are few.

During the Able-Baker flight, Able had to live restrained inside the capsule and in the artificial environment created for her there for a total period of almost 72 hours — such a lengthy time being required because the biological experiment could not interfere with the primary engineering mission of this particular missile. Even so, the engineers were able to build into the capsule all of the environmental criteria that were requested of them, and they built it to such a degree of exactness that the animals were able to re-enter the world alive and well.

Although some neurological and psychological experiments have been performed using simians, physiological base-line data are relatively lacking for the monkey family. These base-line data take years to collect and evaluate and are already available for other animals, such as the rat and the dog. The claim that the physiology of a chimpanzee or a rhesus is most like that of man is not based upon sufficient research evidence. Physiologists have generally avoided using members of the monkey family as experimental subjects, because of their much greater cost and because they are not the easiest animals to handle. To use them as primary test animals to determine the physiological effects of space is likely to land us in the position of having data which may be difficult to interpret.

In the animal bioflights so far carried out, our knowledge of the biological effects of space is given a good start. But it is only a start. A flight of such a few animals into space for such short periods cannot provide many answers. The variations of the response of biological systems to drugs, environments, or social stresses differ greatly between individuals. If we put ten animals or ten men into a cold room, two might become frostbitten, three might become hypothermic without frostbite, and the other five might be quite happy, although all were in the same situation. We cannot rely upon the meager results so far obtained.

Space medicos understand that grim determination is necessary to carry out a bioflight successfully. They know, too, that their specimens can get back alive, and they will work minutely to see that they do get back alive, never daring to delegate without checking and double-checking. When I hear on a news broadcast that a handful of valueless little white mice have died in an effort to reach outer space, to me there is nothing casual in the implication. There is no exultation when a missile has to be destroyed. To space scientists these things are steps backward in the national effort, for which all of us, no matter to what service we owe our particular allegiance, wish only success and progress.

The topsy-turvy growth of the missile program has affected the medical and biological aspects of space research no less than it has its other aspects. The dream of every space scientist is space travel for man, but up to now the picture of the biological programs necessary to be carried out has not been clear. Injury to our first man in space can put our program back for years, and there would seem to be a need for further animal experimentation before we proceed. There are still many who believe that simulated conditions of space within a laboratory will tell us all, presupposing that we know all the conditions to be encountered during a space flight. Even if they were right, we would have to check our suppositions by the use of animal flights. Furthermore, Van Allen's belt of radiation, cosmic radiation, and weightlessness cannot be simulated or assessed here on earth.

Space flights using animals cannot be regarded as anything more than a checking process, while in the laboratory we do the basic work, such as the study of the relationship between oxygen and barometric pressure and its effect upon respiration physiology; the study of the effects of radiation upon biological tissue and the protective measures against its ill effects; the study of rotation upon the vestibular system; the study of the dynamics of the vascular system during high G forces.

Space scientists are constantly faced with the question "Why does man wish to explore space?" A mountain climber once told a newspaper reporter that he risked his neck climbing to the tops of mountains simply because the mountains were there, a reply which, despite its complete lack of reasoning, seems to have great public appeal and may be sufficient answer to the present question. Explorations in the past have yielded benefits far beyond what could possibly have been predicted, and it would be unusual if explorations of space did not yield parallel benefits.

It is reported that it took Columbus seven years to induce Queen Isabella to sell her jewels to finance the expedition which has resulted in all that Americans now hold dear. Isabella got very little in return for her investment at the time. The Phoenicians and the Dutch explored for trade; the Egyptians, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, and the British, for King Solomon's gold; only the Polynesians and the Vikings explored for the sheer joy of practicing the arts of navigation and voyaging.

Today we have other globes to explore, but let us not delude ourselves. Would we rather see our taxes go to efforts to solve the problems of space today, or would we prefer to wait and see them go to a foreign power in payment for the exports from that country's newest territory, the moon?

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SIDE THE FOREIGN OFFICE

HALIFAX · EDEN · BEVIN

by Valentine Lawford

VALENTINE LAWFORD *entered the diplomatic service in 1934 and was successively assistant private secretary to Lord Halifax, Sir Anthony Eden, and the late Mr. Ernest Bevin. He attended the Moscow, Quebec, and Yalta conferences and was appointed to the United Kingdom delegation to the United Nations in 1946. He left the service in 1950 and now lives in the United States.*

HALIFAX was long and thin. Eden was of more than middling stature and evenly proportioned. Bevin was unhealthily heavy for his height, though he was by no means a short man.

When Halifax moved, he could be graceful and grave and shy simultaneously, like a tall water bird wading in the shallows. Eden moved always with the fluent ease of a river between its banks, almost with a suggestion of bravura. But Bevin had difficulty heaving himself out of a sitting position at all, and when he sat down again his body seemed to swell up around him in great waves, like the ocean seeking its level after an unnatural disturbance.

Architecturally, the upper half of Halifax's head resembled a dome which, since it rested on rather more than usually jutting ears, appeared illusively to taper toward the apex. It was a fine head, though. When he walked it fell very slightly forward, and as he sat reading at his desk he would cup the weight of it in the palm of his right hand. But the loftiness of the face as a whole could not cause one quite to forget an ever-present questioning look in the eyes, and beneath a long upper lip the line of the mouth itself was expressive less of wit or irony than of a controlled and philosophical melancholy, innate and instinctive rather than acquired. Yet his was by no means the neglected body of a dreamer. His back and legs were magnificently straight, and he looked his best astride a horse. And for one who combined proconsular talents with a reputation for almost medieval saintliness, he seemed always refreshingly human and outdoor, almost impressively untheatrical, in robes.

Eden's fine eyes with their fringe of dark lashes, his regular head, handsome hair, and well-knit body had caused many to admire and some to envy him for such unashamed good looks. To anyone accustomed to seeing him often and at close range, the popular cartoonists' version of his appearance never failed to come as a shock, so little did the original as one knew it justify the suggestion of immaturity, almost inanity, in the bogus acquaintance and the caricature.

In contrast, Bevin could never have suffered from looking too good or being thought too good-looking. He was short-necked, his skin was muddy, and his just noticeably strabismic eyes were carelessly set beneath a forehead that would have seemed low indeed if the thick hair — still, at his life's end, as solid as a coat of silver paint — had

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not been habitually plastered back above the temples. He had something of a weathered, or molten, nose, as though it had been formed of lava, or by some glacial action, and there was an equally unpremeditated, geological quality about the mouth below, for though it was capable of expressing a whole gamut of human moods, from the blackest ill-humor to the most unexpected and overwhelming sweetness, the lips at no point exactly matched one another, so that one was reminded less of flesh and blood than of some famous feature of the landscape or rock formation, of which people were accustomed to say that it really looked just like a human mouth when you saw it from a distance. But if by all contemporary canons he was frankly ugly, there was nothing remotely ignoble in his ugliness. The massive irregularities of such a head would have improved many a Roman emperor.

Halifax's clothes were well cut, well cared for (it is tempting to say well preserved, for his black office coat in wartime, with its long vent up the back, had a greenish tinge in sunlight), and even when they were new they were slightly dated, as for some reason befits an Englishman who is fond of horses. Though his suits were sober he was not above brightening them discreetly with a spotted tie or a patterned silk handkerchief half falling from the pocket. And there were the recognizable marks of the squire and the colonel of yeomanry in the forward tilt of the bowler hat and the way he carried his umbrella, less frequently in the crook of his elbow than horizontally in the hand, as if it might have been a riding crop or a woodsman's tool or a light arm regularly picked up on the hall table from habit. He walked each day through the parks to the Foreign Office, arriving one particularly wet November morning in a pair of rubber boots a yard high, inside which, in the words of the half-admiring, half-scandalized office keeper whom he had summoned to help him pull them off, "there was only his Lordship's bare feet."

Eden wore the sort of clothes that a good tailor would like everyone to wear. In any other profession, they would scarcely have seemed remarkable for a man of his age and kind. Yet such was the relative drabness, or anachronism, of the toilettes of most British politicians of the period that he was constantly referred to not merely as the best-looking but also as the best-dressed member of the government. He had long since tired of the dubious distinction — if, indeed, he had ever been flattered by it — knowing that the world is inclined to underestimate the intelligence, if not actually the moral worth, of notoriously presentable men and only asking to be judged, as he considered was no more than his due, on his record as a statesman. In a previous decade he had happened to give his name to a particular kind of hat, which in the public imagination still formed as inseparable a part of a familiar political personality as Baldwin's briar pipe, Chamberlain's umbrella, or Churchill's seldom lit cigar. He rarely wore any hat at all in wartime; in those days, if he ever put anything on his head, for instance on a journey, it was more likely than not to be an old soft brown hat, turned down all around in the manner of the 1920s and worn so low at the back that it slightly crumpled his ears. But intent as they were on their own version of history, the cartoonists never gave a sign of noticing this anomaly.

From Bevin's decent but somber exterior one concluded that, in old age, at least, he regarded clothing as principally functional. His face and the shape of his figure, in any case, made elegance of a conventional kind scarcely desirable.

Many of these superficial differences between Bevin on the one hand and Halifax and Eden on the other were attributable to the historical fact that, until less than half a century ago, certain external characteristics were part of the generally accepted inheritance of the then British working class. Though he lived to play a leading role in remedying this state of affairs, Bevin himself had not been born too late to be forced to accept his share of the old legacy, and more than a trace of it was in his possession until the day he died.

Notoriously, the difference of heritage announced itself to the ear no less than to the eye. Halifax's tenor voice carried well when he made a speech and was pleasant to listen to, though one was inclined to look far above him as he spoke, as though it had been less from his mouth that one would catch his words than from an echo up in the rafters. Eden's voice sometimes lacked body, but in debate or argument the strength of his convictions could make it resound. It was like an organ with a varied, but limited, range of stops: now warm and melodious, now querulous, now clipped and quick-dying, even to the extent of sometimes trailing away into little more than the hum of the mechanism. "Mm" or "Ya-as" he would say when something bored him particularly, and those who knew him were aware that he was no longer listening. Bevin's voice was lower, rougher, grittier than either Halifax's or Eden's. When he was very tired it was scarcely more than the sigh of the wind through a grating in the plumbing, and even at its liveliest it might have been ground out of chips of stone.

And as with the voices, so with the hands. Halifax's writing was neat, personable, slightly pointed and sloping, suavely scholarly and easy-running, the script of a don or a dean. In particu-

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lar, one was struck by an unusually pretty way of forming the *x* at the end of his own name. Eden's writing was larger, rounder, a little less graceful and rather more careless, though, unlike Halifax, who often ran two of his words together, he almost always kept each word rigorously separate from its fellows. Those who profess to read character from calligraphy might have interpreted Eden's as denoting a nature at once more impulsive, more sensitive to criticism, and less prone to compromise. But both hands seemed one and the same when set beside Bevin's, which was so unorthodox as to defy description, just as it defied interpretation by his subordinates and sometimes even by himself. If those who had served at Addis Ababa might occasionally have traced a mild resemblance between his capital letters and what they remembered of written Amharic, the rest of his script resembled nothing known to anybody in the Foreign Office at all, so that it became one of the more important duties of his private secretaries to emendate passages in his minutes and marginal comments before passing them on to the department. As it was often necessary to invoke his help, he was aware of our mystification, but it caused him no embarrassment and he bore us no grudge. On the contrary, an occasional view among the files laid before him of our painstaking annotations and alternative readings never ceased to amuse one whose early circumstances — and it may be also, early inclinations — had been such that he had never learned to write legibly or to hold a pen except most awkwardly, far back between the first and second fingers of his hand.

By descent and upbringing, Halifax and Eden were North Countrymen, a qualification which, however little it may actually mean today, was once held to denote a greater independence and dourness in the popular character and a correspondingly greater toughness in the upper crust. Bevin was from the West Country, where a tendency on the part of great families to sink into a comfortable decay has been accompanied by a traditional, if by now largely mythical, spirit of adventure among the young of all classes and a more relaxed relationship between rich and poor than is generally to be found elsewhere in England. Even if, as one must suppose from his name, Bevin's origins lay among the Welsh, his characteristic mixture of slightly ostentatious robustness and underlying sentimentality — elusive and erratic as the latter often proved to be in his political relationships — was surely less Celt than Anglo-Saxon.

Halifax and Eden had both been educated at classically respectable English establishments. Bevin attended the village school until he was seven, worked then for a while unenthusiastically as a farm hand, and later acquired such erudition as he could from his own reading and from Sunday schools, in the intervals of driving a two-horse delivery cart filled with mineral-water bottles. Since it seemed so normal to them, neither Halifax nor Eden spoke much about his education. Bevin, who was on all occasions more autobiographical, spoke with relish of his. And perhaps one of the very few fatuous things about him was his tendency to assume that because it had been more hardly come by and less conventional, it somehow had a virtue superior to theirs.

In the middle of the previous century, Halifax's grandfather had been Chancellor of the Exchequer and Secretary of State for India, and he himself, when his turn came, had no notable difficulty at the age of twenty-nine in entering Parliament as representative of a constituency in his native Yorkshire. Likewise, Eden, whose family had played their part in public life for centuries, though he first failed to secure election for a mining district near his home, for times had already changed, succeeded only one year later at Warwick, at the age of twenty-six. Though Bevin had had an inestimably useful period of training for political life as a Trade Union organizer and leader, he had no parliamentary experience until he was almost sixty, and that only after two unsuccessful election campaigns, in 1918 and 1931. From birth, his path was incomparably rougher than that of either of his predecessors, a consideration that clearly cannot detract from their achievements but which may account for certain of his characteristics which it was inconceivable that they should share. Though he had a closer understanding than they of the mentality of the British poor, it was more difficult for him than for them to believe in disinterestedness on the part of others, particularly his own colleagues. He could brook no criticism. Though he always retained a certain slyness, he could hardly ever bring himself, even ostensibly, to abandon a grudge. His prejudices against individuals were probably deeper, and certainly more apparent, than theirs. His political egocentricity was legendary — his disgust and disappointment with the Soviet Union at the end of the war were only slightly less personal than Chamberlain's with Nazi Germany at its outbreak — and it harmed him in the world and in his own party, more especially, when, growing old and even less circumspect, he came to the summit of his power and found his every action critically weighed by others. But he gloried in his prejudices and flaunted his ego, for without them the chances were that, instead of daring to go in search of the

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water of life for those whom he characteristically called "my people," even if they were Germans or Russians or Egyptians, he might still have been working disconsolately on the land in Devon or driving through the lanes of Somerset and Gloucestershire in a two-horse cart or its latter-day mechanical counterpart, bearing nothing more invigorating than table water and fizzy lemonade.

For Halifax, the son of a famous High Churchman, Christianity, far from being a vague stimulus to humanitarian instincts or a salutary moral code, was a living religion that demanded regular and punctilious practice. On his way home in the evening from the Foreign Office to the Dorchester Hotel, it came naturally to him to make a detour to the Grosvenor Chapel, and he was almost notorious as a churchgoer and friend of clergy. In the twentieth century, as in far earlier times, that was something for which a statesman could be made to suffer. Since it was out of the question to throw him to the lions, contemporary anti-Christians had to be content to pitch the newspaper accounts of his speeches, defiant witnesses of a faith they did not deign to share, into the nearest wastepaper basket. And cynics and Philistines and the run of his political opponents outside Parliament facilely dismissed the speaker himself as a hypocrite. Perversely, the fact that in public affairs he was not by any means hopelessly otherworldly but practical and understanding and shrewd was counted against him most by those who criticized him for daring to be religious.

Such things being at best a matter of guesswork, one can only guess that Eden's attitude toward the Church was not unlike that of a great many of his English contemporaries, to whom it went without saying that one remained as loyal to Christianity as to an old and dear friend of one's childhood, with whom one's mother had, perhaps naturally, remained in rather closer touch than one had been able to do oneself. He was certainly less interested in religion than Halifax. But his unselfish impulses, his rigid honesty, and his impatience with what he recognized as mean were not exactly unchristian qualities.

Bevin's mother, the village midwife, had burned with zeal for the Methodist cause. And Bevin in his youth had preached in Methodist and Baptist chapels. But as the years passed, his God had become less and less distinguishable from social reform.

All three Foreign Secretaries had a strong sense of their individual duty, coupled with — or it may be, springing from — a healthy belief in their own importance.

To his staff, the moods of a Secretary of State were as the sky to the farmer or the wind to a man in a sailing boat at sea, and clemency from on high, however warmly it may have been welcomed at the time, tends to figure in a private secretary's memories as rarely and briefly as perfect harvest conditions in a countryman's conversation or halcyon weather in a seaman's log. In part, such must be my excuse for impertinently recalling here that Halifax — of whose benevolence I was so often an unworthy, but not by any means an insensitive, object — could on occasion be unexpectedly, almost ferociously, indignant to find, for example, on being sent to a Cabinet meeting at 10 Downing Street that he should have been directed instead to the Prime Minister's room at the House of Commons. But only in part, for the very act of recalling the all too understandable impatience of an intensely preoccupied statesman over a tiresome, if comparatively trivial, contretemps inevitably leads one to recall his composure in the face of the immeasurably greater disasters and tragedies of those years; a rare, inner impregnability, infinitely worthier to be cherished.

Eden also, as it happened, could overwhelm one with fury over matters great and small. An official car that broke down in Piccadilly, the importunity of a bevy of flashlight photographers, or a secret telephone that refused to scramble sometimes threatened to assume the proportions of a hideous departmental *faux pas* or a major diplomatic reverse. But his temper spent itself so quickly and was invariably followed by an access of such kindness of heart that, like a dog when his chastisement is over, one was torn between repentance and gratitude.

Bevin's anger was a duller fire, lasting all the longer for having been so slow to light at all. One surmised too that, unlike his predecessors, he had never been trained to forget and forgive. Yet he was by contrast amazingly patient of lesser errors. And it was almost as though he were naïvely gratified, as much flattered as surprised, to find that he had actually been conveyed to the right place for an international conference at the right time with, miracle of miracles, the right papers in his Foreign Secretary's box.

Each of the three had his peculiar faculty for friendship. Halifax retained an obstinate loyalty to his colleagues and companions of Yorkshire and Oxford and Indian days, even to the extent of being ready to listen heroically to their views on subjects of which they knew so much less than he and to try to do what he could for them personally as Foreign Secretary, a readiness as rare as it can sometimes be inconvenient in public life. Of the three, he was perhaps the most susceptible to the charm of clever women and undoubtedly the most accomplished conversationalist.

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Eden harbored a strong affection for a far narrower circle of friends, almost to a man political associates who had shared his views and stood by him in a famous pre-war emergency. When he returned to power they were not forgotten. But he would scarcely have thought of asking a favor on anyone's behalf simply because he was a friend. If anything, he was inclined to believe that one who was a friend should be flattered to receive rather less favorable treatment than one who was not. He listened at all times less willingly than Halifax and often avoided conversation — except, most strikingly, with officers and men of the fighting services. For it seemed that even his abiding preoccupation with foreign affairs was not strong enough to resist the inclination of his heart when there was a question of keeping an ambassador waiting while he talked to a pair of wounded Canadians in a corridor of the House of Commons; delaying his return to Whitehall from Normandy to have tea in a farmyard with the Guards Armoured Division, just about to be thrown into an offensive south of Caen; or lengthening an already exhausting, roundabout return route from Moscow to London in order to hobnob for an hour with the men of the Sixtieth in the red mud of an Algerian lane. Here at last was a sign, welcome enough to those who might have been tempted to blame politics for having demanded from him too great a sacrifice of personality, that behind the imposing façade of the dedicated statesman there was still something left of the juvenile captain of far-off, unpolitical days.

If Eden still sometimes liked to see himself as a rifleman become Foreign Secretary, Bevin for his part continued to think of himself by preference not as a Cabinet Minister, a former Minister of Labor, a leader in the counsels of the Labor Party, nor even as a one-time member of the General Council of the Trade Union Congress, but rather as a sort of personification of the rank and file of the Transport and General Workers' Union. The campaigns in which he had shared, and of which we could perforce know next to nothing (less, indeed, than we knew of Eden's), were the campaigns of his Union, and his oldest and proudest scars were from wounds that Brother This and Brother That and no one else — not we, but also not Cripps nor Morrison nor even Attlee — had seen inflicted and helped to bind. Perhaps he was not a man for strong individual friendships. Certainly the assortment of congenial acquaintances whom he had gathered from outside the Trade Union world (a particular trio consisting of an Italian film producer, Admiral Mountbatten, and a successful timber merchant occurs, I hope not irreverently, to the mind) seemed, at least superficially, too heterogeneous and haphazard, too much like the kind of embarrassed group that a conjurer will sometimes call up at random from the audience to join him on the stage, to be indicative of a personal taste for any particular type of friend.

One could hardly fail to be impressed, in a world where few statesmen of whatever political affiliation dare to be so Whitmanesque, by his animal appetite for the great *En Masse*, as if it were a physical urge on his part to feel himself one with all men and women who worked hard at a job, above all if they were humble or obscure. He discovered to his joy, on being appointed Foreign Secretary, that since even British diplomatists in the twentieth century mostly worked very hard for their living, he could actually merge himself with them also, for they too were "his people."

Not that Bevin — any more, for that matter, than Halifax — was in the habit of spending his rare leisure hours with members of the Foreign Office staff, or even his political associates. Halifax might sometimes have to put in a weekend appearance at Chequers. But he would happily escape into the Chilterns for an afternoon alone with Lady Halifax and the Ordnance Survey map for Buckinghamshire, and I doubt whether he was ever anything but relieved to learn on returning that his absence in the hills had coincided with a number of telephone calls from his private secretary in London. Bevin too was elusive at weekends, and a little sleepily incoherent, if still wonderfully polite, when a message from the Foreign Office on a Sunday afternoon caught him napping in his flat, a stone's throw from High Street, Kensington.

Eden, however, had the strongest objection to being left for any length of time unattended by his private secretary. Even at Chequers — where Churchill, who as Prime Minister enjoyed a far more frequent messenger service, was happy to show him all the most recent telegrams from British representatives abroad, and perhaps too obviously happy, since it enabled him at the same time to show him the suggested replies which, as an enthusiastic amateur Foreign Secretary himself, it was increasingly his habit to scribble in red ink at the bottom of the more interesting messages — Eden would complain that he felt like Robinson Crusoe until his own papers arrived by Foreign Office messenger in the Foreign Secretary's box. But he had almost a schoolboy's passion for a weekend at home. He loved his house in Sussex and everything in it and about it, yet never more, as it seemed to me, than when setting out for it, as on some slightly guilty adventure, from the side door of the Foreign Office on a Friday night, or starting back to London early on a Monday morning in a car full of fruit and vegetables and bunches of

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flowers. In between whiles, he could be Crusoe even there, though on this desert island at least he had the consolation of one of his private secretaries in the role of Man Friday. Occasionally an imaginative, or malicious, guest, relegated to a particular lesser bedroom, might whisper that the place was haunted, but for me it always, perversely, invited laziness and repose. A Degas drawing of a woman sewing, wasp-waisted, pointed elbow raised, an ink and water-color Segonzac seminude, the product of some river picnic on a mud-smelling, tree-shaded, infinitely peaceful summer day, looked down from the walls of the dining room onto salad and cheese and wine. In the breakfronts of the library, Jane Austen, Trollope, Maupassant, and George Moore still valiantly held at bay the vanguard of twentieth-century realism, Emery Reves, Virginia Cowles, Eve Curie, and Lord Citrine. The South Downs toward Goodwood described a green arabesque across the drawing-room windows, and a walled garden lay open at the foot of a flight of steps below the lawn. Yet shamefully saddened, impressed against one's will, it was precisely in these surroundings that one recognized the true statesman's infinite capacity for self-denial. There was no longer anything of the dilettante about my immensely considerate, yet almost equally preoccupied, host at the end of the dinner table, a man to whom the library was now pre-eminently the place where one sat answering the telephone. For him, even a walk on the Downs was no more than a pretext for a tour of infinitely vaster and less green horizons, and when he picked and offered one an apple from his favorite tree or a fig from the southern, stableyard wall, one had the strong impression that the hospitable gesture, though it was as natural as that of any happy countryman, only momentarily interrupted a political train of thought.

A NOTEWORTHY humility before the incumbent of the first office of state, a growing affection founded upon experience shared, rather than any similarity of mind or supposed similarity of political outlook, marked the relationship of Halifax to his Prime Minister, Chamberlain. And an equally formal respect, complicated — as it were, at once strengthened and loosened — by a certain classical background in common and a far older, more intimate friendship, bound Halifax to his Prime Minister, Churchill, however ideally events and influences seemed calculated again and again to divide them.

Of Eden's relationship to his wartime Prime Minister one hesitates to write at all. The complementary qualities of character and age and mind, the pride and indulgence of the old prophet and the devotion and patience of the chosen successor have been so often and so justly celebrated that further description seems doomed to be as stale and insipid as a retelling of some Bible story or familiar Shakespearean plot. And there is just as little temptation to dwell knowingly on a great man's lingering delight in power or an heir apparent's occasional exasperation, unless it be to cite them as proof of the strength rather than the weakness of an association that they failed so signally to disturb. Not, I think, entirely frivolously, I harbored a suspicion that one of Eden's principal virtues in the eyes of his Prime Minister must have been his ability to read maps, to argue confidently with chiefs of staff, and to take just as passionate an interest as Churchill himself in the day-to-day direction of the world's most hideously technical war: the logistics and ballistics and statistics, the strategy and surprises and supplies, in short, the very things that filled my own civilian mind with a feeling of hopelessness bordering on nausea, an inferiority complex beyond compare, but which must have formed the most congenial common ground imaginable for a Foreign Secretary who had once so much enjoyed being a rifleman and a Prime Minister who had never quite ceased to be a hussar.

In his Prime Minister, Attlee, Bevin had come at last to recognize the one leading member of the parliamentary Labor Party who, for all his middle-class origins and orthodox education, aroused on his part something approaching affection and genuine respect. For the rest, the peculiar nature of his past relationship to the Labor Party proper and the peculiarities of his own nature prevented him from treating his Cabinet colleagues with the gentle, genial camaraderie that came naturally to Halifax or the breezy good manners with which Eden for his part was able to cover such impatience as he may sometimes have felt toward those with whom it was his lot to serve.

Halifax was as natural and unashamed and punctilious in courtly as in religious observance. In that, as in so much else, he was an impressive survival from England's more decorous past, the sort of statesman to whom it was in no way inhibiting to begin a letter "Lord Halifax with his humble duty to Your Majesty" and continue with the writer always in the third person and the august recipient always in the second, as easily as a born musician will compose for more than one instrument at a time or in a different tempo for each hand at the piano. He was an expert with his personal seal and would never have presumed to fasten the back of an envelope addressed to the Sovereign except with sealing wax alone. All of which is not to imply that he was not just as con-

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scious of the importance of the King as the head of a twentieth-century commonwealth as of the beauty of the many mysteries by which British royalty is traditionally surrounded.

Eden too had been brought up to know about such things, but it was less in his nature to delight in ancient forms, however willing he might be to acknowledge their modern uses. Like Halifax, he honored the throne as an institution and had a warm regard for the King as its occupant. But, for him, pre-eminently a constitutional monarch was an essential part of a constitutional system in which people and Parliament also played essential roles.

No doubt there had once been a time when Bevin had looked askance at monarchy the world over. But the years play strange tricks with an Englishman's theories, and in the matter of his attitude to the British monarchy he was not afraid to let it be known that he himself on the one hand, no less than the monarchy on the other, had been capable over the years of considerable, advantageous adjustment. No one need pretend that he ever became a royalist, nor even that there was the faintest trace of the connoisseur's hush — corresponding to the use of capitals in writing — when he spoke of the King. But there is no doubt that one of the things that pleased him most in his later years was the ease with which, since becoming a member of His Majesty's Government, he had been able to establish friendly working relations with "such a very decent man" as King George VI.

Within the Foreign Office, the Foreign Secretary of the day was generally referred to as the Secretary of State, an appellation which at all times carried with it a suggestion of awe and sometimes could strike a note of terror, even though it was customarily enunciated with such rapidity that it actually came close to resembling the abbreviated, written form of S/S. If ever a personal name was used in place of the resounding title or the breathless sibilants, Halifax was referred to as Halifax; by all but the eminent, only facetiously as Edward. Things were different with Eden, either because of his comparative youth, or because of his long familiarity with the Foreign Office, or it may have been partly because he often avoided surnames himself. Although in every room of the Foreign Office people habitually wrote "Mr. Eden" a hundred times a day, and although I now find myself for convenience insolently writing "Eden" — as, indeed, I have written "Halifax" and "Bevin" — again and again in these pages, Anthony was the name by which he was known to many members of the staff among themselves, even if few would have thought of addressing him thus to his face. But whatever the degree of intimacy between Halifax or Eden and the officials of the Foreign Office of their day, there was never a question of any relationship of quite the kind that was later to give rise to the habit of referring to Bevin as "Uncle Ernie." Naturally, no one used the expression in his presence. If anyone had been so tasteless, he would have been scarcely more responsive, one feels, than Stalin had been to learn — as I believe, from Roosevelt — that to the President of the United States and the British Prime Minister in much of their most important wartime correspondence he was not jocularly "the Bear" nor respectfully "the Marshal" but purely and simply "Uncle Joe."

While the Foreign Secretary derives some, at least, of his prestige in the world's eye from the reputation of the department which he personifies, once within the walls of the Foreign Office itself he automatically changes character, ceasing as he goes up in the lift to be the spokesman of the staff or the advocate of a Foreign Office point of view and becoming instead the honest layman among shifty experts, even claiming on occasion to be susceptible to popular claptrap about the evils of secret diplomacy or class prejudice in foreign affairs and other manifestations of public obscurantism at its most implacable. Though this may have applied particularly to Bevin, it was not by any means true of him alone. It might happen that, the very day after he had stoutly defended the honesty and intelligence of his department before an incredulous, almost outraged, audience at a Labor Party conference, he could himself have been found listening with a look of the direst suspicion, like a tribesman at a parley in the tents of another tribe, while some senior member of the Foreign Office hierarchy uncomfortably drew his attention to the many previous occasions when a course of action now proposed by his Secretary of State had proved to be impracticable or irritatingly warned him of the awkward precedents that would be created by some genuinely original plan which he had recently conceived in his bed or his bath or on a train. But Halifax likewise would never allow us to forget that, though he worked in our midst and shared many of our views, he was morally unable to ignore certain traditionally respectable currents of opinion less honored in the Foreign Office than at Oxford or in the House of Lords. We, for our part, might like to imagine that one could fob off the older alumni of the Older University or the more unbalanced members of the Upper Chamber with any sort of argument. But he knew better. And I, for one, have the most painful memories of hours spent, at his insistence, shortly after the

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outbreak of war trying to adapt a stock reply on war aims to answer an inconceivable diversity of queries from England's conscience-smitten intellectuals, not to mention drafting a series of uniformly polite but increasingly uninspired replies to the philippics he received each week from a member of Their Lordships' House who thought nothing of covering three dozen pages of his best writing paper every Sunday with brilliant but excruciatingly perverse argument in favor of an immediate cessation of hostilities on Germany's conditions and a complete reversal of His Majesty's Government's policy to date.

Even Eden, in whose eyes what might have seemed to Halifax our cynicism or impatience with the learned and the noble only indicated that we shared his own realism and common sense, was quite remarkably preoccupied with his and our duty to the House of Commons, as also to the particular stratum of public opinion, irrespective of party, by which he was regarded as the archenemy of pre-war appeasement and the one prominent Conservative known to be devoid of preconceived ideas about Russia.

Still, all in all, it was Bevin's public that worried us most. A menacing bogy he could make out of them, compared with which the precious peers and semiprecious professors of Halifax and the passionate *anti-Munichois* of Eden (no more passionate than we, after all, in that) and even the advocates of coexistence with the Soviet Union (for what else could we do but coexist, so long as they would let us?) assumed an air innocuous and innocent and almost pathetically well disposed. Yet even as Bevin listened, squinting a little down his nose, the smoldering stub of a cigarette dangling, against all the laws of nature, from just under his upper lip, one came to know that the scowl was less a sign of disapproval than of a peculiarly personal form of concentration — almost a capacity for painfully smelling his way along a trail — the final outcome of which might well be a decision, reached, it is true, not among us but far away in the night at Phillimore Gardens, W.8, yet embodying some, if not quite all, of the recommendations that his staff had ventured to offer. For, being anything but doctrinaire, he did in fact listen intently, even to us, and if he deplored what he assumed to be our excessively sheltered lives and glossy antecedents, it was more as grounds for pity than as any serious reason for distrust. He was only sorry that such conscientious officials should not have been privileged to share with him the real good fortune of learning about life the rough and not the smooth way.

For a debate in the House of Lords, Halifax would customarily use the brief prepared for him in the Foreign Office, filling it out as he might require with courteous but effective extempore replies to points made by previous speakers. Eden also used his brief, though it was a sign of the greater velocity of life during his term of office that many of the most telling passages in his debating speeches were scribbled in his own hand in the form of notes as he sat on the front bench a few seconds before rising. Bevin sometimes went to the House of Commons carrying a brief, or, if he had forgotten to do so, his private secretaries usually contrived that it should somehow reach his hands. But even if he were still holding it when he rose to speak, he would end by putting it down and forgetting about it; while if, exceptionally, he followed it approximately as he spoke, its text emerged from his lips so gravely transformed that it was all but unrecognizable to its several authors, nervously huddled in the box in the northwest corner of the chamber reserved for the government advisers and vainly straining their ears for the reassuring sound of their meticulously chosen generalizations, equivocations, and evasions.

But when Halifax had to prepare a speech that was near to his heart — his broadcast on the purpose of the war, on November 7, 1939, and the address which he delivered as Chancellor of the University at the Sheldonian Theatre on February 27 of the following year are two notable examples — he worked for long hours in solitude. Thoughts and words were largely his own, for it was almost inconceivable that a contemporary professional bureaucrat should have presumed, even if he had been trained, to frame such an uncontemporary, unbureaucratic sentence as "For in this matter, as indeed in all life, it is finally the spiritual side that counts," a brave statement for the twentieth century that dominates and sums up the broadcast; or could have adequately expressed the profound inner conflict — so essentially the speaker's own — over the use of force, the infinitely conscientious resolution of which was one of the themes of the Oxford oration. The most he was apt to demand of a private secretary was, as he put it, to "build the bridges" between one train of thought and the next. And even that could be as awe-inspiring as a commission to span the space between two mountain peaks usually hidden to one's eye or link a pair of cloud banks in the empyrean.

Eden's mental atmosphere was less rarefied. For him, even though he was not by nature otherwise gregarious, thought as well as style could be the object of a collective, combined operation, a gathering of private secretaries and political friends that continued in a jovial atmosphere late into the night. Like Halifax, when he opened or closed a debate — as opposed to searching his own and the nation's conscience — Eden would be satisfied to use verbatim many of the less important

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passages in the departmental brief. But when a subject interested him particularly, a whole line of argument would be recomposed as he paced from end to end of the smoke-filled Secretary of State's room, head now down, now up in the air, hands repeating the same short rhythmic gesture, pausing once in a while to ask the world in general, "Isn't that right?" or simply to say, "Stop me if you don't agree with this one." No one present need fear to nod approval or shake his head in doubt; and such is the susceptibility of the young that, for me, those are still, of all the evenings of the war, the most clearly and happily remembered.

Bevin's technique of speech preparation, like his way of listening crossly to advice and his overnight method of reaching decisions, at first surprised his private secretaries, for it was quite his own. A day or two before he was to make his first speech in the House of Commons as Foreign Secretary, he summoned me to his room in the early afternoon with one of the private secretarial ladies. She was a new girl, Miss Eames. "Come in, Missy," said Bevin, "and sit down here beside me." He was puffing with defiant satisfaction at a forbidden cigar. Miss Eames cautiously sat down, drew a pencil from under the elastic band around her shorthand pad, and poised it expectantly. But the slight, natural apprehension that I had already noticed in her eyes changed to a look of examination-hall despair as the Foreign Secretary, gazing quizzically up at the gilded girders on the ceiling, slipped, as it were *con sordine*, into a rambling, after-luncheon monologue, uninhibited by considerations of grammar or syntax and punctuated less by any recognizable vocal equivalent of commas or semicolons or full stops than by the occasional pauses required for blowing smoke, coughing, removing tobacco leaf from his tongue, or dusting ash from the lapels of his coat. To Miss Eames's tragic glances I could only reply with an expressionless stare, straight between the eyes, which I hoped might somehow convey more confidence than I felt that she would be able to record what was being said or that I should be able to understand it if she were. And then, at the fifth or sixth page of her shorthand notes, the soliloquy ceased as softly, almost imperceptibly, as it had begun. "All over, Missy," said the new Secretary of State with a wink. He certainly had a way with the girls that was unusual in any British government department. More like a kindly chiropodist. "And Lawford here," he added, looking still at her and not at me, "will just turn that into English if he can."

Whatever one's opinion of their style — of Halifax's tendency to let his scruples lead him into over-qualification (he was capable of writing, if not actually saying, "I should have thought that one might say that it could reasonably be held that . . ."), of Eden's occasional descent from admirable simplicity to something not far from bathos, or of Bevin's complacent verbal obscurity — there could be no denying that all three were remarkably effective in debate on their home ground. Once the particular moment of their intervention had passed, there would always be critics to complain that Halifax's speeches were excessively sermonious, that Eden might surely have permitted himself to be a little more witty and a little less fair, and that a Foreign Secretary had no right to be quite so enigmatic as Bevin. But even though one scarcely expects posterity to set its young men to study their contributions to Hansard in the heroic days of World War II as the youth of an earlier age was set to study Cicero or Demosthenes, that is at least in part because these speakers themselves believed that oratory for its own sake had no place in the world in which they lived, or, more exactly, that oratory was not required of them personally by their twentieth-century parliamentary audience. Less artistic, or ambitious, than Churchill, they could have claimed in their own way to know their audience just as well as he.

BEYOND the confines of Parliament or country, in their dealings with foreign governments and foreigners generally, all three had the advantage of a genuine confidence in the purity of contemporary British motives. And all three were mercifully lacking in the sense of accumulated, inherited guilt that has burdened and handicapped so many Western politicians in post-war years. Halifax impressed the non-British as a wonderfully British phenomenon, remote from their own experience, and Eden's honesty and directness and strength of purpose similarly demanded and obtained foreign respect. Hitler's unrequited love for the fellow *Frontkämpfer* may have turned, in the manner of such passions, to still more violent hate, and Mussolini might fly into tantrums. But in the contemporary world such things were of the order of compliments. And Bevin's proclaimed interest in the lot of the ordinary people of other lands, almost as though he held a mandate from them, too, no less than his concealed suspicion of the motives of foreign governments earned at least a sort of disconcerted admiration abroad — even, one likes to think, on the part of the rulers of the Soviet Union, whose widely advertised and highly rewarding technique in these two respects so closely resembled that of the Labor Foreign Secretary.

It might perhaps have been expected that, in

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their official dealings with the Russians, each of the three statesmen would have revealed his capacities most clearly. Yet the act of searching the memory tends less to disclose any startling proof of wisdom or statesmanship, or the lack of such, than merely to recall the unchanging atmosphere of frustration that emanated then, as it emanates now, from every serious encounter of the Western with the Soviet Russian mind. Thus, one remembers Halifax sitting one winter morning, perfectly polite though pained and incredulous, while Maisky, having presumably been instructed to justify the unjustifiable, painstakingly but more than a little shamefacedly explained that the Finns had had to be attacked for their own and everyone else's good — they were "so obstinate, so bourgeois" — as though, one supposes, it was hoped that the latter qualification at least might find an echo in the mind of a Foreign Secretary who was an aristocrat, as well as in the minds of the oligarchs in the Kremlin.

Of Eden's period of office, one remembers his determination to place Anglo-Russian relations on a purely practical and, if possible, mutually advantageous basis; but one is bound to remember just as well that it evoked no perceptible, corresponding reaction on the part of the Soviet government until the German invasion of Russia made anything but cooperation with the West suicidal for the Soviet Union, and that even at the time of the Allies' closest association against a common enemy the friendship of the Soviet government, as distinct from the Russian people, tasted in the mouth like one of those rather overrated, deceptive French dishes known as *Cerises Jubilé* or *Poire Hélène*, the hot sauce of their immediate needs only momentarily disguising the icy foundation of their ultimate intentions.

Nor can one fail to recall that, whatever might once have been Bevin's own desire, his occupancy of the post of Foreign Secretary came at a time when Soviet post-war planning called for a worldwide campaign to undermine the influence of the very country he represented, so that Britain under his guidance found itself forced into a relationship of open political warfare with Russia, compared with which the events of 1939 and 1940 seemed part of some childhood tiff, while Eden at Moscow and Yalta had been engaged in nothing more serious than the sparring of a moderate sort of honeymoon.

This is hardly the place, nor does my own experience qualify me to take seriously the charges once leveled against Halifax of being in some vague way responsible, presumably through religious or social bias, for the Soviet government's decision to prefer an offensive agreement with Nazi Germany to a defensive agreement with Britain and France in 1939. Nor does it seem to me that even hindsight can make a convincing case for blaming Eden for the humiliating post-war developments in the East consequent on the inevitable physical presence at the war's end of the troops of Britain's Soviet ally on the very territory of Poland that we had declared war to redeem. Neither would one choose to dwell on Bevin's one-time belief — shared, after all, by all his British Socialist contemporaries — that in dealing with the Soviet Union "Left would be better able to speak to Left," as though the government of Stalin were really very much like Mr. Attlee's Cabinet of 1945 except that, since it worked in a much colder climate, its members sometimes wore fur hats.

Whatever may have been the duties of a junior secretary in the diplomatic service, they did not entitle me to raise my voice then, and I doubt whether anyone would thank me for doing so now, for such songs have tempted too many inexpert singers already. Apart from all else, moreover, these three statesmen themselves set too good an example, for not once in seven years did one of the three publicly disparage another.

Perhaps it was only healthy, though, that seven years as a private secretary should have provided one with an occasional less obviously edifying experience. For example, to me, at least, it came as a shock to find that such a very large proportion of the letters of condolence written to Halifax when he was transferred from the Foreign Office to Washington in 1940 and of congratulation to Eden on his being appointed in Halifax's place, no less than the letters of commiseration to Eden when he in turn left the Foreign Office in 1945 and the letters of congratulation to Bevin on succeeding him, were from the selfsame members of the public. It was a lesson in British versatility that I might scarcely have been privileged to learn had it occurred to the writers that in each case their letters would actually be opened, and the replies thereto drafted, by one and the same man.

But perhaps I didn't need the lesson. For have I not lately found, among the random entries in my own diary, three sentences — separated from one another, alas, by many pages of petty criticism and rare bouquets of faint praise — recording respectively that I should miss Lord and Lady Halifax more than any two people I had ever met (December 30, 1940), that the Foreign Office would be not only a disaster but a desert without Eden (July 26, 1945), and that my sorrow at leaving a man "sensible, human, sympathetic, practical, and fearless" as Bevin outweighed (at least on the afternoon of February 23, 1946) any happiness or advantage that I anticipated from the new life that, as I had been informed that very morning, awaited me in the New World?

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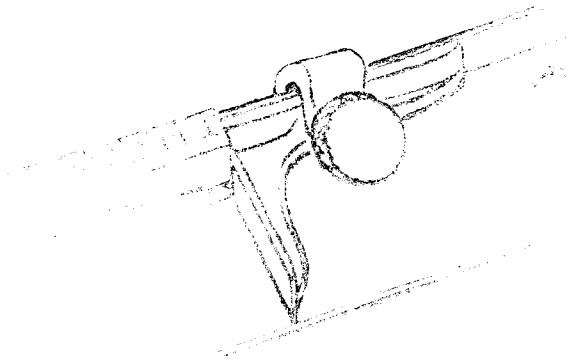

THE PRINTER

A Story by KEN W. PURDY

An authority on high-performance and racing automobiles, KEN W. PURDY *is the author of* KINGS OF THE ROAD, BRIGHT WHEELS ROLLING *(with James Melton), and* THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE AUTOMOBILE. *Before he became a free-lance writer, he had wide experience as a newspaperman and later as editor in chief of* PARADE, TRUE, *and* ARGOSY.

THE office of the *Valley Trader* had been built as a dry-goods store, with two show windows, one on each side of the doorway. Brown monk's-cloth curtains ran across the backs of the windows; the poles that supported them hung at elbow height. A YMCA basketball exhibit filled one window: two tarnished silver cups, a silver statuette of a desperately leaping youth, a scuffed ball, soft on the bottom, a basket, a poster printed from a linoleum block listing the season's games. A couple of dozen jars of home-preserved fruits and vegetables occupied the other window, a card propped against each jar identifying its maker. That had been the publisher's idea.

"It's the kind of thing that makes good will," Mr. Hayward said, frequently. "When you're new in a place like this, you have to identify yourself with the community."

I was leaning against the wall, looking out over the basketball exhibit. For ten minutes or so, until the phone rang for the two o'clock Associated Press pony service, I had nothing to do. A thin, powdery snow drifted in the street. A little way down, where the bridge broke the line of buildings, I could see a patch of sky, dark and cold. Across the street the windows of the Greek's place were steamed from top to bottom, and a soft yellow light fell through them to the sidewalk.

I saw the man come out of the Greek's, and at first I took him to be a young man. His hat sat at a gay angle on his head, he was wearing a belted camel's-hair topcoat with pearl buttons as big as silver dollars, and he walked quickly enough across the street. When he had his hand on the doorknob he looked in and winked, and I could see then that he was an old man. He leaned against the door to close it, shutting off the sighing of the cold wind through the crack. He shook the snow off his hat. He was bald. He opened his coat. A big cigarette burn scarred the front of it, but the coat was so big for him that the burned place tucked well under.

"What can I do for you, Pop?" I asked.

"Well, I'll tell you, Sonny," the old man said. "You can tell me the foreman's name." He looked around the little office, just big enough for Mr. Hayward's cubicle and desks for the four people who put out the paper. "That's if you've got a foreman here."

"Down the stairs at the back," I said. "His name's Murphy. Here, I'll show you."

"Spare yourself the trouble, Sonny," the old man said. "I can find him." His shoulders swung when he walked, and the coffee-colored coat flapped around him like a flag around a pole. I watched him go. He hadn't come up when the bell rang, and then things were busy for a while.

At suppertime, Johansson, the pressman, came into the Greek's and said that Murphy had hired the old man.

"Win a bet from me, he's sixty-five years old," Johansson said. "He claims he's set type in forty-six states. A bottle baby, win a bet from me. He's fast enough, though. Murph sat him down and he

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had a line hanging right away." Johansson bent over the cup and sucked coffee. "A real tramp. I ain't seen one like him in years."

"What's his name?" I asked.

"Dulin, Dolan, something like that," Johansson said. "He won't be around long enough for you to find out."

THE old man took a room in the Y. His name was Dolan. Pop would do for his first name, he said, and that was how they had to put him down on the payroll. The first Saturday after he'd come to work he walked over to my desk with his pay envelope stuck in the breast pocket of his coat. It was five o'clock and he was through for the day. The *Trader* ran a scab shop, but even so the printers worked only eight hours, not the twelve and fourteen of the editorial side.

"I'll buy you a beer, Sonny," he said. "Seeing as you helped me get the job, manner of speaking."

"Thanks, Pop," I said, "but I've got all this county copy to do. I'd better not."

The old man looked down at me. "What are they paying you?" he asked. "About twenty-two fifty a week, say?"

"About," I told him.

"They buy all of you for that?" the old man asked. "You come cheap, don't you?"

Even if I had thought of something to say, it wouldn't have done me any good. The old man was out the door. He stood in front of the place for a minute. He knotted the belt of his coat, reached up and pinched the dent in his hat, and swaggered off.

I had the beer a week later. Dolan drank whisky. "Happy days," the old man said. He sipped at his bourbon and set it down. "You from around here, Sonny?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Madison, Wisconsin."

"That was a nice town," Dolan said. "The *Capital Times*. Fella named Bill Evjue ran the paper. A fire-eater. I used to drink beer with another fella on the paper, wrote a column — Ernie Meyer, Mayers. A nice man. That was years ago. You weren't even born. I came back there later on, must have been 'thirty-two, 'thirty-three, something like that, and I set type on the *State Journal*. I remember the union had a picnic that summer, place was awash with beer. I offered to wrestle the managing editor."

"Who won?" I asked.

"Tell you the truth, I don't remember," Dolan said. "I doubt it was me. He was a big man, redhead. Name was Mich."

"I was born in Madison," I said.

"Nice town," Dolan said. "I don't remember why I left either time. It wouldn't matter. Maybe I got tired of it, maybe somebody tried to crowd me. You have to be sharp or they'll always crowd you. I claim I'm a free man. I'm sixty-seven years old, and the last time anybody told me what to do, and made me do it, was an eighth-grade schoolteacher in Richmond, Virginia." He laughed, a dry, short sound. "I'll bet she's been dead for forty years," he said. "Long, long dead, that one."

He asked for another whisky and another beer. He reached to his coat and pulled a copy of the paper from the pocket.

"This is a terrible paper," he said. "I don't know what I'm doing, setting type for such a lousy sheet. Must be I need the money." He unfolded the *Trader*. "I set your piece on the bus accident," he said. "It's no good. You buried the lead. You've got the lead in the third paragraph. I set His Nibs's editorial, too. He writes like an idiot. He writes like with a pointy stick. Whoever told that ape he was a publisher?"

"Not so loud," I said. "Don't you see him over there in the corner?"

The old man peered across the room. "Yeah, I see him now," he said. "He sees me, too." He nodded and smiled. "Evening, ape," he said.

"You're lucky he's not a lip reader," I said.

"No, Sonny," the old man said. "He's lucky he's not a lip reader. This way, he doesn't know that I'm wise to him and that he's an ape. You didn't answer my question. Who told him he was a publisher?"

"It was a unilateral decision," I said. "He made a lot of money in real estate, so he bought the paper and now he's a publisher."

"I see," Dolan said. "I knew a few like that, here and there. I won a hundred dollars from one of them, long ago. Nebraska somewhere. I can't remember the name of the paper any more."

"A bet?" I asked.

"That's right," Dolan said. "I had a little dispute with another fella in the shop. We had a little discussion, and in the course of it I told him he was a lousy linotype operator. I told him he was a disgrace to the trade. I told him I could hand-set more type than he could set on the machine. This publisher happened by — he went as editor of the thing, too — and he horned in. He bet me two weeks' pay I couldn't do it."

"Well, how could you?" I asked.

"Because they were both pretty thick," Dolan said. "I took the bet and we started right off. It was quitting time. The joker on the machine sat there for eight hours and he set I don't know how many galleys. By morning he was so far ahead of me it was ridiculous. So he quit and went home. I just stood there in front of the case and set type. I set type all that night and I set type all the next

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day and half the night. I wish I could remember how many galleys I set. I set as many as he had, and a couple of sticks more, and then I went home and went to bed. Man paid off like a little gentleman, too. You see, there was no time limit on the bet. Neither of 'em had figured I'd stand there and set type for two nights and a day. Just never occurred to 'em." He took a sip of whisky. "Some people are printers and some people are something else," he said. "Me, I'm a printer."

Johansson had been wrong about the old man. He was no bottle baby, but he did drink a lot. He'd come to work with his eyes half closed, the thin white bones of his old skull bulging with *Katzenjammer*, but he never missed a day. The Maine winter wasn't kind to him, and most of the time he had a deep cough, but he set type for eight hours a day nevertheless.

He never got any mail, never wrote letters. He lived a regular life, dividing his time neatly. When he left the shop he'd go to the Greek's for supper, then to the public library to pick up a couple of books — Zane Grey, Jack London, Alexandre Dumas. He'd sit in his room at the Y and read, smoking cigarettes incessantly, lighting one from another, stubbing them out on a shirt cardboard so as not to have to take his eyes from the page to find the ash tray. At nine or nine thirty he'd go down the street to The Shamrock and at midnight he'd be in bed. Saturday nights he'd go to Trossi's for dinner — all-cream oyster stew — and he'd tell the waitress that if she played her cards right, she could have a date with him. Sunday he read all day long. Monday morning at eight he'd swagger into the shop, his hat tipped over one eye.

"I like this hick town," he told Johansson one morning. "I might stick around here awhile."

"You're kidding," Johansson said.

"No," Dolan said. "A man has to light somewhere, sometime."

"The old geezer must be feeling his age," Johansson told Murphy. "And of course he's flat busted. That figures."

"He can stick around as long as he wants to," Murphy said. "He's a good operator."

Unlike many compositors, Dolan consciously read everything he set. He called me over one day when I was downstairs

"Sonny," he said, "I've got His Nibs's editorial here and it won't read. Here, read that paragraph and tell me what it means."

I took the dirty, creased copy paper and read the paragraph.

"He must have left a sentence out," I said.

"Just take it up to him and have him fix it," Dolan said.

Hayward himself brought the corrected copy downstairs. He handed it to Dolan. "I hope you like this better," he said jovially.

"I'm not going to like it at all," the old man said. "It's a poor piece of writing. But anyway, now I can set it in type for you, since that's what you want to do with it." He folded the copy and let the holder slap down on it. His hands dropped to the keyboard and the bright brass matrices began to spill.

Murphy saved his job for him that time. "You'd just better watch it from now on," he said.

"I should watch?" Dolan said. "What should *I* watch for?"

Pop Dolan set type for the *Trader* for two months and five days after that. He'd have stayed on longer, I'm sure, if Hayward hadn't had an afterthought one day. He'd written a page-one appeal for funds for the Red Cross, and afterward he decided that he ought to put his name on it, so that the readers would know who'd written it. He could have sent someone, but he didn't often have a legitimate excuse to go downstairs. He poked around in the copy box, and then he went and looked over young Bristow's shoulder. He didn't have it. Dolan had it.

"I think I'll put a by-line on that editorial," Hayward said.

The old man looked up at him. "Fine," he said. "Just give me the copy."

"What do you mean, give you the copy?"

"Write your name out for me," the old man told him.

"Don't you know how to spell my name?"

"Sure," the old man said.

"Then set it up," Hayward said.

"I'm a printer, Mr. Hayward," the old man said. "I'm no gahdamned stenographer. Stenographers take dictation. Printers set type from copy. You want me to set your name in type, give me the copy."

Hayward stared at him. "You old rummy," he said. "You smelly old bum, get out of here. You're damned well fired. Get your pay and get out of here!"

The old man stood up and hit him. It wasn't much of a punch and it didn't even move Hayward. He just stood there with his mouth open and watched the old man shut down the machine and put his coat on.

I heard about it that night in the Greek's. Johannsson told me. "You ever find out his square first name?" he said.

"No," I said.

"Like I told you when he first showed up," Johansson said. "A real tramp. Them bums never could hold a job. I knew a lot of 'em. That guy never held a job for six months in his life, win a bet from me."

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FREEDOM, NEW HAMPSHIRE

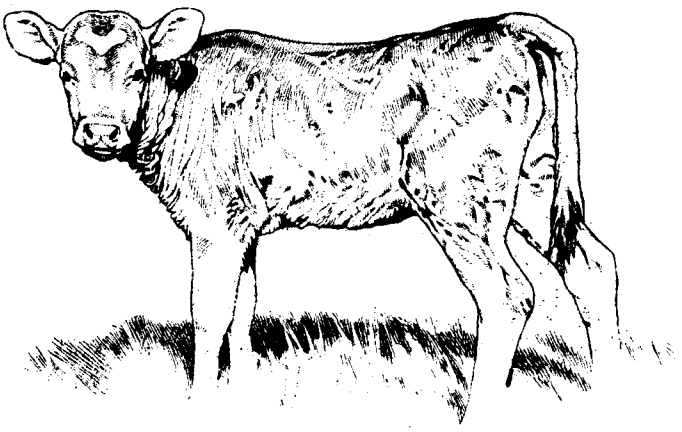
For My Brother, 1925–1957

BY GALWAY KINNELL

We came to visit the cow
Dying of the fever,
Towle said it was already
Shoveled under, in a secret
Burial place in the woods.
We prowled through the woods
Weeks, we never

Found where. Other
Kids other summers
Must have found the place
And asked, Why is it
Green here? The rich
Guess a grave, maybe,
The poor think a pit

For dung, like the one
We shoveled in in the fall
That came up green
The next year, that may as well
Have been the grave
Of a cow or something
For all that shows. A kid guesses
By whether his house has a bathroom.



Etching by Charles E. Heil. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

We found a cow skull once; we thought it was
From one of the asses in the Bible, for the sun
Shone into the holes through which it had seen
Earth as an endless belt carrying gravel, had heard
Its truculence cursed, had learned how sweat
Stinks, and had brayed — shone into the holes
With solemn and majestic light, as if some
Skull somewhere could be Baalbek or the Parthenon.

That night passing Towle's barn
We saw lights. Towle had lassoed a calf
By its hind legs, and he tugged against the grip
Of the darkness. The cow stood chewing millet.
Derry and I took hold, too, and hauled.
It was sopping with darkness when it came free.
It was a bull calf. The cow mopped it awhile,
And we walked around it with a lantern,

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And it was sunburned, somehow, and beautiful.
It took a dug as the first business
And sneezed and drank at the milk of light.
When we got it balanced on its legs, it went wobbling
Toward the night. Walking home in darkness
We saw the July moon looking on Freedom, New Hampshire,
We smelled the fall in the air, it was the summer,
We thought, Oh, this is but the summer!

Once I saw the moon
Drift into the sky like a bright
Pregnancy pared
From a goddess who thought
To be beautiful she must keep slender —
Cut loose, and drifting up there
To happen by itself —
And waning, in lost labor;

As we lost our labor
Too — afternoons
When we sat on the gate
By the pasture, under the ledge,
Buzzing and skirling on toilet-
papered combs tunes
To the rumble-seated cars
Taking the Ossipee road

On Sundays; for
Though dusk would come upon us
Where we sat, and though we had
Skirled out our hearts in the music,
Yet the dandruffed
Harps we skirled it on
Had done not much better than
Flies, which buzzed, when quick

We trapped them in our hands,
Which went silent when we
Crushed them, which we bore
Downhill to the meadow lark's
Nest full of throats
Which Derry charmed and combed
With an Arabian air, while I
Chucked crushed flies into

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Innards I could not see,
For the night had fallen
And the crickets shrilled on all sides
In waves, as if the grass leaves
Shrieked by hillsides
As they grew, and the stars
Made small flashes in the sky,
Like mica flashing in rocks

On the chokecherried ledge
Where bees I stepped on once
Hit us from behind like a shotgun,
And where we could see
Windowpanes in Freedom flash
And Loon Lake and Winnipesaukee
Flash in the sun
And the blue world flashing.

The fingerprints of our eyeballs would zigzag
On the sky; the clouds that came drifting up
Our fingernails would drift into the thin air.
In bed at night there was music if you listened,
Of an old surf breaking far away in the blood.

Kids who come by chance on grass green for a man
Can guess cow, dung, man, anything they want,
To them it is the same. To us who knew him as he was
After the beginning and before the end, it is green
For a name called out of the confusions of the earth —

Winnipesaukee coined like a moon, a bull calf
Dragged from the darkness where it breaks up again,
Larks which long since have crashed for good in the grass
To which we fed the flies, buzzing ourselves like flies,
While the crickets shrilled beyond us, in July. . . .

The mind may sort it out and give it names —
When a man dies he dies trying to say without slurring
The abruptly decaying sounds. It is true
That only flesh dies, and spirit flowers without stop
For men, cows, dung, for all dead things; and it is good, yes

But an incarnation is in particular flesh
And the dust that is swirled into a shape
And crumbles and is swirled again had but one shape
That was this man. When he is dead the grass
Heals what he suffered, but he remains dead,
And the few who loved him know this until they die.

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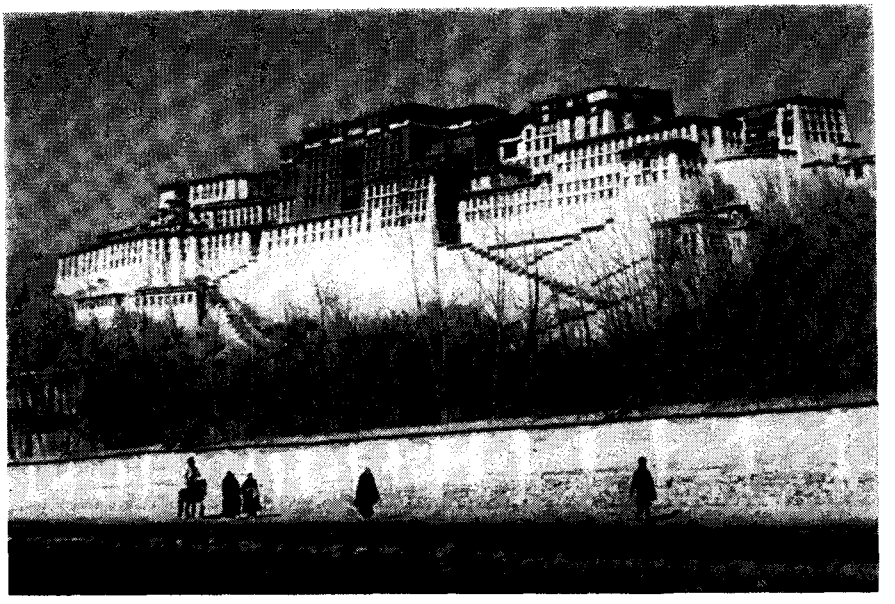
Donald S. CONNERY



WAITING FOR THE GOD KING

"Covering the Tibetan crisis at the time of the Dalai Lama's flight," says DONALD S. CONNERY, *"was a dismaying experience for anyone who takes reporting seriously. Yet one does feel a small stab of admiration for the talents of those newsmen who seem sure that most of the people want to be fooled most of the time." Mr. Connery, a graduate of Harvard, is one of five American correspondents regularly based in India and for the past two years has been the* TIME-LIFE *bureau chief in New Delhi.*

EDITORS abhor a vacuum, especially on their own front pages. Last March, when the Lamaist Buddhists of Tibet rose in revolt against their Red Chinese overlords, there were just enough bare facts available to make headlines around the world. Then came scanty reports that the God King, the Dalai Lama, had fled Potala Palace and disappeared into the vast frozen folds of the Himalayas. After that a great shroud of silence fell over the Roof of the World.

The only regular news to trickle out of Tibet was a sketchy radio report from the Indian consulate in Lhasa to the Indian political agent in the tiny buffer state of Sikkim. And by the time that news, which was only what the Indian consul could see from his window, was leaked to the press, the trickle had become a drip.

With their readers now primed for further details on the flight and pursuit of the youthful Living Buddha, despairing editors dispatched their correspondents to the frontiers of Tibet and sat back and waited for the news — any news. One way or another, the vacuum would have to be filled. The newsmen swarmed into India, the best place to up periscope at the edge of the Himalayan curtain. Even for correspondents already stationed on the subcontinent, it turned out to be an extremely frustrating assignment.

It was a three-act drama played on three distinct stages, all in India. Act One was in Kalimpong, an exotic hill town at the northernmost knob of West Bengal. Kalimpong, though founded by missionaries, has long been the principal trading town for goods passing between India and Tibet. Trade has gotten sluggish in recent years, but until the Lhasa uprising tall, shaggy Tibetan muleteers continued to deliver wool and yak tails for the Santa Claus beards and automobile upholstery of the world.

Act Two was in Shillong, another handsome hill town, which looks more like a summer resort than the capital of Assam. From Shillong, Indian administrators send out their agents to pacify and enlighten the tribal peoples of the wild and rugged Northeast Frontier Agency (NEFA).

Act Three was in Tezpur, a sleepy little tea-planting town in Assam close to the NEFA border, the closest that journalists could get to the point where the Dalai Lama would emerge from the restricted tribal country.

Photograph from ON THE ROAD THROUGH TIBET, *Spring Books, London.*

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When the correspondents surged into Kalimpong they were dashed like so many beetles against a blank wall. There just wasn't much news. Undaunted, the press pounded out copy with battle-front fervor and swamped Kalimpong's primitive little Morse-key telegraph office. Their reports of the number killed in the Tibetan uprising ranged from 2000 to 10,000 and more. But they were outdone by an agency man operating out of New Delhi. He shot ahead of the field with a report of 100,000 killed, which is about double Lhasa's population.

Although no one knew exactly where the Dalai Lama was, or what he was doing, one story said he was seriously ill. Another said he was in the best of health and smiling bravely through the ordeal. One day he was reported to have fallen off his horse. But the Reuters man knocked this down by quoting well-informed sources that His Holiness is a good rider and "there is no possibility of his falling off a horse."

In the Himalayan Hotel, a delightful chalet with a pair of painted fish over the front door, the correspondents crowded each night around the all-wave radio. Their dispatches, when somberly broadcast in the Oxford accents of All-India Radio or the measured tones of BBC half a globe away, took on a reassuring authenticity. Meantime, the hotel telephone would ring urgently with calls from London publications too poor to have a man on the scene. A women's magazine wanted the hotel proprietress to yell out an eyewitness account of anti-Chinese demonstrations supposedly going on at that moment in the streets of Kalimpong. The *Daily Sketch* wanted the Scottish headmaster of a missionary school to describe the "burning monasteries" which they knew he could see on just the other side of the mountains.

By this time Kalimpong had become internationally infamous. The Chinese insisted that it was the command center of the Tibetan revolt. While denying this at a press conference, Prime Minister Nehru took the opportunity to describe quiet little Kalimpong as "a nest of international spies."

FORTUNATELY, just as life for the press was becoming unbearable in Kalimpong, the Chinese announced that the Dalai Lama had crossed into India's northeast frontier. This was news to India. By the time Nehru had checked it out and rather abashedly confirmed it, the press corps had turned up in Shillong, like a fast runner going into second base standing up.

There was no news there either, although the chief administrator of the NEFA tribals eventually got little tidbits of information from his border patrols and passed them on at a daily press conference.

I remember one of those sessions well. After the tidbits were served the reporters went through the usual exercise in brainstorming to see if there could be any joint agreement about what *might* be happening back in the hills. After all, it looked as if it might be two weeks before the Dalai Lama could trek out to civilization. We only knew that he had reached a large Buddhist monastery at a place called Towang. Finally, a bleak silence fell over the conference. Then one correspondent halfheartedly remarked to no one in particular, "I wonder what they're having to eat in that monastery." Eager to cooperate, the Indian spokesman, who had recently made an inspection tour in the area of the Dalai Lama's march, softly guessed that the monks were serving the God King a local delicacy called a *momo*.

"A *what?*" the press shouted, suddenly awake. "A *momo*," he repeated. "For God's sake, man," a reporter gasped, "what's that?" Vaguely alarmed at the reaction to his small disclosure, the spokesman cleared his throat and replied, "Well, I'd say it was a steamed mincemeat patty rather like a dumpling."

"Like a dumpling!" repeated an overjoyed English by-liner, thinking of his millions of readers at that moment turning from baked kidneys to dumplings. There was an electrifying scraping of chairs, a mumbled chorus of thank yous, and the reporters made for the taxis. They gunned away on a frantic downhill race to the telegraph office. The international cables hummed that night.

Otherwise, events conspired to keep the journalists and hard news as far apart as possible. One day a carload of correspondents drove off to the normally soggy town of Cherrapunji, famed as the world's wettest place, to see the rain. The CBS correspondent took along his tape recorder to catch the drumming of walnut-sized raindrops on the tin roofs. But, as they might have expected, the sun shone mockingly.

Editors were getting desperate. In Shillong's rambling Pinewood Hotel, one correspondent of a popular British paper ran to the single telephone four or five times a day to answer calls from London demanding his latest copy. His task was compounded by the need to spell out, at the top of his voice, the almost impossible spellings of the almost imaginary Tibetans he was reporting about. After one session at the phone he staggered to the bar muttering, "Fiction is what they want. Pure fiction. Well, by God, fiction is what they're going to get!"

He avowed that he brought to that task no little experience. His paper had once asked him, while he was sitting in a New Delhi bungalow, to knock

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out an immediate eyewitness account of the just-reported death of a British mountaineer. Poor chap had tumbled into oblivion a thousand miles away from Delhi. What to do? "I fortified myself with a drink and then pulled out all stops. It was a beautiful story, if I say so myself. I described the yawning chasms, the steel-blue glaciers, and the tragedy enacted under an indigo sky. I had the survivors tearfully singing *Abide with Me*. Oh, they loved the story back in London. Except for one small complaint. I had killed off the wrong man."

Inspired by this recollection, the press fell to. A London *Express* man reported that the Dalai Lama had arrived at Towang monastery at nine P.M. "under a brilliant starlit sky" (he actually arrived the next day at high noon). A *Daily Mail* man revealed that he was met by "monks in their bright yellow robes" (Lamaist monks wear red robes) and that villagers milling around the monastery were "staring starry-eyed at the young Dalai Lama" and shouting, "Hail, Dalai Lama, thrice blessed be the Holy One." His Holiness, it was reported, was shooting his own color and black-and-white pictures with a solid-gold Leica.

Just as imaginations were flagging, someone found a book about NEFA describing in immense detail the native life in Kameng Province, where the Dalai Lama was traveling. From then on, the stories bristled with descriptions of the way the God King was greeted at every village by the blowing of trumpets and the lighting of aromatic leaves to purify the atmosphere.

Meantime, the men were being separated from the boys. Not content with cribbing from books, a group of British special correspondents, normal rivalry put aside for the moment, had arranged for the hire of a private plane to fly them over NEFA to see if they could spot the Dalai Lama. The high-powered group included the *Daily Mail's* far-traveling Noel Barber, fresh from Nyasaland and the tennis courts of Kalimpong, where he had unearthed a magnificent story about thirty Tibetan guerrillas who supposedly had saved the Dalai Lama's life by a suicide pact. The heroes had marched off in an opposite direction from Lhasa, decoying the Chinese into believing they formed the Dalai Lama's party. "Almost to a man, I am told," wrote Barber, "the suicide squad were wiped out in a terrific battle astride the 15,000-foot Himalayan pass."

When Barber and company arrived at the airstrip in Assam to load into the chartered plane, he revealed that he had already written the story of the flight and cabled it off. For Barber's competitors, this was distressing news. His scoop, however imaginary, automatically made useless any observations they might have after aerial views of the Dalai Lama. But they were profoundly comforted when told by the charter pilot that they could not take off after all. The Indian government had just threatened to remove the license of any pilot who flew over NEFA.

Still, Barber had a terrific story. The *Daily Mail* splashed it big on the front page: "Noel Barber Flies at the 'End of the Line' as Dalai Lama Prepares for Next Lap to Freedom."

A particularly inventive tale was offered by a reputable-looking Indian businessman. He confided to two British and one American reporter that his insurance company had insured Norbulingka, the summer palace of the Dalai Lama, for 500,000 pounds. Inasmuch as the palace was reported to have been damaged in the Lhasa shooting, the company was prepared to hand over that amount to His Holiness when he appeared in India. The newsmen rushed off to file the story.

Later on, in the Shillong Club, this same gentleman took one of the British correspondents off into the darkness of a billiards room and whispered that he knew a man who had some exclusive pictures of the Dalai Lama's cavalcade marching out of Tibet. They had been taken from a plane at twenty-five feet and were stunning shots of the historic flight. The reporter cabled his newspaper. London gave him a go-ahead to offer as much as 20,000 pounds. The Indian insurance man sneered at the offer and said the Chinese would pay more to have the pictures destroyed. He finally agreed on the price but said the photos could only be turned over in Tezpur, not in Shillong. More international cables and a long taxi ride to Tezpur.

A rendezvous was arranged, to meet the owner of the photos. He never showed up. Instead, the insurance man appeared once again, claiming that Assam had got too hot for the man with the pictures. He had flown off to Delhi and would be flying to Singapore in the morning to avoid arrest. But, said the Indian, the man could be found at 10:15 that night sitting at a table in the Tavern restaurant of the Imperial Hotel in New Delhi, wearing a brown suit with green tie, pictures in pocket. More international cables. Another reporter for the same paper was assigned to make the date at the Imperial. Next morning the anxious group in Tezpur got a clipped cable from London: no man with brown suit, green tie. By that time the mysterious Indian insurance man had disappeared. He was never seen again.

THE Dalai Lama moved out of the monastery and slogged on through NEFA. Then came rumors that the Indian government might pull a

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fast one and somehow airlift him out of the hills to a field near Tezpur and fly him to Delhi. Although the piny coolness of Shillong was clearly preferable to the steamy plains, the press corps dutifully streamed downhill and across the broad Brahmaputra. By this time, however, the corps was more of an army. It eventually numbered ninety-five. Reserves were flying in daily from points as distant as Hong Kong and Paris. The *Daily Express*, which finally had four men on the scene, ordered its aviation editor off a round-the-world BOAC junket in Calcutta and put him on the story. A Caribbean newspaperman who happened to be legging it through Asia at that time got himself assigned to the Dalai Lama by NBC. The *Daily Mail* shipped in Heinrich Harrer, the Austrian adventurer and author of *Seven Years in Tibet*. As the only man around who not only knew where Tibet was but could speak the language, Harrer soon became the press corps's adopted oracle.

The early arrivals in Tezpur soon sewed up all the decent beds and every taxi in town. When the few pads at the so-called Paradise Hotel were exhausted, the press invaded the local clubhouses, the Catholic Mission, and the front porches of tea-planters' homes. The kindly Minnesota couple at the Baptist Christian Mission Hospital agreed to take in a pair of stranded reporters. Within a week's time they were bedding down a dozen journalists, including three *Life* photographers and myself, feeding them enormous meals three times a day, and even turning over their station wagon for emergency duty.

So many foreign reporters were on the scene that the Indian newsmen, for want of other material, began covering *them*. "Greatest Manhunt Ever," headlined the *Statesman* of Calcutta. "The maddest competition in journalistic history," said the *Times of India*, without undue exaggeration. One newspaper reported that "more cash was seen in the wallets of the ace journalists than in the belly bands of fictitious maharajas." It was true enough. One U.S. correspondent had flown to India from Rome with a check for $10,000 to buy the Dalai Lama's exclusive story and pictures. (No sale.)

As the final week wore on, Tezpur's dinky airport became a nest for chartered planes expensively engaged to help get out photographs fast. With all Tezpur taxis engaged full time at equally fabulous rates, late-arriving journalists had to call in hired cars from as far afield as Gauhati and Shillong. One reporter priced an elephant. Although theoretically there was nothing to do but wait, no newsmen were ever so busy. There were telegrams to be sent off to Nehru requesting that he dispatch a responsible government official to bring order out of the chaos. Once this gentleman arrived and began making lists of names, there were committees to organize, buses to hire, red tape to cut, and *babuism* (Indian clerk mentality) to smash. Never being quite sure what the government intended to do, and what the opposition was up to, the press in caravans of taxis roared along the muddy jungle road to the NEFA border every day.

Then one day, as time drew close for the appearance of the Living Buddha, the Indian authorities sealed off the road to the NEFA border. The daily weight of the reportorial taxis, it was claimed, was weakening the delicate little bridges which the Dalai Lama would have to pass over to reach Tezpur. No unauthorized vehicles were permitted, the new regulations insisted, so an enterprising correspondent drove up to the guard post one day to inquire about the precise wording of the order. What, he asked, is the definition of "vehicles"?

"Vehicles," he was told, meant just that: automobiles, trucks, buses, motorcycles, scooters, rickshas, bullock carts, roller skates — anything with wheels. Next morning the reporter appeared on a horse, waved gaily to the round-eyed guards as he galloped by, and made it to the border.

But after all the chasing in circles, the great day itself was almost an anticlimax. Fifty picked newsmen arose at 2:30 in the black of an April morning and squeezed into two rickety buses like so many camera-bearing, Olivetti-toting sardines. The buses lurched to a border post called Foothill. There we waited for the army trucks sent into the hills to bring out the Tibetans. Hours later came a rumble of engines. Soon a Willys station wagon splashed down Foothill's main drag and disgorged a flock of Tibetan nobility. Out stepped a smooth-cheeked young man with crew cut, orange-rimmed glasses, simple russet gown, beatific smile, and the sniffles. As reporters crowded closer and photographers leaped about like startled gazelles, the Living Buddha, who did indeed transmit a radiance of goodness, stepped slowly and gracefully along a pathway of thirty-five green tarpaulin ground sheets. One American radio reporter, who had spent days practicing a few key sentences in Tibetan, thrust his microphone under the God King's nose and asked a question. The Dalai Lama gave him a good-natured smile, then moved on into the shelter of an officer's house for tea and toast.

That was it. Though a full day lay ahead, including the issuing of the Dalai Lama's statement denouncing the Chinese aggression and a public meeting in Tezpur, the big moment had come and gone.

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WHITE HOUSE *vs.* CONGRESS

BY JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS

Professor of political science at Williams College, who served as a combat historian in the Pacific during the war, JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS *has been active in Massachusetts and national politics since his college days. He is the author of* ROOSEVELT: THE LION AND THE FOX; *his new book,* JOHN KENNEDY: A POLITICAL PROFILE, *which has just been published by Harcourt, Brace, is reviewed in our columns this month.*

WE HEAR on all sides that 1960 will be a year of fateful decision, perhaps a critical turning point in American history. I disagree. If we take a hard look at the way our politics actually works, we will see that the main political battle of 1960 has already been decided: liberals will win the presidential contest and conservatives will win the congressional contests. The election is more likely to produce a stalemate over policy than a meaningful decision as to the future course of American politics.

How can this be? Surely we are about to see, beginning in New Hampshire this month, a string of presidential primaries that will throw light on the voting strength of candidates, at least on the Democratic side. Surely the party conventions will choose their standard bearers in July, and the voters will decide between them in November. Will these not be crucial verdicts? Why the answer must be "No" will be evident from a close scrutiny of the way our two parties operate.

We can understand our party system best if we see each major party divided into presidential and congressional wings that are virtually separate parties in themselves. They are separate parties in that each has its own ideology, organization, and leadership. In political outlook, the congressional Republican Party slants sharply to the right, and the congressional Democrats lean almost as far in that direction. The congressional Republicans are the party of the late Senator Robert A. Taft, of today's Senate and House minority leaders, Everett Dirksen and Charles Halleck. This party operates through the congressional Republican chieftains, the Republican campaign committees in both chambers, and through the congressional committee system, with its rule of seniority. Across the aisles, the congressional Democrats, headed by such men as Lyndon Johnson, Harry Byrd, John McClellan, and Sam Rayburn, operate ideologically somewhat closer to the center. They too have their apparatus of committees and procedures bolstering their power on Capitol Hill.

The two presidential parties operate through very different institutions: the Democratic and Republican national committees, the national conventions, and the political organizations under them. Whichever party wins the presidency wins also the vast political power and machinery of the White House. Both parties have their heroes of old and leaders of today: Willkie, Eisenhower, and Nixon; and Wilson, Roosevelt, and Truman. But the main difference between the presidential and congressional parties is over policy; both presidential parties are more liberal and internationalist than both congressional parties.

We will not have a clear-cut decision over policy this fall because we do not have a clear-cut contest between a liberal party and a conservative party. Instead, we have one arena where con-

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servatives will battle one another and a wholly separate arena where liberal will take on liberal. The elections of 1960 will simply decide what kind of liberals will run the White House and what kind of conservatives will run Congress. It is these divisions within the two major parties that produce the stalemate between them.

We will soon witness, amid considerable fanfare, the beginning of an eight-month struggle between the two presidential parties. The battle between the two congressional parties, as we shall see in a moment, is something very different.

Only the boldest soothsayer would try to predict the outcome next November of the battle between the two presidential parties. But we can predict the nature of the battle; indeed, the nature of the battle has already been largely determined. As I contended in last month's *Atlantic*, more than ever before in American history, the two presidential rivals will compete to present the more liberal and internationalist image; they will be competing, that is, to commit the federal government under their leadership to taking up the heavy tasks forced on it by Soviet competition abroad and by years of drift at home. Too, each candidate will be campaigning on the basis of the most liberal platform ever adopted by his party. The substance of these platforms has already been spelled out in the Republicans' "Decisions for a Better America," issued last fall, and in the statements of the Democratic Advisory Council.

In a sense, every presidental contest turns more than the last one on issues of liberalism, if only because of the steady flow of voters into urban areas, and hence the ever-increasing need for expanded government. The impetus toward liberal emphasis in presidential contests is also intensified by the mechanics of the electoral college. We hear much about congressional districts being gerrymandered to overrepresent conservatives — which they are, of course; sometimes we forget that our presidential electoral system is gerrymandered in the opposite direction, toward liberalism. For, under that system, with its winner-take-all device, each candidate fights desperately for the large urban states, where the balance of power is supposedly held by organized blocs — labor, Negroes, and so forth — who tend to vote liberal.

But this year, the pressure on the presidential candidates to "talk liberal" and "promise liberally" will stem from more than narrowly political motives. It will stem from a conviction on the part of both nominees, and millions of voters, that the United States has fallen behind dangerously in its military power and in its public services, that the federal government has failed to grapple with key problems such as disabling labor disputes, farm surpluses, and civil rights in the South, that the relentless competition of the Communists demands intensive and sustained action by the federal government, that, in short, the drift of the last decade must end. More than ever before, the presidential candidates will be compelled to speak concretely and candidly about school desegregation, the missile gap, foreign economic policy, housing, minimum wages, labor policy, desegregation, medical care, slums, transportation policy, fiscal questions, the creaking procedures of our national government.

We will see, of course, the usual distractions — the blarney and double talk, the Hollywood extravaganzas, the smoke screens and evasions. But despite all this there will be an unusual seriousness of purpose as the restiveness and hopes of the voters come to a head in millions of little private decisions about the capacity of the presidential rivals to make tough decisions, to plan ahead, to command. Each candidate, in turn, will sense that Americans want from the White House hard leadership that will promise to exact sacrifices from them for the perilous journey through the 1960s. For without hard leadership it will be impossible to accomplish the vital task of building up the public services of the nation.

The real question facing us, then, is not so much who will win next fall's presidential election — a liberal will win it — but what the winner will do about his liberal commitments once he enters the White House. And what he will do, what he *can* do, will turn largely on the outcome of that other battle between the congressional Democrats and the congressional Republicans. And the outcome of this battle too can be clearly foreseen.

The nature of the congressional contests will contrast sharply with that of the presidential. While the national spotlight for the next eight months searches out every word and act of the presidential aspirants, the congressional contests will be decided in obscure skirmishes outside the focus of national attention, largely on the basis of regional issues, often between politicians trying to duck the burning national questions. Local interests, little favors, agreeable personalities, special access to funds will largely determine the outcome of most contests for United States representative and many contests for the Senate.

Why will conservatives win control of Congress no matter how these local races turn out? One reason, of course, is that Congress overrepresents rural and conservative voters because of gerrymandering. Another is that most leaders of the congressional parties — notably the committee

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chiefs in House and Senate — are sure to hold their seats no matter what happens in national politics, for they represent one-party areas, as in the South and in rural sectors of the North and West, where there is no real competition from the opposition party and precious little within the dominant party. And even if any of these leaders did lose, their places in Congress would be taken in most cases by equally conservative men who had sat their way up the seniority ladder.

Conservatives will win Congress next fall also because of the coalition system in House and Senate. No matter which party gains majorities on Capitol Hill, power gravitates toward the Old Guard leaders in each party, who get along better, ideologically at least, with their counterparts across the aisle than they do with the liberals in their own party. No matter which party wins the presidency this fall, the new President will have to negotiate with — which means making concessions to — the men who run the committees. He will get more help from the elected congressional party leaders, like Lyndon Johnson and Everett Dirksen, but they too will be fettered by the system, for the price of their leadership on the Hill is getting along with the conservatives.

On the day the Senate convened last year, an episode illuminated in one flash the inner processes of our four-party politics. Two powerful men, both of them candidates for President, confronted each other: Vice President Nixon, sitting tensely behind the Senate rostrum, and Majority Leader Johnson, standing casually in the well of the Senate. The immediate question was a procedural one, but the real issue was the Senate's filibuster rule and, beyond that, the burning question of civil rights.

Nixon was not his usual masterful self. He squirmed in his chair, conferred anxiously with the parliamentarian, stumbled in his speech, got flustered, made a parliamentary error, and was forced by Johnson to admit it. Nor was Johnson ever more happily cock of the walk. Wagging his finger at Nixon, he lectured him on his parliamentary rulings, held the floor despite Nixon's attempt to recognize another senator, and made the vice president look like a schoolboy who had failed to do his homework. In the end, the majority leader routed not only Nixon but the liberal bloc of Democrats and Republicans who were trying to liberalize the filibuster rule.

It seemed to be a complete victory for the Texas Democrat. But was it? Certainly Johnson was playing brilliant congressional politics; he showed his mastery not only of Senate procedure but also of his party's liberal wing, that had supposedly just won a decisive victory in the 1958 elections. But Nixon was playing far better presidential politics. When the episode was over, he was the one man in the whole confused affair, aside from a handful of liberals, who had established a sharp pro-civil-rights image. He had done this by ruling forthrightly that at the opening of a new session the Senate could change its rules to deal with filibusters — an opinion anathema to senatorial conservatives.

CLEARLY, Nixon understands the cardinal fact that Senate leaders finish last in presidential conventions. The picture of the new Nixon that he has projected in recent years can best be understood as a conscious effort to free himself of the deadly embrace of conservative Republicans in the Senate. He has, in short, put himself at the head of the presidential Republican Party. Once upon a time, it may be remembered, he was the darling of the congressional Republicans. After the defeat of Senator Taft by the presidential Republicans backing Eisenhower in 1952, Nixon was chosen to balance the Eisenhower ticket with ballast from the legislative party, just as Senator Bricker had been chosen for this purpose when Dewey won the nomination eight years before. Fully aware that congressional leaders win only vice-presidential nominations, Nixon has moved decisively into the presidential party, and in doing so he has left a vacuum in the leadership of the congressional party.

That vacuum is significant. For a curious and little-noticed thing has happened to the congressional Republican Party: for the first time in decades it is approaching an open presidential convention without a candidate in the Bob Taft tradition of limited government at home and limited commitments abroad. Arthur Vandenberg in 1936, Taft himself in 1940, Bricker in 1944, Taft again in 1948 and 1952 led and symbolized that tradition. Where is the Taft of 1960? Joe Martin is too old, Charles Halleck and Everett Dirksen lack stature, and Nixon has deserted the cause.

In deserting the congressional Republicans, Nixon has also confounded Nelson Rockefeller. A year ago the New York governor was in a superb position to conduct the classic operation of ambitious presidential Republicans; having won an important governorship, he could build a reputation as a forceful executive, forge into the leadership of the presidential Republicans, and capture the presidential nomination. In recent times Alfred Landon and Dewey took this path to the nomination. Rockefeller made the first steps brilliantly, only to find his path to supremacy in the presidential party blocked by the fast-moving vice president, who was staking out his own claim

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to modern Republicanism. Much has been made of the fact that Nixon had won the support of state leaders in his party, but his espousal of liberal Republicanism was just as important in forcing Rockefeller to quit. Rockefeller found that he could not establish the sharply contrasting image to Nixon that Eisenhower had done to Taft in 1952.

Is the Taft party collapsing? Not at all; it is simply going into its normal temporary eclipse while the presidential party has its day in the nomination fights and in the fall campaign. Normally, the congressional Republicans gamely carry their forlorn fight for the presidential nomination into the second or third ballots of the convention, as they did with Taft, and then grudgingly go along with the Deweys or the Eisenhowers, who win the convention battles. This year, because of Nixon's defection, they are quitting ahead of time. For example, Halleck, who as Republican leader in the House has the formal credentials for the presidential nomination, is lifting his sights no higher than selection as Nixon's running mate.

Actually, the Republican congressional party is very much alive, rooted as it is in one-party congressional districts, in the seniority system, and in other arrangements buttressing conservatism on Capitol Hill. In a sense, the congressional party lies beyond the reach of the national electorate. The elections of 1958, it might be argued, would seem to contradict this argument: was not the congressional Republican Party repudiated at the polls? If so, the word never reached the inner councils of the party on Capitol Hill. Note what happened when the Congress convened the following January. House Republican Leader Martin, Taft's long-time counterpart in the lower chamber, was toppled by his Republican colleagues in an unexpected palace revolution. For a moment, observers thought that the congressional Republicans were being modernized, until it became evident that the conservative Halleck was taking Martin's place. The trouble with Martin, it seemed, was not that he had been too conservative but that he had not been conservative enough; he had cooperated too much with Democratic and Republican moderates. And in the Senate, to take the place of the defeated William Knowland, the Republicans chose not the liberal Thruston Morton or the moderate Leverett Saltonstall but the conservative Dirksen.

The Old Guard neither dies nor surrenders; it merely sits out the presidential battle and then reoccupies its old redoubts on Capitol Hill.

What about the congressional Democrats? They have in Lyndon Johnson exactly what the Republicans lack, a leader of skill and stature. They have a record, the moderately anti-Eisenhower, middle-of-the-road policies of the last three Congresses. Johnson has been a bit more astute, or flexible, than Taft, for he has broadened his geographical base by working closely with the party's Western senators, and for a Texas Democrat he has been making some remarkably liberal speeches in his swings around the country. Still, he has kept close to the congressional party, most notably in his, and Sam Rayburn's, refusal to join the Democratic Advisory Council, the voice of the presidential Democrats.

It may be that Johnson will accomplish what no congressional party leader has achieved since the famous selection of Harding in 1920. But the odds against his winning the presidential nomination this July are heavy. For the price of Johnson's brilliant achievements in the Senate has been the alienation of the big Northern urban, labor, religious, and ethnic blocs that control conventions as surely as Johnson controls the Senate. The city senators may be in the minority in the upper chamber, with its rural overrepresentation, but the city delegates will more than make up for this weakness when they gather in Los Angeles.

If history repeats itself, Johnson will be defeated by a Democratic governor in the presidential party, just as Garner was vanquished by Roosevelt in 1932 and Richard Russell by Adlai Stevenson in 1952. But history never really repeats itself, and Johnson may be bested by one of his fellow senators, such as John Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, or Stuart Symington. Somehow, no Democratic governor has moved into the forefront of the Democratic pack, while Kennedy and others have paid the price that Johnson cannot and will not pay; on issues such as civil rights, labor, education, and minimum wages they have voted the straight New Deal–Fair Deal line.

Some predict that a defeat for the congressional Democrats in Los Angeles this summer would precipitate a Southern walkout and then civil war between the two Democratic wings. The school desegregation issue has so inflamed the South, according to this view, that Southern Democrats could not remain in a party pledged to expand civil rights in every part of the nation. Actually, such a defection is most unlikely. Some Democrats, of course, might take a walk, as they did in 1948 after Truman's nomination by a convention that had accepted Humphrey's strong civil rights plank. But the leaders of the congressional Democratic party, for the most part, were not active in the formation of the States' Rights Party of 1948; many of them opposed that party, which was the vehicle mainly of state politicians. Most of the congressional Democratic leaders from

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the South boycotted the States' Rights Party, not out of sentimental attachment to the Democratic Party but out of hardheaded awareness that only by staying nominally Democratic could they retain their power on Capitol Hill to slow down Truman, or Dewey, and the liberal thrust of the presidential parties.

This consideration will be just as compelling next July. The congressional leaders will not forget the example of Taft in 1952. After Taft's defeat by Eisenhower at the Republican National Convention, some of the Ohioan's die-hard followers talked of bolting the party. But Taft would have none of it. Instead, he met with Eisenhower in the famous Morningside Heights conference. The outcome of that negotiation, stripped to its essentials, was that Taft would go along with Eisenhower in the election if Eisenhower would pay due regard to Taft's policies in Washington.

THE man who wins the presidency next fall will seem to have a clear mandate for his platform. During the campaign he will have mobilized millions of voters who rarely become aroused by state or local or even congressional campaigns. In effect, he will have created a wider popular base for the presidential party that he heads. He will enter the White House as commander of a host of partisans and independents committed to him and his program.

But soon the mass basis of his party will melt away. Organizationally, the new President's supporters will have no place to go. Few of them will find a home in their state or local parties, because these parties are not oriented around national candidates or programs. The vital machinery to sustain political organization — large-scale dues-paying membership backed up by local leadership, headquarters, mailing lists — would be lacking.

This is the fatal gap in our system. The crucial machinery linking President, senators, and representatives to voters concerned about national problems does not exist. In the beginning the new President might not feel the need for such organization. The psychological impact of his victory, the ringing endorsement he wins from a majority of the voters, the natural tendency in Washington to give a new President his lead, the good will of the press and the politicians — all these will make his task easy for a time.

But only for a time. Inevitably, the new President will be confronted by the congressional parties and their conservative leadership. Elected as the result of a different mandate from that which the voters give the President, the congressional party will not share responsibility for his campaign promises to the nation; it will not have his national point of view; it will not feel liable for his heavy burden of commitments to provide national leadership along a wide front. Barring hot war or some other severe crisis, we could expect that the presidential victor this fall, whatever his party, would encounter sharp opposition from his own congressional partisans within a year, or perhaps a few months, of his inauguration. And he would lack the political backing, the organized power throughout the country, to put through the program on which he had been elected to Congress.

In his plight he might take some consolation from the thought that he is no worse off than most of his predecessors, who also had their share of trouble with Congress. But the next President's problem will be more acute than anything we have yet seen. For his election promises and commitments will be greater than any previous President's, and unless the 1960s prove to be more benign than we have any right to suppose, international and domestic conditions will produce a never-ending flood of problems. The President will need political support. Where will he find it?

Viewed in these terms, the next two years can be seen as part of a recurring cycle in American national politics. We are currently witnessing the *politics of drift*, as the presidential candidates in each party struggle for supremacy and Congress puts off major decisions until after the fall elections.

The next phase of the cycle, the *politics of decision*, will come this summer and fall, as first the presidential parties and then the voters choose a new President pledged to carry out a liberal, internationalist program.

The next phase, the *politics of the deed*, will start next January and will last several months, as the new President capitalizes on the psychological impetus of his election mandate to put through portions of his program.

The fourth phase, the *politics of deadlock*, will see the President locked in battle with either or both congressional parties, with his commitments unfulfilled, and in the midst of the new problems demanding federal action.

Has this cycle, beginning in drift and ending in deadlock, become obsolete?

(In his third and final article next month, "Memo to the Next President," Mr. Burns discusses ways that the new President can knit together the hostile wings of his party, close the "fatal gap," and enable the people to re-establish national control of their national politics.)

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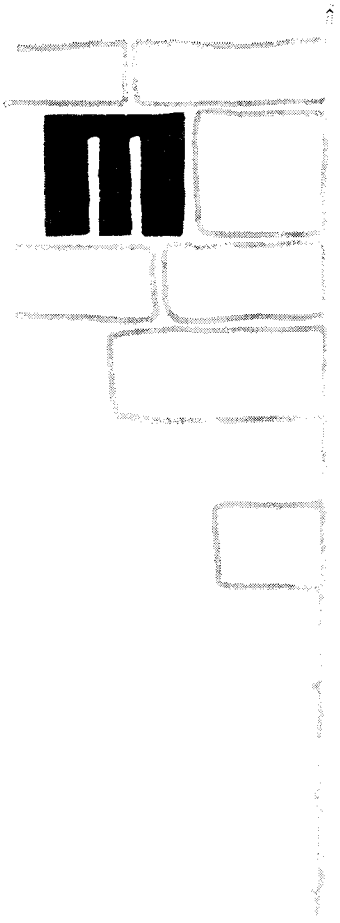

PETER USTINOV

As a dramatist, actor, and mimic, PETER USTINOV *has made a unique place for himself. Two years ago, at the* ATLANTIC'S *urging, he embarked on a series of short stories which we have found both original and delightful. Now he is about to finish his first novel, which will appear under the Atlantic–Little, Brown imprint.*

The Velvet Knife

THE dust had not yet settled over Europe; there were corpses still unburied. Here and there, fanatics unwilling to surrender their dreams still resisted crazily, preferring, once it had to be, the chance bullet to the deliberate.

For Giuseppe Gargaglia it was too late for speculations of this nature. He had had his chance, and he had missed it. Captured ignominiously in the clothes of an old woman, he now sat in a cell with nothing but his thoughts for company. He would have preferred to be alone.

To make matters worse, his jailers were Italian, therefore compassionate. They made endless little gestures, hoping that he would feel at home. One of them, Arnaldo, a fair-haired, pug-nosed youth from Reggis Emilia, even went so far as to ask him for his autograph. His autograph?

"Eh," Arnaldo said with a shrug, "you never know which way history will turn. Someday I may be able to give my son your signature and say that it was dedicated to him by Eccelenza Gargaglia, the Undersecretary of the Interior during the last days of the Fascist era."

Gargaglia smiled a little grimly. The jailer's attitude was intimate and yet deferential, as if he realized that, although his charge was a prisoner divested of his liberties, the fall from grace had been from dizzy heights.

"All right," Gargaglia growled with a trace of his habitual energy, "give me a pen and paper."

Arnaldo grinned. "I have something more suitable than paper." And he produced from his pocket a soiled clipping from an illustrated paper, showing Gargaglia at the peak of his achievements, snarling on a balcony, his nostrils puckered into folds of hatred and disdain, his mouth rising diabolically toward the corners of his eyes, while his hand reached powerfully into the air, tearing down some imagined enemy. By his side, the Duce stood in a pose of meditative appreciation, of heroic contentment.

"For God's sake! Where did you get that?"

"There are plenty of old magazines knocking around."

A habitué of diplomacy could read the possibility of a hint in Arnaldo's evasiveness. Gargaglia glanced at him keenly. "Are you a Fascist?" he asked quietly.

"No. Never have been. Naturally, we had to pretend."

Exasperating, this young fellow. There was no knowing just how intelligent he was.

As Gargaglia wrote his name with a flourish, he took a certain satisfaction in sensing once again the liquid fanfare of his signature. "What's the boy's name?" he asked.

"Benito."

"After the Duce?"

"After his mother's father — a martyr to the cause."

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"The cause?"

"We are Communists," said Arnaldo, by way of information.

Gargaglia's throat was dry. The last twenty-four hours had been fraught with confusion, both of spirit and of mind. He had not been seen in a good light, tottering down the street in the stolen rags of a harridan. He might have been a fiery orator, but he was no actor. His performance had lacked conviction; he had been foolish ever to attempt it. He still heard in his ears the laughter of the partisans as his clothes had been taken off and the sudden silent awe as they realized the magnitude of their capture.

Now he passed a weary hand over his sleepless eyes. "If you hold convictions of that nature, why the hell did you ask for my autograph?" he asked.

"Oh, as I said, you never know," replied Arnaldo pleasantly. "Very few men can control history even for a little while. I may be a Communist, but I'm certainly not one of them. I've no talent; that's why I'm a jailer and not an officer, a man to make decisions, even small ones. But my son likes autographs. He's got several film stars already and one or two celebrities in other walks of life. Now, I love my son. He's young, but through no fault of mine he hasn't seen much of his youth yet. If he wants autographs, it's the least I can do to get them for him, and they're cheaper than toys. I mean, I don't approve of Hitler, but if there was a chance to get his autograph, I'd leap at it, you understand. I don't know what they'll say about you in years to come. You may be considered a traitor or a man who did Italy a lot of good or else just forgotten. There's no telling with history. So I thought to myself. Better be on the safe side, for Benito's sake. That's why I asked you for your autograph."

"It's logical," Gargaglia murmured, but he had not the energy to make what he said sound ironic.

There was a pause while Arnaldo folded the autographed picture carefully and put it away in his pocket. "A cup of water?" he asked.

Gargaglia didn't really care for water, but he nodded economically, as he had done when in office. A nod which emphasized authority.

WHILE Arnaldo was out of the room, Gargaglia remembered an operation he had had for the removal of his gall bladder. Recurrent jaundice had been the fault of Africa. He had pioneered in those grim wastes which put an enormous strain on the Italian economy in exchange for the mere title of Empire. His faulty bladder had taken on in his mind the character of a wound, gloriously achieved in the service of his country.

He remembered the hospital, the atmosphere of functional efficiency, fans whirling on the ceiling to whip the air into activity, the preoccupied cheerfulness of the doctors, with a kind glance to spare every now and then, the silent gliding of the nuns with their look of direct communication with heaven. It had given him courage to feel he was part of a factory for healing, and he had passed under the knife convinced that his own cooperation was vital if the thing was to pass off well.

"What is death," he asked himself, "but an operation from which a man does not recover?" The essential is to be casual, to collaborate with the men doing this duty job. In any execution, the victim has his part to play. It is not so much a tragic event as a ritual, with its own prescribed rules and regulations, a kind of divine service. Nuns die to the world by prostrating themselves helplessly on the floor and are covered with a symbolic shroud before they enter into the jealous womb of Mother Church. The firing squad is no different. The prerequisite for the novice is a sense of occasion and resignation; at all times, resignation.

In the grand pavan of death, he must remember to refuse the handkerchief when offered. This refusal is the only permitted rebellion, which gives the ceremony its profane quality. Useless to protest innocence, useless even to cry out some platitudes about the nation. It only worries the firing squad, who are not there from choice and who have to go on living afterwards. It is good manners to listen to the consolations of the priest as though he were really a harbinger of comfort. Intolerable it would be for him if he thought for a moment that his warmly melancholy phrases were falling on deaf ears. That would be as socially ill-mannered as allowing your mind to drift while a well-meaning bore is telling you a story you have heard before.

Endlessly Gargaglia daydreamed, and endlessly it was the same daydream. He saw his own fine profile and distinguished head, a head curiously rendered more distinguished by its baldness. Unflinchingly he listened as the commander of the firing squad read out his sentence by the people's court. He even permitted himself a slight smile and one of his spare little nods. Perhaps the curl of his lips suggested in a remote and unprotesting way that his opinion of the people's court was low. At all events, the commander of the firing squad seemed momentarily stunned by such *sang-froid*. He saw the priest and heard the rapid muttering. There were so many sacred texts to rush through in such a short time. They tied him to the post. The handkerchief was held up. His black eyes hardened. "No," he said, loud and clear. Perhaps, on second thought, it would be better to say

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nothing, just to shake his head negatively. The film of his imagination ran backwards. The handkerchief was held up again. This time he shook his head. The commander seemed to take courage from this example and stared at him for a moment in silent admiration. The sword was raised. No, no, before this he must remember to thank the priest. He thanked the priest with great simplicity. The priest was amazed at such presence of mind and reinforced in his faith as he saw the magic of his words at work. The sword was raised again. The front row of soldiers dropped onto their knees. He looked above them at the opulent Italian sky and reflected almost happily on his honor. Somewhere he fancied he heard a shout, and then all went red behind his eyelids, as it will when you are trying to sleep in the midday sun. From red to black. The soldiers looked at each other and murmured, "There was a brave man."

He was just beginning the daydream again when Arnaldo reappeared with a cup of water. "Sorry I've been so long," he said, "but there's a lot of excitement at headquarters. They've caught General Zaleschi and bank president Mora. Also Gozzi-Parella, the editor of the Fascist youth magazine."

"What have they done with them?"

"I don't know. Nothing yet. Zaleschi and Mora were dressed as peasants — but as men."

Gargaglia flinched. That observation was unnecessary. Still, you can't expect an ordinary soldier to have much taste.

"Gozzi-Parella just walked into headquarters," Arnaldo went on, "and said that it'd save everyone a great deal of trouble if he just gave himself up. There's no doubt about it, that fellow has guts, even if he has been corrupting our youth."

"I suppose they'll shoot the lot of us," said Gargaglia.

"Couldn't say," replied Arnaldo. "You'd have to ask someone with more authority. Up to yesterday, we were shooting without so much as a trial, but they seem to be hanging back today."

"What happened to Colonel Gasparone?" asked Gargaglia, although he knew well.

"Oh, he came up before the tribunal — people's court, or whatever they call it — yesterday morning. The trial was very short; ten minutes, no more. Then they took him out and shot him."

"How do they perform those little ceremonies?" This is what Gargaglia wanted to know.

"Oh." Arnaldo was embarrassed. "Are you sure you want to talk about it?"

"Of course," Gargaglia snapped. It was easy to have bravura at this juncture. He thought he detected a glint of admiration in Arnaldo's eye, and it gave him pleasure.

"Well, they take the victim out, they bind his eyes — "

"There will be no need of that."

"Then they sit him down in a chair, tie his hands behind his back, and shoot him."

"A chair? It is facing the firing squad, of course."

"Oh, no. The executions I've seen, they always shoot them in the back."

Gargaglia paled. "That's revolting," he said.

"You may be able to change it in your case, if it comes to that. I mean, there's no harm in asking; they can only say no."

"But, tell me, is there a priest in attendance?"

"Not in Colonel Gasparone's case. There was no time to find one. You've got to realize, we're not organized like a regular army. We're just partisans. Our justice is meted out according to the circumstances. I don't think we'd refuse you a priest if there was one available, but if there wasn't one available, we'd hardly stay the execution until they could find one."

Gargaglia was no longer listening. Evidently, in the desire for revenge the opportunities for heroism, even for dignity, had been whittled away. They had changed the ritual, and it was almost like blasphemy, this denial of the ancient courtesies. Only cowards were shot in the back, and in their black hatred the changers of the rules knew that no gestures were possible when slumped in a vulgar kitchen chair, like some victim of a burglar. And no priest! No one with the intellect to appreciate the quality of one's silence!

Gargaglia took refuge in anger and stamped his foot.

"I told you we shouldn't have talked about it," said Arnaldo. "It doesn't make for good conversation at the best of times."

"Silence!" shouted Gargaglia. "If I'm accorded a last wish, it will be your silence."

"You haven't drunk your water," said Arnaldo softly. "Didn't you want it?"

The cell door opened and Quattrospille entered. He was the local commander of the partisans, a chain-smoking intellectual with a perpetual frown and eyes that seemed to be looking into the distance.

Gargaglia gave in to a momentary panic when he saw him, but then grasped at his annoyance for a platform. "Well?" he barked, suggesting that if something desperate had to be done, it would be good to do it and get it over with.

Quattrospille lit a new cigarette from the stub of his old one and leaned against the chalky wall.

Gargaglia felt that the pause was an insult.

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"What's the matter with you?" asked Quattrospille. "You have no problems except to wait."

"Wait, wait. For what?"

"Ah," replied Quattrospille with a sigh, "I wish I knew. If I had my way, I'd have shot you on sight, immediately when we had those women's clothes off you. It would have saved me a headache, and I'm sure you'd have been much happier that way."

"Are you trying to be amusing?" Gargaglia asked with a gasp.

Quattrospille looked pained. His weariness had slowed down his reflexes. "No. I'm saying what I feel. After all, these are tumultuous days, each one of which seems to last a week. We are destroying with one hand and trying painfully to begin rebuilding with the other. It's tough. The problems are so easy during battle; then, with the coming of peace, all the problems start again."

Gargaglia cleared his throat. "Did you come in here to tell me something, or are you just whiling away the time at the expense of my nerves?"

"Me?" replied Quattrospille "I'm putting my cards on the table. I'm telling you my problems, the problems of administration, because you yourself were once an administrator and might therefore be able to grasp them."

"I always insisted on plain speaking."

Quattrospille smiled, and as he smiled he yawned. "Really?" he answered. "Well, what could be plainer than my telling you that, if I had my way, you'd have been shot on sight?"

"But what are you telling me now?" cried Gargaglia. "That you will have your own way and I will be shot, or that you won't have your way and I won't be shot?"

Quattrospille inhaled deeply and watched the smoke rise slowly into the room and spread in languorous contortions. "The situation is not yet clear," he said.

"Amateurs!" thought Gargaglia. "When they're in power, nothing will function — trains, electric light, jurisdiction. Nothing." But he allowed Quattrospille the luxury of further rumination.

"You see," Quattrospille went on, "for the first few days we were on our own. The criminals we captured we shot, and no questions asked. That enabled us to work fast and well. Now the main body of the Allied forces has arrived, not just soldiers but administrators, and not just Anglo-Americans but Italians as well This inevitably complicates the issue. If I shoot you now, they will want to know why you were not handed over to the ponderous justice of some higher court. I could always say that you were killed while trying to escape, but then there's the risk that some ambitious idiot will testify the opposite and I'll be in the soup." He glanced at Arnaldo, paused, and lit another cigarette, although the one in his mouth was scarcely halfway smoked.

"I am not in a position to be interested in your problems," said Gargaglia stiffly. "I can only be interested in your decision. I would be grateful to know what it is."

Quattrospille laughed softly and humorlessly. Then he asked Arnaldo to leave the cell. When they were alone, he continued, "You're quite wrong. I came here to seek your cooperation, to make you an offer, if you will. If I make it possible for you to escape, I could shoot you and therefore clear myself of any recrimination afterwards."

"You're quite mad!" Gargaglia spluttered.

"Why? There is still a slender chance that our bullets might miss you; it's the kind of chance the English call 'sporting.' And before you jump to any hasty conclusions, think of the alternative. If you're not shot today, now, this very minute, you'll be handed over to higher authorities and be put on trial. You were a high Fascist official. They will blame you for quite a few crimes in Ethiopia as well as for your restrictive measures against the Jews, to say nothing of the deaths of numerous partisans and hostages. It will mean the firing squad in any case. Think, then, which is preferable — a clean shot now, while you are prepared for the worst, or a formal execution at a later date, after innumerable delays, when you have got used to hope."

Gargaglia looked into Quattrospille's eyes and saw no humanity there, only interest.

"Arnaldo!" called Gargaglia.

"You will live to regret your decision," said Quattrospille, "but, then, most of your decisions have been stupid."

"During the whole of the Fascist era," Gargaglia stammered, his face flushed with anger and fear, "I have never encountered such hatred."

Quattrospille appeared surprised. "I have been very charitable. One day you may realize the extent of my charity. There was no hatred in my offer, only understanding."

ARNALDO came back and began beating Quattrospille's tunic. "All white," he said, "from the wall," and then he whispered some information into his chief's ear.

Quattrospille's eyes shut in exasperation. When he opened them again, he looked straight at Gargaglia. "You have a visitor," he said and left.

A visitor? Gargaglia trembled. In the language of melodrama employed by the partisans, this could mean almost anything. He cringed in the corner. It might mean no more than another

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prisoner to share the cell with, or it might mean the barrel of a submachine gun through the bars.

The door of the cell creaked open and a man entered slowly, blinking as though unaccustomed to the light. He was fairly tall and obviously intended by nature to be corpulent, but at the moment he was thin and white, perhaps recovering from a lengthy illness. His neck was much smaller than his collar, and loose skin hung in folds from a firm jaw, shivering as he turned his head. The clothes he wore were sober to the point of constituting some kind of uniform. In his hand he clasped a hard-brimmed black hat and an ebony stick, on which he leaned.

"Signor Gargaglia? May I come in?" he wheezed in an asthmatic voice.

"Who is that?"

"Guido Manasse."

Gargaglia felt an explosion of ice within him. He couldn't believe it, and he was afraid. Professor Manasse had been one of Italy's greatest forensic orators, a lawyer with a rhetorical style of such elemental power that no judge could trust his own judgment under its bombardment. He had nothing but a mind; his voice was unattractive and unresonant, his gestures stiff, and his two rows of teeth had never quite decided which should be in front of the other. Whenever he shut his mouth, it still appeared to be half open. But his mind was extraordinary, not only by virtue of its inventiveness but also because of its incredible discipline and selectivity. He remembered everything he was told and could filter the facts, grading them into relevancies and mere chaff while he was talking, and while he talked the words born of these simultaneous mental processes were always original, powerful, precise.

"Why have you come here?"

"Hmm. You seem to be comfortable here, your Excellency."

Gargaglia found himself unable to move as Manasse walked slowly to the center of the cell. "Have you come here to mock me?"

"Not at all," said Manasse pleasantly. "You seem to forget that I have spent the last three years in cells, so that when I comment on the comfort of yours, I am not comparing it to a room but to a series of other cells. As you may know, I am quite a connoisseur." He contemplated the disposition of the furniture for a moment. "I see you have a stool and a box. May I sit down?"

"What's to prevent you?"

Manasse smiled, and his pale-blue eyes sparkled with an amusement which bore every mark of being genuine. "You used to be such a good host in the old days," he pleaded. "Won't you please come out of your corner and make me feel at home here?"

Gargaglia didn't move.

"I am incapable of doing you any physical violence, even if I wanted to, since I have been gravely ill, and in any case, I have always abhorred the uglier side of life," he went on. "The doctors tell me I must rest as much as possible. It would be polite if, on purely medical grounds, you invited me to sit down."

"Please sit down," Gargaglia growled. He suspected irony in every phrase.

"Thank you. Now, since this is your cell, you must have a favorite between these two seats. It is immaterial to me, since I don't live here. Would you indicate where you would like me to sit?"

"I don't care."

"That is probably because you haven't been here long enough. After a month or two, a man becomes very particular. Then, if you have nothing against it, I will select this one. It reminds me. . . ." He sat on the box. "Now, please join me in the center of the cell. I am not questioning you for an exam. I am just visiting."

"I should prefer to stand."

Gargaglia saw that, at certain angles, Manasse's eyes parted company and gazed off in different directions, which gave him an all-seeing quality so useful in court. At other moments, his eyes were visible in miniature through the thick lenses of his rimless pince-nez, so that it seemed as though he had four eyes at his command.

"You are being very childish, if you don't mind my saying so. I never expected that a high functionary of the government would greet me in such a fit of juvenile sulks." Manasse laughed.

Gargaglia sat, but to cover his embarrassment he asked, "Are you here in an official capacity?"

"I could hardly be, since I am not an official."

"But you won't wish me to believe that you made the journey for pleasure?"

Manasse laughed aloud. "That's more like it," he chuckled, "the Gargaglia of old, the journalist with the vitriolic pen. We were at school together, remember?"

"Of course I remember," Gargaglia replied curtly.

"Yes, I had a mop of red hair in those days. Look at it now — white, what there is of it, a few strands, but they still won't stay down when I comb them. I used to fall in love very easily then; that was before I learned to organize my thoughts and my emotions. The lovesick Jew, they used to call me. And I remember one rather charming occasion on which you became very angry on my behalf. I was always rather timid. You threatened to knock a boy down if he said it

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again — the lovesick Jew. Remember? Yes, life is full of little ironies."

"Has your visit any bearing on my predicament?" demanded Gargaglia.

"Ah, Gargaglia the practical, the administrator, the man of iron! Another manifestation of a complex character." Manasse patted the prisoner on the knee. "Forgive me if I seem to tease you. It's my exuberance at seeing you again after so long, and quite frankly, there were times in prison when I thought the opportunity to renew our acquaintance would never arise."

"Enough of this," Gargaglia said abruptly. "You may have all the time in the world for banter of this nature; I have not. At any moment they may arrive to shoot me."

"There is no hurry," Manasse said. "I have asked them to wait."

"Then you *are* here on some official business. I demand to know what it is!"

"There is nothing official about my business," Manasse replied patiently. "It is just that, with the collapse of Fascism, my reputation has recovered. Suddenly everybody knows who I am. I asked the powers that be not to do anything about your case until I had finished my conversation with you. They agreed immediately. While I am here, you are safe."

Gargaglia frowned. "I don't know what you want with me," he said, hesitantly, "but it would be inhuman if your attitude toward me were not vindictive."

"It would be inhuman? Why?" Manasse seemed to be amazed; then he suddenly saw the light. "Ah, because it was you who instigated the repressive measures against the Jews. Yes, yes, yes, I never thought of that." His tone abruptly changed to one eminently reasonable. "How could you help that? Once it was important for us to cultivate the German alliance, in order, I presume, to hide the deficiencies in our armed forces; it was imperative for you to toe whatever line the Germans drew for you, wherever they drew it. If it helps you at all, I personally don't blame you for either the sudden wave of officially inspired anti-Semitism or for my own arrest. You must have had your reasons. I am inclined to believe the reasons for your actions in advance."

Gargaglia tried to sound reasonable. "Naturally, German pressure was considerable —"

"Considerable? I was sure it had been superhuman."

"There was no such thing as pressure from the Germans which we could not resist. It would be wrong to assume that we took a single decision under duress. We were entirely responsible for each and every action performed in the name of the Italian government."

Oh, Gargaglia was no fool. He saw the trap which was being laid for him, but he considered that a man of Manasse's temperament would appreciate apparent honesty more than any attempt at ingenuity.

"In other words, you are now telling me that the abrupt persecution of our Jewish population was an entirely Italian initiative?"

"Yes," replied Gargaglia.

"But do you sincerely think that you would have had the idea of it without the example of Germany?"

"That is an academic question, professor."

"Would Italy ever have entered the war without a signal from her big sister? — oh, half-sister, let us say."

"That, too, is an academic question. The facts are that these events took place for definite reasons. It is useless to speculate on what inspired them or what might have been."

"Useless, but so fascinating," Manasse said, smiling. For a moment he studied Gargaglia, who pretended hastily to be lost in thought. Those four blue eyes, each pursuing its independent course, were too much to tolerate. Gargaglia felt himself outgunned.

"Tell me, then, since you wish to take everything on your own shoulders, what have you against the Jews?" Manasse crooned softly.

"The Jews? They are . . . different."

"Different from what?"

Gargaglia betrayed his irritation with a brief gesture. "You know perfectly well."

"Well, I know perfectly well that we are different from each other. A shocking thought, isn't it? One which may never have occurred to you. When people talk about 'the Jews,' they tend to see an amorphous mass, a crowd, in their mind's eye, but never a crowd of individuals, a microcosm of the faults and virtues to be found in the entire human race."

"The Jews were, and are, different from the Italians."

Gargaglia's policy was one of disengagement, of monosyllabic replies where possible. Manasse held the initiative in this mysterious debate. Manasse alone knew where it was leading. Under these circumstances, Gargaglia held back, protecting his freedom of action as long as possible, conserving his reserves of energy and of logic.

"The Italians, too, are different from each other," Manasse suggested. "And even if you subscribe to the absurd dream that the race has altered not at all since the days of the Romans, you must remember that Rome herself had her Jews, and a damned nuisance they made of themselves with their hotheadedness and stubbornness and their wailing in the catacombs." He laughed briefly

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and silently at the image he had created. "Difference by itself is surely no cause for persecution. I would suggest that defenselessness is perhaps a more valid incentive. The Germans were different from the Italians, but the Italians never persecuted the Germans. They were in no position to. The Jews are much easier to persecute. Isn't that the real reason — facility? When you are angry with your superiors, you shout at your wife. Isn't that so? When frustrated, impotent, a nation always has the Jews to fall back on, as a man has his wife. Take a look at history, and you will see that in times of affluence and of national contentment, the Jews are usually left alone."

"I personally have nothing against the Jews."

"Aah —"

"Your assessment of the causes of persecution is extremely penetrating. There are exceptions, of course."

"Of course. There are exceptions to most generalizations."

"It would be an idiot who did not admit that the contribution of individual Jews to the advancement of humanity," Gargaglia said, "is out of all proportion to the size of the Jewish populations. Einstein, Spinoza, Ehrlich; one can enumerate quite easily a galaxy of people who have enriched thought, music, science. I am not an idiot; therefore I admit it. Still, there is a difference between individual Jews and Jews in the mass."

"When Jews are in a mass, there are more of them," said Manasse. "The same is true of Italians. That must be one of the few rules to which there is no exception."

The tone of gentle mockery inhibited Gargaglia, who faltered for a moment. "It seemed to me at the time that a limited persecution was justified as an instrument of national policy."

"At the time?" Manasse flashed. "You no longer think so?"

"I — I may have been wrong."

"As a politician or as a man?"

"As a politician."

"And as a man?"

"As a man — I may have been wrong also."

MANASSE relaxed and scratched his almost invisible white mustache with his forefinger. "Let us leave the subject of the Jews," he said. "I am a Jew, but I am not a Zionist, not a fanatic. Why? Because I am Italian, and you can't be both an Italian and a Zionist fanatic. I only spoke about the persecution of the Jews because I detest persecution, not because I love my own race with an unreasoning passion. The persecution of a horse by a farmer is, in its way, as revolting as the persecution of a minority by a majority. Evil is not something that should be judged by quantity but by quality." Manasse looked at the floor. Suddenly he pointed to a crack in the tiles. "Look," he said, "there is a spider. Kill it!"

"Why," asked Gargaglia, "are you afraid of it?"

"Not in the least. It is quite harmless."

"Why should I kill it then?"

"Why should you not kill it?" Manasse asked. "You are stronger than it is. It will not need much effort to step on it."

"There is still no reason to kill it!" Gargaglia suddenly shouted.

"Find reasons. You're an intelligent man," rasped Manasse. "The spider lives in a rough world, a world without language, without communication, without debate, a world of the hunter and the hunted, an unsentimental world. Ask yourself: if you were the size of a spider and it were the size of a man, would it hesitate to kill you? No. Therefore, kill it!"

"No!"

Manasse relaxed. "Why did we declare war?" he asked quietly. "There was no reason to kill those men. The idea of killing a spider doesn't upset you, Gargaglia; it is only because I asked you to kill this particular one that you shrank at the idea. You saw it walking about harmlessly; you had time to think. From your high balconies, you saw the intact divisions of the Italian Army stretched out before you, bayonets gleaming in a sun which seemed to be shining for you alone. You saw only the uniforms, not the men; and not seeing the men, you failed to see the women, the predestined widows, and the children, the orphans to be. You saw the golden wrappings but not the promise of misery they contained. You had no imagination, Gargaglia. With all your superficial intelligence, with all your brilliance, you were as irresponsible as a child left to play among the priceless treasures of a cathedral. Your guilt is enormous, incalculable, terrible."

Violently, Gargaglia brought his foot down on the spider.

"Bravo!" Manasse clapped sarcastically. "What courage! I had underestimated you. You are a man of fiber after all, a cabinet minister to the end!"

Gargaglia broke down in tears of humiliation.

"Why are you crying?" Manasse asked quietly. "Are those tears for the latest widow of your creation?"

Gargaglia pounded his knees with his fists. His fury was that of a child, and yet the tears did not flow from his intellect.

Manasse became warm and tender. "It's terrible waiting for the decisions of people you neither trust nor admire, isn't it? You've had only a few

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hours of it; I had three years. But I can tell you, the first hours are the worst. I don't know about you, but I was a coward. I kept on imagining how I'd behave if it came to the worst. I could never see myself keeping my eloquence in check. I was always sure I'd die spouting rhetoric, defending myself before a jury of rifles." He paused. "I'm sure it's worse when you're talented. A simple man can die with dignity, because in the last resort, it's all he's left with. Dignity is largely reticence, and what is more conducive to reticence than ignorance? With us, it's different. Don't you feel you still have so much to give, so much to do? Doesn't life, even lived to the natural end, seem awfully short to you?"

"Why are you torturing me?" Gargaglia screamed. "Aren't you satisfied to see me like this?"

Manasse raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Such a tantrum," he said, "and I came to bring you good news."

The sobbing Gargaglia looked at his tormentor, and his breathing slowed down audibly. "Good news?"

Manasse grinned charmingly. "You're not going to be shot."

"Not — ?"

"You're going to stand trial."

Gargaglia managed a bitter laugh. "I'm not going to be shot yet, in that case. Later."

"You're not going to be shot at all."

"How — how do you know?"

"Because I am going to defend you."

"You?"

There was a long silence as Gargaglia studied the lawyer's face.

Suddenly Gargaglia leaped to his feet. "So that's your revenge," he cried. "You'll defend me. You'll defend me in such a way that I'll be condemned before I ever set foot in that court. You'll use all your legal tricks to make it clear that you have no belief in my possible innocence. No, thank you. I stand a better chance defending myself. Thank you, though, for your generosity!"

Manasse waited patiently for the outburst to finish. Then he spoke with great sincerity to the creature who was now prowling the cell in his anger. "I have enough pride in my own career to be unable to do as you suggest. I have made it a habit to win my cases. Do you think I, as a human animal, could bear it if my colleagues began to say, 'Old Manasse is slipping'? Already I will be exposing myself to some disagreeable comment from my best friends by accepting this case. You think it is easy for a Jew to defend his persecutor? What possible motives will people be able to ascribe to my decision? They know I am different. I don't really mind if they think I am mad, but I can't face it if they think I am incompetent."

Gargaglia stopped his pacing to listen.

"The truth is that justice has never interested me as much as tolerance. I have always defended, if you remember, never prosecuted. I am constitutionally unable to prosecute. For that a man needs a developed sense of justice; I am too emotional for that. I believe that the law in all countries is far too rude an instrument for the dispensation of justice. I hate the law for the cold, deaf, inhuman institution it is, all black and white, with hardly a provision for the infinite shades of gray which motivate human behavior and which make good men perform evil actions and drive intelligent men to unbelievable stupidity. Because of this, I have often defended a man I knew to be a criminal and given him liberty with my gifts. As a lawyer I am bad but brilliant. I don't care, so long as I preserve what qualities I possess as a man living among men. That is what is important to me."

There was stillness in the cell.

"If you want me to, I will get you off."

"Why?" asked Gargaglia numbly.

Manasse smiled. "There's hope for you yet," he said. "For a moment I was afraid you'd ask me how, not why."

Manasse rose. "I came here," he went on, "to see if you were vulnerable, if you were human, if you could suffer, and I'm satisfied. You cowered in a corner when I entered. You were afraid. That was a good sign. You tried to defend your actions and found it impossible. You have a conscience which is beginning to work again, slowly and painfully, like a child learning to walk. You cried, and it wasn't just out of exhaustion. You are redeemable, and, as such, you have reaffirmed a little of my faith in man. In these days, I need at least one reaffirmation every day, until I also begin slowly to take goodness for granted again."

Manasse crossed to the door. "Do you wish me to defend you?"

Gargaglia looked at the floor. "Why do you bother?" he whispered.

"Why?" replied Manasse. His blue eyes were now cold, clear, and entirely unemotional. "Because it is the most terrible vengeance I could conceive — to defend you successfully, free of charge."

The cell was empty. Gargaglia saw his life stretching before him, out of sight, each day a cell as empty as the one he was in. He sank to his knees, not in order to pray but because the weight of his humiliation drove him there. He tried to weep again, but there were no tears left. At that moment, he would have obeyed any order, from anyone. The firing squad would have been an act of kindness; but, then, life is often more brutal than death, for it is rich in time, death rich only in silence.

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REPORTS FROM TRAVEL

BY DOROTHY COWLES PINKNEY

Sit tight, little hills, little valleys.
    Little towns, sit dark.
Pull in your steep gray gravel slides,
Cover your glenside treefalls from
A tent-slit glitter of nomad's eyes;
The dandelion digger's come;
She looks for her remembered mark
On stone and crossbar. Little homes, sit dumb,
        Sit dark.

The dandelion digger's shawl
Blows ragged over the pasture wall;
Her swart skin dusted damp with earth,
Blade worn nimble and handle of horn
Heavy with hieroglyphic symbol,
Bends to the bitter weed of dearth.
Sit dark, little houses. Little towns, sit tight,
Lest you should know her, have her in,
And sit up listening half the night
To coarse-lipped tales of where she's been
And violent accusations flung:

Where is the mill? she'll whine.
The miller, what of him,
Who ground so salty fine
His wildwind shriek: *Born free?*
The baker, where is he,
Who hid the brown buck slave,
The day the Law came through,
Deep in his oven? What
Of resolute wives, green boys,
Armed to the teeth? Is this
Safe semblance all you've got
Left of the lively villages
        I knew?

Look in my face! Its sparse,
Hawk-ruthless stubbornness
Was your maternal source;
Nor were you all I bore!
Poorer than you were once,
Diggers of acorns, strumming
Bold chords of devil-may-care,
Behind me, from a younger pair,
Ebullient hordes break thoroughfare;
Prepare to join; prepare
To own your wilderness heritage,
Or else beware, beware!

Sit tight, little homes, sit dark.
Pull in your neat No Trespass signs;
The dandelion digger's come;
She looks for her remembered mark.

She knows it's there, it's there.

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GRAMMAR FOR TODAY

BY BERGEN EVANS

Professor of English at Northwestern University, BERGEN EVANS *has made a reputation for himself as a linguistic expert, in his program,* THE LAST WORD, *and in his book,* A DICTIONARY OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN USAGE, *which he compiled with the assistance of his sister, Cornelia. Last month the* ATLANTIC *published Wilson Follett's stricture on current American usage, "Grammar Is Obsolete." Mr. Evans takes the more optimistic view.*

IN 1747 Samuel Johnson issued a plan for a new dictionary of the English language. It was supported by the most distinguished printers of the day and was dedicated to the model of all correctness, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Fourth Earl of Chesterfield. Such a book, it was felt, was urgently needed to "fix" the language, to arrest its "corruption" and "decay," a degenerative process which, then as now, was attributed to the influence of "the vulgar" and which, then as now, it was a mark of superiority and elegance to decry. And Mr. Johnson seemed the man to write it. He had an enormous knowledge of Latin, deep piety, and dogmatic convictions. He was also honest and intelligent, but the effect of these lesser qualifications was not to show until later.

Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends, Mr. Johnson was willing to assume the role of linguistic dictator. He was prepared to "fix" the pronunciation of the language, "preserve the purity" of its idiom, brand "impure" words with a "note of infamy," and secure the whole "from being overrun by . . . low terms."

There were, however, a few reservations. Mr. Johnson felt it necessary to warn the oversanguine that "Language is the work of man, a being from whom permanence and stability cannot be derived." English "was not formed from heaven . . . but was produced by necessity and enlarged by accident." It had, indeed, been merely "thrown together by negligence" and was in such a state of confusion that its very syntax could no longer "be taught by general rules, but [only] by special precedents."

In 1755 the *Dictionary* appeared. The noble patron had been given a great deal more immortality than he had bargained for by the vigor of the kick Johnson had applied to his backside as he booted him overboard. And the *Plan* had been replaced by the *Preface*, a sadder but very much wiser document.

Eight years of "sluggishly treading the track of the alphabet" had taught Johnson that the hopes of "fixing" the language and preserving its "purity" were but "the dreams of a poet doomed at last to wake a lexicographer." In "the boundless chaos of living speech," so copious and energetic in its disorder, he had found no guides except "experience and analogy." Irregularities were "inherent in the tongue" and could not be "dismissed or reformed" but must be permitted "to remain untouched." "Uniformity must be sacrificed to custom . . . in compliance with a numberless majority" and "general agreement." One of the pet projects of the age had been the establishment of an academy to regulate and improve style. "I hope," Johnson wrote in the *Preface*, that if "it should be established . . . the spirit of English liberty will hinder or destroy [it.]"

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At the outset of the work he had flattered himself, he confessed, that he would reform abuses and put a stop to alterations. But he had soon discovered that "sounds are too volatile and subtle for legal restraints" and that "to enchain syllables and to lash the wind are equally undertakings of pride unwilling to measure its desires by its strength." For "the causes of change in language are as much superior to human resistance as the revolutions of the sky or the intumescence of the tide."

There had been an even more profound discovery: that grammarians and lexicographers "do not form, but register the language; do not teach men how they should think, but relate how they have hitherto expressed their thoughts." And with this statement Johnson ushered in the rational study of linguistics. He had entered on his task a medieval pedant. He emerged from it a modern scientist.

Of course his discoveries were not strikingly original. Horace had observed that use was the sole arbiter and norm of speech and Montaigne had said that he who would fight custom with grammar was a fool. Doubtless thousands of other people had at one time or another perceived and said the same thing. But Johnson introduced a new principle. Finding that he could not lay down rules, he gave actual examples to show meaning and form. He offered as authority illustrative quotations, and in so doing established that language is what usage makes it and that custom, in the long run, is the ultimate and only court of appeal in linguistic matters.

This principle, axiomatic today in grammar and lexicography, seems to exasperate a great many laymen who, apparently, find two hundred and five years too short a period in which to grasp a basic idea. They insist that there are absolute standards of correctness in speech and that these standards may be set forth in a few simple rules. To a man, they believe, of course, that they speak and write "correctly" and they are loud in their insistence that others imitate them.

It is useless to argue with such people because they are not, really, interested in language at all. They are interested solely in demonstrating their own superiority. Point out to them — as has been done hundreds of times — that forms which they regard as "corrupt," "incorrect," and "vulgar" have been used by Shakespeare, Milton, and the Bible and are used daily by 180 million Americans and accepted by the best linguists and lexicographers, and they will coolly say, "Well, if they differ from me, they're wrong."

But if usage is not the final determinant of speech, what is? Do the inhabitants of Italy, for example, speak corrupt Latin or good Italian? Is Spanish superior to French? Would the Breton fisherman speak better if he spoke Parisian French? Can one be more fluent in Outer Mongolian than in Inner Mongolian? One has only to ask such questions in relation to languages other than one's own, languages within which our particular snobberies and struggles for prestige have no stake, to see the absurdity of them.

The language that we do speak, if we are to accept the idea of "corruption" and "decay" in language, is a horribly decayed Anglo-Saxon, grotesquely corrupted by Norman French. Furthermore, since Standard English is a development of the London dialect of the fourteenth century, our speech, by true aristocratic standards, is woefully middle-class, commercial, and vulgar. And American speech is lower middle-class, reeking of counter and till. Where else on earth, for instance, would one find crime condemned because it didn't *pay!*

In more innocent days a great deal of time was spent in wondering what was the "original" language of mankind, the one spoken in Eden, the language of which all modern tongues were merely degenerate remnants. Hector Boethius tells us that James I of Scotland was so interested in this problem that he had two children reared with a deaf and dumb nurse on an island in order to see what language they would "naturally" speak. James thought it would be Hebrew, and in time, to his great satisfaction, it was reported that the children were speaking Hebrew!

Despite this experiment, however, few people today regard English as a corruption of Hebrew. But many seem to think it is a corruption of Latin and labor mightily to make it conform to this illusion. It is they and their confused followers who tell us that we can't say "I am mistaken" because translated into Latin this would mean "I am misunderstood," and we can't say "I have enjoyed myself" unless we are egotistical or worse.

It is largely to this group — most of whom couldn't read a line of Latin at sight if their lives depended on it — that we owe our widespread bewilderment concerning *who* and *whom*. In Latin the accusative or dative form would always be used, regardless of the word's position in the sentence, when the pronoun was the object of a verb or a preposition. But in English, for at least four hundred years, this simply hasn't been so. When the pronoun occurs at the beginning of a question, people who speak natural, fluent, literary English use the nominative, regardless. They say "Who did you give it to?" not "Whom did you give it to?" But the semiliterate, intimidated and bewildered, are mouthing such ghastly utterances

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as a recent headline in a Chicago newspaper: WHOM'S HE KIDDING?

Another group seems to think that in its pure state English was a Laputan tongue, with logic as its guiding principle. Early members of this sect insisted that *unloose* could only mean "to tie up," and present members have compelled the gasoline industry to label its trucks *Flammable* under the disastrous insistence, apparently, that the old *Inflammable* could only mean "not burnable."

It is to them, in league with the Latinists, that we owe the bogy of the double negative. In all Teutonic languages a doubling of the negative merely emphasizes the negation. But we have been told for a century now that two negatives make a positive, though if they do and it's merely a matter of logic, then three negatives should make a negative again. So that if "It doesn't make no difference" is wrong merely because it includes two negatives, then "It doesn't never make no difference" ought to be right again.

Both of these groups, in their theories at least, ignore our idiom. Yet idiom — those expressions which defy all logic but are the very essence of a tongue — plays a large part in English. We go to school and college, but we go to *the* university. We buy two dozen eggs but a couple *of* dozen. *Good and* can mean *very* ("I am good and mad!") and "a hot cup of coffee" means that the coffee, not the cup, is to be hot. It makes a world of difference to a condemned man whether his reprieve is *upheld* or *held up*.

There are thousands of such expressions in English. They are the "irregularities" which Johnson found "inherent in the tongue" and which his wisdom perceived could not and should not be removed. Indeed, it is in the recognition and use of these idioms that skillful use of English lies.

Many words in the form that is now mandatory were originally just mistakes, and many of these mistakes were forced into the language by eager ignoramuses determined to make it conform to some notion of their own. The *s* was put in *island*, for instance, in sheer pedantic ignorance. The second *r* doesn't belong in *trousers* nor the *g* in *arraign*, nor the *t* in *deviltry*, nor the *n* in *passenger* and *messenger*. Nor, so far as English is concerned, does that first *c* in *arctic* which so many people twist their mouths so strenuously to pronounce.

And grammar is as "corrupted" as spelling or pronunciation. "You are" is as gross a solecism as "me am." It's recent, too; you won't find it in the Authorized Version of the Bible. *Lesser*, *nearer*, and *more* are grammatically on a par with *gooder*. *Crowed* is the equivalent of *knowed* or *growed*, and *caught* and *dug* (for *catched* and *digged*) are as "corrupt" as *squoze* for *squeezed* or *snoze* for *sneezed*.

Fortunately for our peace of mind most people are quite content to let English conform to English, and they are supported in their sanity by modern grammarians and linguists.

SCHOLARS agree with Puttenham (1589) that a language is simply speech "fashioned to the common understanding and accepted by consent." They believe that the only "rules" that can be stated for a language are codified observations. They hold, that is, that language is the basis of grammar, not the other way round. They do not believe that any language can become "corrupted" by the linguistic habits of those who speak it. They do not believe that anyone who is a native speaker of a standard language will get into any linguistic trouble unless he is misled by snobbishness or timidity or vanity.

He may, of course, if his native language is English, speak a form of English that marks him as coming from a rural or an unread group. But if he doesn't mind being so marked, there's no reason why he should change. Johnson retained a Staffordshire burr in his speech all his life. And surely no one will deny that Robert Burns's rustic dialect was just as good as a form of speech as, and in his mouth infinitely better as a means of expression than, the "correct" English spoken by ten million of his southern contemporaries.

The trouble is that people are no longer willing to be rustic or provincial. They all want to speak like educated people, though they don't want to go to the trouble of becoming truly educated. They want to believe that a special form of socially acceptable and financially valuable speech can be mastered by following a few simple rules. And there is no lack of little books that offer to supply the rules and promise "correctness" if the rules are adhered to. But, of course, these offers are specious because you don't speak like an educated person unless you are an educated person, and the little books, if taken seriously, will not only leave the lack of education showing but will expose the pitiful yearning and the basic vulgarity as well, in such sentences as "Whom are you talking about?"

As a matter of fact, the educated man uses at least three languages. With his family and his close friends, on the ordinary, unimportant occasions of daily life, he speaks, much of the time, a monosyllabic sort of shorthand. On more important occasions and when dealing with strangers in his official or business relations, he has a more formal speech, more complete, less allusive, politely qualified, wisely reserved. In addition he has some acquaintance with the literary speech of his language. He understands this when he reads it, and often enjoys it, but he hesitates to use it.

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In times of emotional stress hot fragments of it may come out of him like lava, and in times of feigned emotion, as when giving a commencement address, cold, greasy gobbets of it will ooze forth.

The linguist differs from the amateur grammarian in recognizing all of these variations and gradations in the language. And he differs from the snob in doubting that the speech of any one small group among the language's more than 300 million daily users constitutes a model for all the rest to imitate.

The methods of the modern linguist can be illustrated by the question of the grammatical number of *none*. Is it singular or plural? Should one say "None of them is ready" or "None of them are ready"?

The prescriptive grammarians are emphatic that it should be singular. The Latinists point out that *nemo*, the Latin equivalent, is singular. The logicians triumphantly point out that *none* can't be more than one and hence can't be plural.

The linguist knows that he hears "None of them are ready" every day, from people of all social positions, geographical areas, and degrees of education. He also hears "None is." Furthermore, literature informs him that both forms were used in the past. From Malory (1450) to Milton (1650) he finds that *none* was treated as a singular three times for every once that it was treated as a plural. That is, up to three hundred years ago men usually said *None is*. From Milton to 1917, *none* was used as a plural seven times for every four times it was used as a singular. That is, in the past three hundred years men often said *None is*, but they said *None are* almost twice as often. Since 1917, however, there has been a noticeable increase in the use of the plural, so much so that today *None are* is the preferred form.

The descriptive grammarian, therefore, says that while *None is* may still be used, it is becoming increasingly peculiar. This, of course, will not be as useful to one who wants to be cultured in a hurry as a short, emphatic permission or prohibition. But it has the advantage of describing English as it is spoken and written here and now and not as it ought to be spoken in some Cloud-Cuckoo-Land.

The descriptive grammarian believes that a child should be taught English, but he would like to see the child taught the English actually used by his educated contemporaries, not some pedantic, theoretical English designed chiefly to mark the imagined superiority of the designer.

He believes that a child should be taught the parts of speech, for example. But the child should be told the truth — that these are functions of use, not some quality immutably inherent in this or that word. Anyone, for instance, who tells a child — or anyone else — that *like* is used in English only as a preposition has grossly misinformed him. And anyone who complains that its use as a conjunction is a corruption introduced by Winston cigarettes ought, in all fairness, to explain how Shakespeare, Keats, and the translators of the Authorized Version of the Bible came to be in the employ of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company.

Whether formal grammar can be taught to advantage before the senior year of high school is doubtful; most studies — and many have been made — indicate that it can't. But when it is taught, it should be the grammar of today's English, not the obsolete grammar of yesterday's prescriptive grammarians. By that grammar, for instance, *please* in the sentence "Please reply" is the verb and *reply* its object. But by modern meaning *reply* is the verb, in the imperative, and *please* is merely a qualifying word meaning "no discourtesy intended," a mollifying or de-imperatival adverb, or whatever you will, but not the verb.

This is a long way from saying "Anything goes," which is the charge that, with all the idiot repetition of a needle stuck in a groove, the uninformed ceaselessly chant against modern grammarians. But to assert that usage is the sole determinant in grammar, pronunciation, and meaning is *not* to say that anything goes. Custom is illogical and unreasonable, but it is also tyrannical. The least deviation from its dictates is usually punished with severity. And because this is so, children should be taught what the current and local customs in English are. They should not be taught that we speak a bastard Latin or a vocalized logic. And they should certainly be disabused of the stultifying illusion that after God had given Moses the Commandments He called him back and pressed on him a copy of Woolley's *Handbook of English Grammar*.

The grammarian does not see it as his function to "raise the standards" set by Franklin, Lincoln, Melville, Mark Twain, and hundreds of millions of other Americans. He is content to record what they said and say.

Insofar as he serves as a teacher, it is his business to point out the limits of the permissible, to indicate the confines within which the writer may exercise his choice, to report that which custom and practice have made acceptable. It is certainly not the business of the grammarian to impose his personal taste as the only norm of good English, to set forth his prejudices as the ideal standard which everyone should copy. That would be fatal. No one person's standards are broad enough for that.

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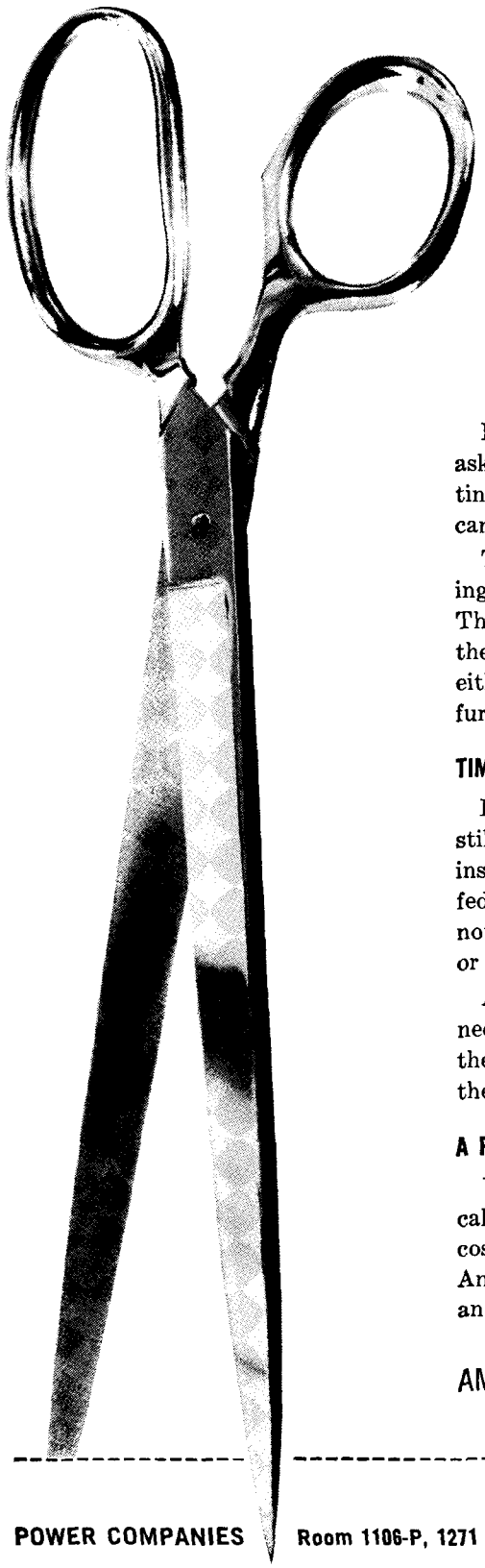

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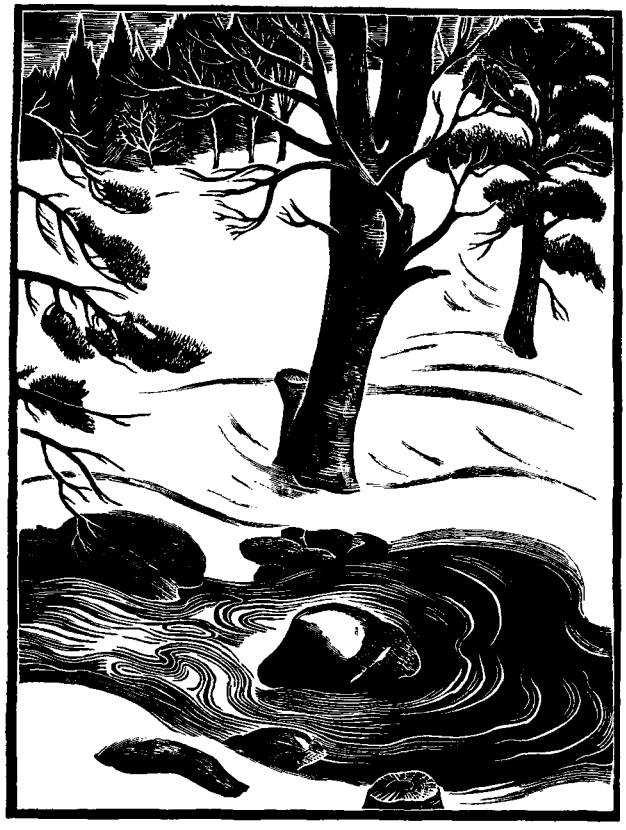

Frances Gillis

Winter North of the Mississippi

Born in Ann Arbor, Frances Gillis *received her A.B. from the University of Michigan, where she majored in English composition. Upon graduation she devoted a year to writing before taking on a job as copy writer. She is married to a stalwart Minnesotan and spent nine winters in one of the nation's coldest areas.*

It is well known that the interior of the United States has much lower temperatures than the interior of Europe in the same latitudes. This is thought to be true because North American mountain ranges, running from north to south close to the coast, cut off abruptly the benefit of the warm currents in the Pacific Ocean. And because there are no high mountain ranges across the Canadian North from east to west, the arctic weather flows freely south, unbraked. Nowhere are there people more keenly aware of these effects than the residents of northern Montana, North Dakota, and Minnesota. It is here that a sizable number of citizens take for granted six or seven months of winter weather where −40° is common, −50° uncomfortably familiar, and even lower temperatures not extraordinary. This variety of winter has its odd accompaniment of springs and falls that last about ten days. Spring, when it comes, is not truly spring. It is the breakup, when the accumulated snows of seven or eight months, while melting in the warming sun, turn the landscape into a soggy sponge and, for a long period, cool the air sufficiently to hold the foliage dormant. Finally, with the snow gone, the sun at last receives its response in a rush of new thrusts, the spring candles of the evergreens. Leaves appear within hours, it seems. One could literally watch them unfold on every bush.

Longtime residents of Minnesota's North testify to having seen snow there in each of the twelve months, including July and August — a staggering fact in view of the latitude in which it lies. From late October to early April the thermometer may plummet, in its normal course, to −30° or −35°. The more divergent −40°, −50°, and lower are the exclusive tenure of the months from November through March. The cold during this period is a steady, relentless reality. The snow-driving winds can easily blow over sixty miles an hour, and the temperature has been officially recorded as low as −59°.

It may warm to zero or 10° above, occasionally some degrees higher. But no sudden midwinter warming will raise the temperature very high for very long.

Wood engraving by Herbert Waters. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

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There would be nothing unusual, however, about an automobile trip to this chilled northland from the Twin Cities in the cold months of winter, provided you were familiar with the conditions. The straight, main highways in the North would offer surprisingly clear driving, but the roads would channel through the snow-filled fields and forests only by courtesy of the North's noblest beast of burden, the snowplow.

Approximately one hundred and fifty miles from St. Paul and Minneapolis, just north of Grand Rapids, you would see the maples, elms, and ash trees disappear suddenly from the landscape. Along the streams and lakes only, in some isolated places, will they be found. The coniferous forests of north Minnesota, once immense reaches of virgin Norway and white pine, are now to a great extent tall second growth of tamarack trees, white and jack pine, white cedar, and the hardy, pale, stalklike aspens.

The terrain north to the Canadian border is flat, seemingly, but east of the Red River Valley, 1920 to 2230 feet above sea level, are the Mesabi and Vermilion iron ranges, where Pre-Cambrian deposits lie just beneath the soil, and this source of iron ore is so pure and rich that for fifty years it has been merely scooped up and shipped to the steel centers. These enormous iron deposits were made by massive intrusions of magma, the molten material of the earth's interior, when the earth was still very young and its thin crust was being shattered by violent volcanic explosions.

The vast forests of pulpwood and the iron ore are responsible for the towns and cities in this rocky land, which lies in the path of the arctic storms. And life within them has cast and color that characterize outposts the world around.

Many families of Finnish extraction live in isolated spots on the forest's edge or in the smaller communities like Tofte, Togo, Bramble, and Cutfoot Sioux. These rugged people, whose homeland has winters similar in severity to those of this portion of Minnesota, maintain their national fondness for the *sauna*, or steam bath, which ends not with the usual cold-water shower but with a brief, nude plunge into a snowdrift outdoors.

There are Swedish people here, too, and Norwegians, although most preferred to settle in the milder central and southern parts of Minnesota. And surprisingly, there are numbers of Italians and southeastern Europeans who — innocently, it is surmised — came to mine the ore. Upon those who have stayed, the North has deftly brushed its own hue and markings. Many a warm, brown eye, large and liquid, has had to narrow against the strong, icy wind until squinting became habitual and lines were dredged deeply into cheeks which have lost their smoothing moistness to the dry cold. Soft, mobile lips tighten and compress to conserve inner warmth; gestures become less wide and eloquent. In time, the stoic stamp of the North penetrates deeper than these surface changes.

Little children learn early to keep a watchful eye upon their playmates on the days when it is mild enough to play outdoors ($-15°$ and upward). The snow falls and deepens and settles and falls again and again. The youngsters build snowmen and forts early or late in winter but not during the coldest months; the snow then is too dry and fine. Curb lines disappear from the city streets by Christmastime in spite of the diligent sidewalk and street plows, and one walks and drives upon the same level, the concrete well buried beneath the hard-packed snow. "You'd better go inside and get warm," one child calls to another. "Your cheeks are turning white." Each footstep is explosive and, when it is really cold, $-30°$ and below, every dry, delicate crystal is a stone underfoot, grinding to powder against stone, with the sound of a small glacier creaking. And rare indeed is the person who has lived here all his life who has not had at least one encounter with frostbite.

Regardless, committee meetings for the hundreds of clubs and organizations are well attended — if anything, better attended — when the thermometer reads $-30°$. It is tacitly understood that no one ever says, "I stayed home because of the cold." Cowering indoors is discouraged.

In fact, the picture of the Englishman in the jungle dressing for dinner is evoked by the delightfully dressed-up community life in the range cities. In one, the mining engineers, executives, business and professional men and their wives converge five times during the winter upon the hotel's fine ballroom to dance, even though the temperature may register $-40°$ and the city streets may have all but disappeared in swirling blizzard.

In the cold months there are few visitors, for northern Minnesota is not a winter playground. And yet the intrepid traveler would be well rewarded by the natural beauty surrounding him. The skies and the undulating fields merge as one; unreality assails the mind and the eye. The sun swings in a low arc, and at sunrise and sunset it is not hard to imagine what the world may be like in many distant aeons when ice and snow envelop the earth, while the sun, cooled to the ruddy glow of bittersweet, lingeringly touches the clouds with warm colors of apricot, tangerine, lavender, and rose.

Night skies may be indescribably clear. The stars

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are sharp and brilliant, pricking perception; the northern constellations diagramed with utmost clarity upon the blackest of skies. There is no illusion here that they are hung like lanterns just beyond reach. The vast distances of space are as clear to see as the barbed points of light.

When the aurora borealis sweeps in to dominate the night, it elicits a quite different and emotional reaction, not unlike the surging, impressive sight itself. If the luminous, pulsing scarves of light were tangible streamers, certainly it would be possible to become entangled in and absorbed into the celestial kaleidoscope. The excitement that a full aurora generates, the quickening pace of the blood stream and inner identification may be a kindred response of charges within us to the playful, electrical vortex swirling from horizon to horizon.

By night and by day, calmly, violently cold or voraciously shrieking in storm, the North Country is a marvel of impetuous power. But there are few sightseers at its finest, most exclusive performances.

Outdoor winter sports are not given the emphasis you might expect with so much snow and cold weather. There is some skiing and some sledding on the warmer days. Nearly everyone ice skates, and from the rinks of this region have come many of the country's best hockey players. But the outdoor rinks are not very popular. For one thing, the ice, solidly frozen, is too hard and the sharpest of blades seems dull. Much more popular are the towns' indoor arenas, where one can skate free from frostbite and in a warmed atmosphere in which physical exertion does not make each deep breath a searing stab of subfrigid air. One of the finest indoor rinks is at Hibbing, which was the scene on January 4, 1959, of a match between the hockey teams of the Soviet Union and the United States's best amateurs; the outdoor temperature was −44°.

Newcomers are like greenhorns anywhere, with much to learn. The air, at first, seems so bracing that it is deceptive. There is no warning rawness. At −40°, all perceptible humidity is gone from the atmosphere, frozen into solidity. The first few minutes of standing outdoors, dressed in winter clothing that would be more than adequate elsewhere, may be exhilarating, but before many more minutes go by, a sudden numbness grips the limbs with frightening rapidity. "Keep moving, keep moving" is the instruction, and at a certain speed. Never at a run, because you cannot breathe this air deeply. Not slowly, because you must keep the blood circulating rapidly, generating heat. Turn your heavy scarf close over your mouth and nose to warm the air you breathe as you walk along vigorously. If you are under twelve or over forty-five, you had better not walk more than a few blocks at a time. This climate is no respecter of age. Those who can, move south upon retirement, and the number of old people living here is noticeably smaller than in other parts of the country.

This is cold weather that surpasses, in length and depth, the merely uncomfortable and miserable or the forays of lowered temperature and blizzard that may make headlines elsewhere in the country. If the tropic lands give us Nature uncorseted, inviting embrace, the North shows her most reverse, aloof character, best admired from an insulated distance.

Respectful admiration cannot be withheld, however. It is hard to conceive of any tropical or desert scene that could compare with the Olympian panorama of Minnesota's North, the dark pines flowered with snow and, between the woodland tracts, the prairies, deeply white and pristine. It is a singular creation, wrapped in a temperature formidably cold, that stands siege fiercely against desecration.

JUDSON JEROME

SONG: DAYS AND NIGHTS

Strong by day we have reserve,
smile objectively and love,
passionate, although we smoke
separate cigarettes and joke,
go our social, sunny ways,
live impenetrable days,
and find delight
in flicks of sight.

Needing nights we turn our love
intimately, as a curve
seen from one side is convex,
but the other caves; so sex
melts you, kills my husband spark,
folds us to us in the dark,
and satisfies
our tight-shut eyes.

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Books and Men

At the age of twenty-four, Françoise Sagan is France's most widely read author. Her fourth novel, AIMEZ-VOUS BRAHMS . . . *which was published in September in Paris and which is appearing in this country this month under the Dutton imprint, has brought her sales in France alone to over two million copies. What is the explanation for the phenomenal success of a writer whose precocious gifts, while undeniable, have notably failed to develop?* CURTIS CATE, *the* ATLANTIC'S *representative in Europe, here undertakes to answer this question.*

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF FRANÇOISE SAGAN

BY CURTIS CATE

THE story of Françoise Sagan has often been told. It is the familiar saga of the Cinderella variety, the spectacular success story of the brow-beaten little girl whose unsuspected gifts one day startle the world. Far less is known about the premythical creature, the still unspoiled Françoise who had not yet tasted the bittersweet fruit of fame. But it is in this dimly lit region of her past that one must look for the psychological key to the clearly stunted and in many ways tragic development of the later Sagan.

Not long ago the author herself drew back the curtain on this earlier, incognito self in an article published in the French women's magazine *Marie-Claire*. Here we are shown the young Françoise gaily romping with her dog on a country estate in mountainous Vercors or quietly reading a book in the family apartment in Lyon. Her father is a well-to-do industrialist named Quoirez and her mother is an old-fashioned bourgeoise who insists that her daughter wear her hair in braids and go to school in knee-length stockings. She is an unusually sensitive child, and her first contacts with her own contemporaries are painful. Her schoolmates pull her braids and make fun of her stockings. To add to her discomfort, she is always head of the class, the unpopular teacher's favorite. A whole decade has passed since then, but even today she cannot restrain the sigh, "*Toujours première et ridicule!*" — "Always first, and ridiculous!"

We have no trouble recognizing the likeness. It is the portrait of the deliberately misunderstood Outsider, a Miss Colin Wilson in a French lycée smock. Her parents move to Paris at the end of the war, but this change of scene only accelerates the rebellious ferment within her. She cuts her hair and puts on bobby sox and at the age of fifteen begins to spend afternoons in the crowded, smoke-filled, jazz-throbbing cellars of St. Germain des Prés. She is sick of being first in school and begins to skip classes. She takes long walks around Paris and spends her afternoons and evenings at home reading Proust, Stendhal, and, later on, Camus. She also tries her hand at short stories and even poems, "half sentimental, half metaphysical."

This is, of course, only part of the story, that first layer of truth which so often lies over the deeper realities of a human life. It is more pertinent to the understanding of her later development to know that in her infancy she was virtually an only child, her brother and sister being ten years older, and that her childhood was spent largely in the company of adults, a fact which helps explain her precocity. The feeling of isolation she thus experienced was further aggravated by an abnormal, almost pathological timidity which has remained with her as a psychological scar to the present day. Merely venturing out of the house to buy a loaf of bread could cost her untold anguish, and her fear of returning from school unaccompanied was so great that she used to ride home in a taxi. To pay for the fares she would earn money from her schoolmates by doing their homework for them, for she dared not tell her parents of the panic she suffered before the terrors of the outer world. Françoise Sagan's later love affair with Jaguars and Aston-Martin sports cars may have been a desperate psychological effort to overcome in later life the morbid shyness of her childhood.

In striking contrast to this inhibited, frightened little girl was her older brother. Here was someone endowed with a supreme self-assurance and confident savoir-faire which enabled him, as he grew up, to take calm possession of the adolescent, and later of the adult, world and to play the role

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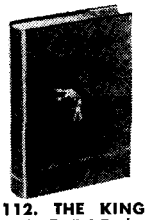

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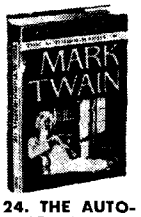

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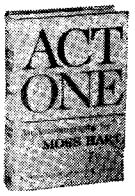

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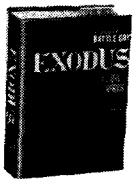

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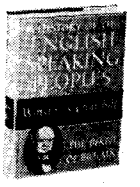

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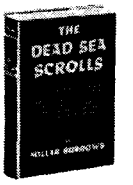

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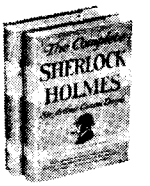

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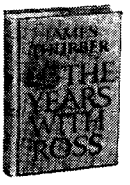

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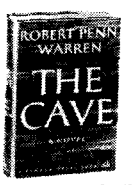

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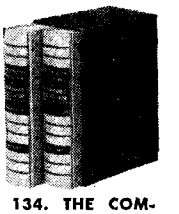

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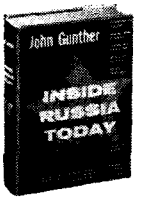

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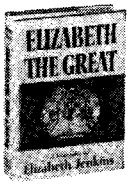

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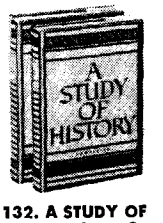

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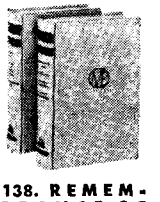

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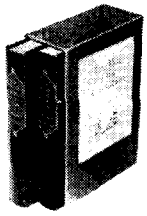

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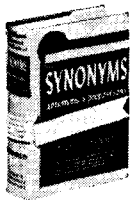

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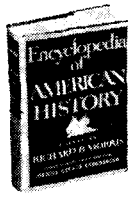

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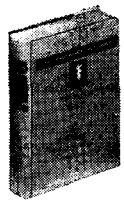

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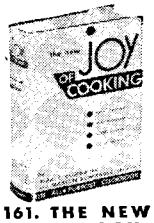

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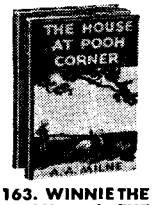

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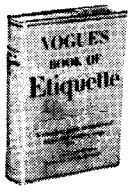

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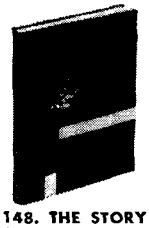

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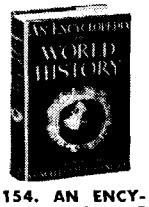

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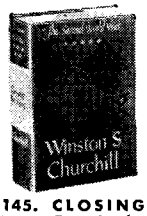

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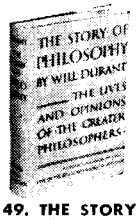

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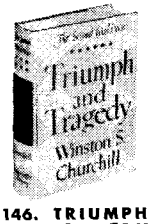

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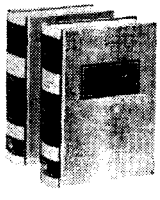

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of a successful Don Juan. Inevitably he became for his young sister an object of envy and hero worship, a revered model of human resource and enterprise. Many of Françoise Sagan's later actions, and not least of all the utterly improvident anarchic life she has been living for the past five years, can be explained as belated attempts to prove herself as fearless and masterful in her conquest of life as her brother.

It may well have been a feeling of jealousy toward her brother at the spectacle of his unchecked success, as compared with her own flagrant failure after her disillusionment with academic education had caused her to fail her second baccalaureate, which drove her to writing a novel. Her brother's shadow, at any rate, clearly falls over *Bonjour Tristesse* in the form of the father, whose adult savoir-faire and cynicism contrast so strikingly with the bumbling naïveté and enthusiasm of the youthful Cyril. This pattern of contrasts or conflicts recurs, significantly, in every Sagan novel: in the middle-aged Luc, as opposed to the young Bertrand, in *A Certain Smile;* in the urbane theater director, André Jolyau, as compared to the twenty-three-year-old provincial, Edouard Maligrasse, in *Those Without Shadows;* in the absent-hearted Roger, as contrasted with the tenderly enamored Simon, in *Aimez-vous Brahms* . . . And though in the later novels the original model has been largely eclipsed by her husband, the editor Guy Schoeller, it is because this more recent figure has unobtrusively merged, in her psychological universe, with her brother's once omnipotent image.

Few things in life are as insidious as immediate success. "Fame," Françoise Sagan could later write in *Those Without Shadows*, "is not something which bursts, but which insinuates itself." Since the publication of *Bonjour Tristesse*, success has, indeed, pursued and harried her as relentlessly as the Harpies of Greek tragedy. Overnight the eighteen-year-old prodigy was overwhelmed with attentions. She was wined and dined, invited to official cocktail parties — most of which she refused to attend — and showered with flattering comparisons to Colette.

Françoise Sagan has always instinctively recoiled from such effusive publicity, for she is still fearful of crowds. But she seems to have been powerless to resist a more insidious invasion of her life by a flock of idle leeches and blasé opportunists who were drawn to her as to a magnet when the royalties started pouring in. "I attract the weak," she recently lamented in *Marie-Claire*, "as much as I am attracted by the strong." Unfortunately, she has never found a man strong enough to rescue her from the camp followers who have encumbered her literary victories.

For the last five years she has lived, with but occasional intervals of respite, in an almost continuous hurly-burly, at the center of a cluster of shiftless *fils à papa* (poppa's boys), bemused aristocrats, and would-be Bohemians sporting turtleneck sweaters and corsair pants made to order by chic Right Bank tailors; social drifters who have borrowed from her shamelessly, dividing their time between Paris and St. Tropez, dice games and the cha-cha-cha, sports cars and cocktail outings; members of that well-heeled and indolent Beat Generation which Marcel Carné recently tried to immortalize in the film *Les Tricheurs*.

In 1956, Françoise set up house with her brother in an apartment on the sedate Rue de Grenelle, and for the next two years the whisky flowed like the Seine, day was turned into night, and the nights were spent navigating from one expensive bar to another. When these leisurely amusements palled, the carousers would climb into sports cars and chase each other wildly through the streets of Paris trying to ram each other at intersections.

It speaks well of Sagan's talent that, despite these rowdy distractions, she still found time to grind out a second novel. Yet her extraordinary facility only contributed, in a way, to her undoing, for had she been less gifted, she might have been forced to take greater pains with her second literary effort. As it was, two years of intermittent thought and just five weeks of writing went into the making of *A Certain Smile*. This story of a Parisian girl's short-lived romance with a middle-aged man was in some respects an improvement over her first. The plot was more natural, less artificially constructed than the taut, Machiavellian plot of *Bonjour Tristesse*, which Sagan seems to have borrowed from Roger Vailland's *Les Mauvais Coups*. It also lacked the quite gratuitous violence of a bloody ending — Anna's death in an automobile crash — which the Julliard editors had forced on the first novel and which is so obviously at variance with the listless logic of the Sagan universe.

The period which immediately followed marked something of a turning point in the career of the young author. Her second novel brought her some twenty-five pounds of press clippings — it is typical of the vapid society surrounding her that someone should have had the idea of weighing this mass of paper — and in a single year her royalties soared to fifty million francs. She had won her literary spurs, silenced the critics who had thought that her precocious talent was a mere flash in the pan, and put herself beyond the reach of that

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financial duress which drives so many novelists to writing hastily and sloppily. She toyed for a while with the prospect of diverting some of this money into the financing of a weekly for her intellectual idol, Jean-Paul Sartre, that walleyed Svengali who has cast his philosophical spell over so many of her generation. But the idea of devoting her time to a life of strenuous journalism seems to have frightened as much as attracted her, and the project came to nothing.

In her recent confession to *Marie-Claire*, Sagan declared that "literature is something serious, which one mustn't joke with." Even if she still believes it, she has made no effort to apply this worthy maxim to her own life. Instead, she has allowed herself to become the victim of her own madcap myth, as though meekly submitting in real life to a typically Sartrian fate: "I shall be what the others want me to be." She has continued to drift, with a retinue of fair-weather friends and social climbers, from surprise parties to fashionable night clubs, snatching an occasional hour here and there to scribble a few paragraphs for the next book.

It was in this haphazard and irresponsible way that her third novel, *Dans Un Mois, Dans Un An (Those Without Shadows)*, was composed. Its appearance, on the heels of the sports-car smashup which almost cost her her life in April of 1957, seemed to mark the sudden eclipse of her ephemeral star. To her intimates she had confided that this time she wanted to break away from the tight narrative mold of the *roman d'amour* and have a fling at a full-length novel of society and ideas, something on the order of Stendhal's *Le Rouge et le Noir* or of Sartre's *Les Chemins de la Liberté*. To embark on such an undertaking at the age of twenty-one would have demanded considerable artistic conceit, but there is no indication that she ever seriously attempted it. The effort petered out almost as soon as it was born, and what finally emerged was nothing more than a fictional coat hanger, a bony skeleton of a book waiting to have added to it the flesh, skin, and heart of a major novel.

A total failure though it obviously was, *Those Without Shadows* is autobiographically perhaps the most revealing of Sagan's books. The author takes a bitter pleasure in exposing the inanity and emptiness of her protagonists, who significantly include an editor, a would-be writer, and a theater director — that is, intellectuals of the kind Sagan admires but who have been noticeably absent from her other novels. The book is full of remarks deriding literature and intelligence and lauding stupidity, as though the author were desperately trying to trample on everything she secretly believes in. "Culture is what is left when one doesn't know what to do." "There is nothing like a certain kind of idiocy." "He was an old man who was cold. And all literature was of no earthly good to him."

From one end to the other, the book reeks with the brackish smell of frustration, as the author rages against the mediocrity of her milieu and the poverty of her own talent. Whatever Françoise Sagan's faults may be, one must salute the pitiless honesty with which she has here laid herself bare.

It should be said in Sagan's defense that, if her novels are so empty, it is because they faithfully reflect the nihilism of her contemporaries, or, to be more exact, of that influential clique of left-wing intellectuals who succumbed in the early post-war years to the withering influence of Sartre. These hothouse thinkers believe in nothing unless it is in the sublime autonomy of criticism. They abhor Saint-Exupéry because he was a romantic and a dreamer. They are suspicious of Camus because he was a moralist. They have exchanged altruism for skepticism and replaced idealism with cynicism, not because this latter attitude is intellectually defensible or even intelligent, but because it seems philosophically respectable.

This post-war generation is far more at sea than the famous Lost Generation of the twenties, whose flaunted perdition was never much more than a literary pose. Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Ezra Pound may have felt forced to emigrate to Paris, but they never ceased to believe in certain positive literary values. But Sagan's world believes in negative values. "He was one of that generation of young people whose fear of being fooled prevents from acting" is the way she describes the young Bertrand in *A Certain Smile*. The fear of being taken for an uncritical dupe has hung like a sword of Damocles over these café intellectuals, and since nothing could appear more stupid than being naïve idealists, they have turned their backs on all ideals. A French wit — I think it was Tristan Bernard — once remarked that if someone now wanted to write a play like Racine's *Phèdre*, the plot would have to go like this: a young man sleeps with his mother; one day he discovers that she is not his mother; he commits suicide.

Stéphane Mallarmé's celebrated line "*La chair est triste, hélas! et j'ai lu tous les livres*" — "The flesh is sad, alas! and I've read all the books" — could well have been adopted as the motto for this prematurely aged and willfully unromantic generation.

In Sagan's novels, love is banished as a deceptive illusion, an archaic relic of the past; what remains is simply hygiene. It would never occur

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to a Sagan heroine to say, as does the Marquise de Merteuil in Laclos's *Liaisons Dangereuses*, that men should always be careful to "flatter our two favorite passions, the glory of the defense and the pleasure of the defeat." It sounds strange in the mid-twentieth century to discuss the strategies of love in such military terms. In our post-Freudian age, people believe that preliminary skirmishes or prolonged sieges are patently unhygienic. Yet does not the modern erotic hygiene end up by having to pay a special ransom of its own? In the works of Sagan, where the defense is so half-hearted and inglorious, even the inevitable defeat has lost much of its pleasure. The passionate surrender becomes a listless routine, executed in a mood of dispirited ennui, that negative vexation which Sartre imagined in his play *No Exit* as best suited to a contemporary vision of hell.

SAGAN'S latest novel, *Aimez-vous Brahms . . .*, lacks both the glaring faults and the bitter despairs of its immediate predecessor. The tone of asperity is gone, replaced by a sigh of resignation. Since we live in a mediocre, humdrum world, it says in effect, let us not kick against the pricks, let us learn to live with our own mediocrity and our humdrum friends and lovers.

What saves this all too static story about a thirty-nine-year-old woman's disabused romance with a youth of twenty-five are those deft flashes of psychological insight and description which reveal an undeniably latent talent. "She drove off very fast so that he should not see the tears clouding her view. Mechanically she switched on the windshield-wipers and her gesture tore from her a desperate little laugh" is the way Sagan describes the end of a midday lovers' quarrel. And here is her description of a wintry afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne:

> A solitary sportive rower, one of those strange men who can be seen straining to preserve a form which no one seems to care about, so anonymous is their physique, was making mighty efforts to recall the summer, his oar occasionally raising a shower of sparkling, silver, and almost inopportune water, so sad did the winter seem among the stiffened trees.

A sentence like this, which might have been written by Proust, gives us a fleeting glimpse of the novelist Sagan might become.

In her latest novel she has, for the time being, given up the literary ambitions she once entertained. She has decided to hew to the narrow little rut she had already traced for herself in the comfortable landscape of the bourgeois world. "I don't see why I should describe peasants, workers, or the Haute Couture, which I don't know," she recently declared. "If I went to live in Gennevilliers [an industrial suburb of Paris] to try to understand, it would not only be ridiculous, it would be dishonest of me."

This deliberate limitation of her role to depicting the life of the bourgeois society she was born and brought up in is without doubt one of the keys to Sagan's popularity. She has described the vapid emptiness of this world without embellishment, and in doing so she has come to be recognized as one of the figures that best symbolize the bourgeois membership of France's first post-war generation, along with the imp-nosed Juliette Greco, the seaweed-haired Annabelle, and the doleful Bernard Buffet.

Françoise Sagan's success, as a matter of fact, stems from many of the same causes as Bernard Buffet's. For the last decade, connoisseurs and neoconnoisseurs of modern art have been snapping up Buffet's canvases because, even though his figures might be gray and bloodless, at least they are recognizable ghosts, as opposed to the increasingly incomprehensible distortions of abstract art. In the same way, millions of readers have found in Sagan the simple outlines of stories they can understand with a minimum of effort.

In Sagan's hands the tortured philosophizings of Sartre have been turned into easily digestible clichés; the classic *roman d'amour* has been streamlined into the *roman démaquillé* — the novel without make-up. Its popularity goes hand in hand with the steadily expanding vogue for simplicity in everything: speech, gesture, dress. No matter what Françoise Sagan may do or say tomorrow, she will, I think, be remembered for having trimmed the plump nineteenth-century novel down to the more readable proportions of the twentieth-century novelette.

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Accent on Alps

Rural France, to judge from a few weeks of housekeeping and small excursions in Haute Savoie last summer, is still a prodigious run for the money. There may be something to the old complaint, nowadays, that Paris is more expensive than New York, especially if one compares the most expensive ways of living in each city, but the French countryside has always offered wonderful bargains to the traveler, and this seems to be just as much the case today as it was thirty or forty years ago.

Finding a base for housekeeping operations calls for some skill in the art of negotiation, and also for considerable time on account of the easygoing habits of the French real-estate agents, who think it undignified to answer a letter without meditating the reply for at least a month. A fair part of the arrangement has to be made more or less on faith and hope, and our own deal dragged along from early January through May, aided only by a rather smudgy snapshot of the premises, before the property was signed up for the month of August: a tiny chalet on the outskirts of Megeve, five bedrooms, two baths, comfortably furnished, and commanding a stunning view of the Arve Valley. Rent for the month was a shade over $400.

The village of Megeve is almost entirely residential, consisting of small cooperative apartment houses, chalets, and hotels, occupied by a well-to-do sort of bourgeois holidaymaker who is from the larger cities of France. It is admirably located for winter sports, its summer climate is cool and bracing, and it is jammed to capacity at these two seasons. It is about thirty miles from Geneva, twenty from Chamonix, forty from Annecy and its lake, and about fifteen miles as the crow flies from the slopes of Mont Blanc. Architecturally, Megeve ranges from some interesting old buildings to the modern, with Swiss influence, and in the summer months its streets and the façades of all the buildings in its shopping area are ablaze with flowers. The region is one of spectacular Alpine scenery, small farms in the vertical plane, and a great air of detachment from the rest of the world. A car is indispensable in this sort of locality, and the cost of the brand-new 403 Peugeot which our friends rented in Geneva, all fees and insurance included, was $11.50 a day.

There were seven of us, our friends and their three children and my wife and I, and it had been heartily agreed that none of our time would be invested in cooking, save for tea and coffee and an evening soup, the latter produced from French or Swiss dehydrated mixtures and excellent, even in the land of great soups. (An assortment available here at home and well worth trying is put out by a Swiss company by the name of Knorr.)

For breakfast, then, there was drip coffee from a dark, flavorsome French roast, with thin scalded milk. Punctually at 8:15 the baker's boy came tearing in on his bicycle with hard rolls, croissants, and a long crusty loaf still warm from the oven. Everything from the bakeries was, of course, fresh daily, and although there were a dozen or so in the village, they were all completely sold out by the end of the afternoon.

The croissants, somewhat to our surprise, were rather breadlike and not very good, but everything else from the shops and markets of the village was phenomenally fine. The fresh fruit — peaches, pears, and melons — was all ripened on the tree or vine and of a quality that practically never reaches a metropolitan area at any price here at home. One might find comparable examples locally, in season, in some parts of the United States, but perishables of this caliber have just about vanished from the larger commerce in foodstuffs. Megeve's tomatoes were equally good, ripe, never mealy, and of a species quite without

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that white core so often found in our cellophane-ripened tomatoes.

For the rest, most of our dealings were with the several purveyors of *charcuterie*, and the variety of cooked food freshly presented each day in the village was matched only by the splendor of its appearance.

The meat dishes included the standard roasts, whole or in slices; all sorts of pâtés, some baked in bread dough, others encased in delicate pastry; canapés of great artistry; chicken in every imaginable style. One could buy a purée of fresh spinach, cunningly prepared artichokes marinated in a delicate dressing, or any of the other green vegetables, all locally grown and in no case frozen. The pastry and cakes and sweets would have been admired anywhere in the world, and we must have sampled at least fifty wonderful cheeses, all at the peak of condition, during our weeks in Megeve. Our preferred wine was Crépy, a brisk white wine, rather dry, of the region, and for a before-dinner drink we quickly stabilized on Dopf, an excellent and inexpensive Alsatian version of champagne. Shopping without regard to the prices, all of which seemed very reasonable indeed, we found that the total cost of all food and drink for the seven of us was $10.50 a day, or $1.50 per person. Of all that we sampled so enjoyably, the item that lingers most fondly in memory is the little cylinders of *Petit Suisse*, the creamy, nippy, white cheese, lighter and less assertive than our cream cheese, which combined so justly with the crusty bread but which, so the label unhappily warned us, had a butterfat content of around 80 per cent.

I realize that arrangements for renting and housekeeping may be too cumbersome for many visitors to France and that hotels may be preferable. On that score our inquiries turned up some delightful bargains, and I hope to set down a few facts next month about three of the one-star hotels in the neighborhood of Megeve.

CHARLES W. MORTON

The Master Plan

A Book Review of the Future

BY T. S. WATT

T. S. WATT *served in the Royal Air Force during the war and has written several burlesques of the war memoirs now coming so copiously into print.*

The Space War of 2942-2947 has by now produced by far the greatest mass of literature ever to be inspired by a single conflict. In this huge clamor, only the voice of exceptional power and authority can hope for a hearing, and that Space Marshal Archibald Merrimont of Betelgeuse is the happy possessor of such a voice is amply proved by the unprecedented sales of the second volume of his memoirs, *Into Battle*.

On the fifth of May, 2943, Space Marshal Merrimont entered the Betelgeuse orbit and assumed control of the Third Battle Fleet, under the supreme command of Space Marshal Whiteley. He immediately went to bed in his private rocket but was soon aroused on the arrival of a message from the British Prime Minister. He was angry at being waked:

"To maintain himself at the topmost peak of physical and mental efficiency, the fighting man needs an ample allowance of sound, unbroken sleep, and I was therefore very angry at being disturbed. The message ran:

1. As you assume your somber responsibilities, the dreadful face of disaster gapes upon us through the smoke of battle. The treacherous pact with the Disembodied Presences to which the enemy has now put his blood-stained hand will unleash a catastrophic holocaust of destruction upon our gallant ally, whose imminent peril and torment gnaws at my bowels hourly.

2. I have every confidence in your ability to deal with this crisis. Where is your main mass of maneuver? Is it not possible that Bailey should make a sudden leap from behind Rigel upon the enemy lines of communication, now extended to more than twenty light-years? Hack me out a scheme on one sheet of paper.

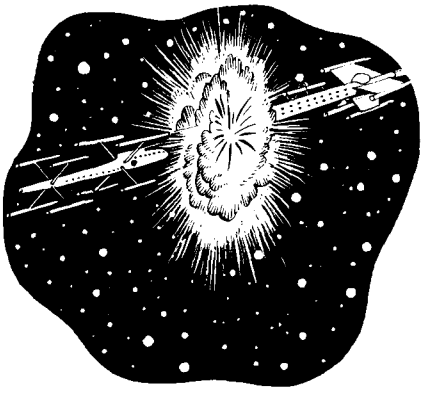
3. Pray let me have a note of the number of boys who leave the national schools at fifteen years and over.

"I had, and I retain, the greatest admiration and respect for the Prime Minister, but I cannot recall that I ever found his messages particularly helpful. In this case, the first paragraph really got us nowhere, the third should have gone to the Minister of Education, and the suggestion contained in the second was valueless, since I had already decided that Rocket General Bailey had been thrust into a position far above his proper ceiling, and would have to go. The main reasons for this were:

"1. He had set up his headquarters a good five light-years behind his front line.

"2. When I had visited him on the previous day, I found the whole atmosphere of the headquarters dreary and depressing. Routine disintegration had been neglected, and immense masses of empty bottles and cigarette cartons were orbiting behind the dull and rusty rockets. So thickly encrusted with dirt was the helmet of Bailey's space suit that I had to get him to remove it before I could see whether he had the light of battle in his eyes.

"3. A commander's brain must be ice-clear at all times, but when I suggested that Bailey join me in a



quick reconnaissance, he replied, 'The hell with that. This one's on me.'

"In view of all this I felt that Bailey was not the man to leap upon the enemy from behind Rigel or anywhere else."

Space Marshal Merrimont devotes the whole of one chapter to an exposition of his Master Plan and most of another to his disagreement with Space Marshal Whiteley over various details in its execution. Re-

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lations between the two were cordial, in spite of divergences of opinion:

"I have always had the greatest admiration and respect for that great and good woman. She bore her heavy burden with patience and fortitude, and her astonishing failure to understand the advantages of my Master Plan never for one moment diminished the strength of our mutual regard. It was on the second of June that I signaled to her:

My dear Lucy,

1. I propose to strike the enemy a heavy blow at the point where he is weakest; *viz.*, between the neutral Betelgeusian planets.

2. Through the hole thereby punched I shall pass No. 2 Telepathic Air Corps, who will engage the Disembodied Presences and knock them bowlegged.

3. Right is on our side, we are all 100 per cent fit, and if we follow my Master Plan and make no mistakes, *we cannot fail.*

Yours very sincerely,
Archibald Merrimont

"Her reply arrived on the following day and ran as follows:

Dear Baldy,

1. I agree wholeheartedly that a heavy attack must be launched at the enemy.

2. I feel that your main target should be the outermost Betelgeusian planet, from which the enemy is pouring his brainwashing radiations upon our civilian populations.

3. Secondary objective will be the bubonic bacteria reservoir on Venus.

4. All here hope that you will fling yourself into this at the earliest possible moment.

Yours ever,
Lucy Whiteley

"Hardly had I digested this before another signal arrived from the Prime Minister:

1. The baleful glare of the evil man has now turned upon the Saturn stewpot. If he attempts a landing, we look to you to claw him off the planet before he has a chance to nourish his invasion.

2. What is this I hear of dentists' chairs taking up valuable rocket space?

3. Forward at ten thousand parsecs an hour to victory!

"I immediately decided to ignore all side issues and to concentrate on the Master Plan. To the Prime Minister I replied noncommittally that we were ready to go in the ring and knock the enemy bowlegged, and to Whiteley that I was behind

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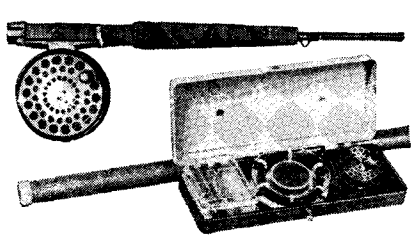

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her 100 per cent in any decision she might make, that I regarded her plan as useless, and that there should be a conference between us at the earliest possible moment."

The conference took place three days later at Whiteley's headquarters. The Prime Minister attended, and Merrimont brought with him Thinker Captain Johnson, of the Intelligence Staff.

"Johnson had a brain like a knife edge. Though physically frail, he was an indomitable worker, lashing himself mercilessly on among his maps and mathematical instruments, often for twenty-four hours at a stretch. It was to one of these bursts of almost superhuman endeavor that I owed the main idea behind the Master Plan — to attack the enemy where he was weakest, *using those forces in which we were strongest.* Johnson's prodigious labors on this conception came near to costing him his reason, and he eventually paid a heavy price for his fanatical zeal, being earthed in the last year of the war, burnt out intellectually at the early age of ninety-two."

It was Johnson's power of clear exposition that eventually turned the scales in favor of the Master Plan. At first little progress was achieved. Whiteley made a speech in which she paid a tribute to Merrimont's devotion to duty. Merrimont promised 100-per-cent support for Whiteley and hoped that in return she would back the Master Plan.

"Then Johnson spoke. For three hours he gave a brilliant exposition of his break-through strategy, illustrating his points in masterful fashion with blackboard diagrams. Whiteley and the Prime Minister still appeared dubious, but when Johnson rose to his feet once more they suddenly capitulated and approved the adoption of the Master Plan. I then said that much precious time had been wasted but that if we all pulled together as a team, success was assured. Meanwhile there was not a moment to lose. I then immediately left the conference and went to bed in my private rocket."

The book comes to an end as the rocket spearheads are concentrated for the initial thrust, and one cannot doubt that the next volume, *Betelgeuse Break-Through*, will be eagerly awaited by a host of readers.

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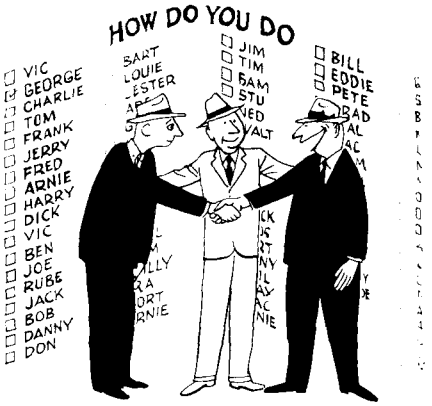

George Who?

BY GEORGE STEVENS

As editor for J. B. Lippincott Company, GEORGE STEVENS *divides his time between Philadelphia and New York and has made several contributions to Accent on Living.*

My wife and I once spent an evening in New Canaan, Connecticut, with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Strunsky. In the course of conversation, Simeon remarked that he objected to the custom then not universal but in an advanced stage of development whereby young men of thirty-five addressed their elders — men of sixty, more or less — by their first names. I was abashed, because I had been calling him Simeon, and I was exactly thirty-five.

This form of address had been arrived at, I recall definitely, owing to the warmth and spontaneity of Manya — that is to say, Mrs. Strunsky. Somewhere in the course of the relationship we had been invited to call her Manya; we had extended the first-name basis to include Simeon, but without his authorization.

It was too late to change, and we let Simeon's remark go by as if it had been altogether without personal application. (I may call him Simeon in retrospect, being now approximately the same age as he was then.) But his opinion has stuck in my memory, and I have come to the conclusion that he was right. Everywhere I go, I meet people who immediately call me George. My friends introduce me not as Mr. Stevens but as George Stevens, or they say, "This is Mr. Stevens, George Stevens." At once I am addressed as George, and if I respond by saying, "Yes, Mr. Arbuthnot" or "No, Mrs. Dalrymple," I am considered standoffish if not downright unfriendly.

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It is universally considered that to call an acquaintance by anything but his first name is at best a bizarre and obsolete ceremony, at worst a form of churlishness. To a contemporary the Mr. and Mrs. indicate a holding at arm's length; to an older person, a pointed reference to the seniority of his citizenship. I should have no objection to this if the presumption of friendship carried in the first-name address had any basis in reality. The trouble is that we all want to seem friendly without committing ourselves. I do not take it as a degradation of my dignity to be called George by a stranger, even by a young man of thirty-five. I just want it to mean something.

Literature is following close behind life in this respect. A generation ago any middle-aged character in fiction would as a matter of course be called Mr. Britling or Mrs. Dalloway. Now Mr. is reserved for those whose authors wish to hold them up to ridicule: Mr. Blandings builds his dream house, Mr. Banks suffers as father of the bride. In this light, neither the first name alone nor the surname will quite do. Throughout the length of *By Love Possessed*, James Gould Cozzens straddles the problem by referring to his central character invariably as Arthur Winner.

In England, men address one another by their surnames even when they are on terms of friendship. To be called Stevens by an Englishman I take as a sign of relaxation, an indication that the shield and the lance have been laid upon the ground. But if I call an American Smith, he thinks I am addressing him as a menial. When the British reach a first-name basis, it means that they are close friends; remember the emotional charge in *Iolanthe* when Lords Tololler and Mountararat, deciding that their mutual regard is too important to be sacrificed in their rivalry for the hand of Phyllis, call each other Thomas and George?

When I was a young man, I lived for a while in Paris. A group of us Americans were good friends with a young Frenchman who indulged the eccentricity of Americanophilia. He really, genuinely, without reserve or *arrière-pensée*, liked Americans: all Americans, male and female, old and young. Even so, and well bred as he was, he could not altogether conceal his consternation when he found himself being addressed by all of us as *tu*. We thought it would have been

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rude not to *tutoyer* him, but we observed under his excellent manners and his immediate willingness to reciprocate that we had misunderstood the French system. Even there where old friends call each other Duval and Dupont, they can reach the stage of Jacques and Pierre and still say *vous*.

In Russia, I gather, the equivalent of first-name address is to leave off the patronymic — to say not Serge Pavlovitch but Serge *tout court*. It may have been the lack of Russian equivalents for Mr. and Mrs. that prompted Mrs. Strunsky to invite us to call her Manya. But that is beside the point, and the point is merely this: I propose that anybody who calls me George the first time we meet should be prepared to recognize me the next time. I do not want to be introduced all over again, even if our next meeting takes place years later. This possibility should be foreseen; if the circumstances of our first encounter are so casual as to indicate that we may well never meet again, let us by all means call each other Mr., literally once and for all.

I have determined upon a course of action, which I recommend in the hope that it will become general. Anyone who calls me George on first meeting, and does not recognize me on second meeting, I will call by his last name, as for instance Jenkins. Not Ed, not Mr. Jenkins, just Jenkins. That is, of course, if the friend who originally introduced us happened to mention our last names.

BETWIXT

BY EXTA WILLIAMS WOLKING

Oh, the organ runs like lantern light
for something out on a wet
black night,
or the organ buttons an overcoat
around a sin's small shivering throat,
and the organ holds its organ lap
like a lullaby till my sin naps.

Then the minister shouts and my
sin goes
banister-sliding down his nose;
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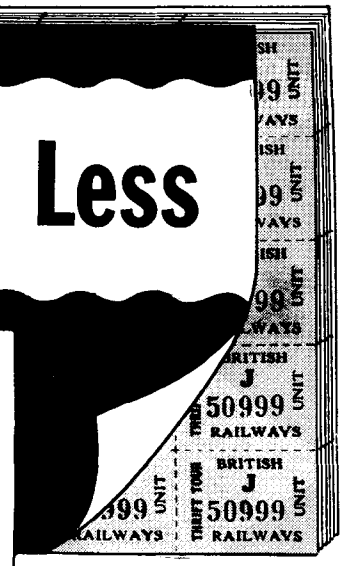

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Music

JOHN M. CONLY

THE AMATEUR AS CRITIC

It is ten years now since the first instance of this column, and I have spent much of the decade fighting to maintain my amateur status. This has involved fighting with myself as well as with other people.

The column did not start as a column. It began as a single article about high fidelity equipment and its peculiar timeliness. The vinyl microgroove record and noiseless FM radio had just begun their sway. The idea of a continuing chronicle of home music was not mine. It came from an *Atlantic* editor who has demonic insight into the heads of timid or reluctant writers and who knows exactly what he wants. What he wanted in this case was, plainly and simply, a musical amateur. An amateur does not mean an ignoramus. It means someone willing to labor for love of the art or study which has captured him, without thought of professional prestige.

The editor got one — a history teacher turned police reporter turned science news writer, whose chief and liveliest delight was in music and in its vivid realization in living rooms. The argument was that I would find writing a column instructive, exactly the appeal I could not resist. No regrets are implied. It has been, indeed, *instructive*, perhaps to some readers but mainly to me. However, part of the struggle has been to keep it — a ten-year postgraduate course — from being too instructive. Only lately I realized with dismay that now I could read the schematic diagram of a power amplifier and that I could follow a piano score well enough to turn pages.

This is bad. The proper way to deal, as an amateur, with an ailing amplifier is to sense that it has a KT-88 tube that aches and ought to be pulled out. Good servicemen, even without B.E. degrees, can do this often — I have watched them — and now so can I, sometimes, but I am sure I do not know how. By the same token, the way to judge a performance of the Beethoven *Tempest* Sonata is not by whether the player is using the best fingering or too much pedal. That is for pianists and music critics. The sonata was not written for music critics or pianists, but for us. And for us the vital matter is that the gallop in the last movement should get us swiftly out of the black shadows and into the brave moonlight. That has to happen in the performer's head, and no practicing will substitute for its happening.

Now make no mistakes. I have nothing against music critics except their handicaps. Mostly, in concert work, they are dealing with things quickly done and gone. And, at that, they are still in hazard; if their memory flags over a moment's experience, Leonard Bernstein will attack them on a TV network. Further, they come to know performers too well and become attached as partisans, and finally Guiomar Novaes can do no wrong, because everyone loves her so much.

Record reviewing is a different thing and not like any other craft. A music critic at concert work reviews performances. A book reviewer reviews new writings. The one has no future consequences on his conscience; the other is describing a new venture for which its author already has a guarantee. The record reviewer has neither such concerns nor such assurances. An artist may be involved (and I wish we might do more for artists than we do), but as a general thing the only person under focus is the listener, who will either buy or not buy the record and who will either benefit or not, according to our wisdom, from the music purveyed upon its surface. (*Sotto voce*, the musical artist, if any good, is almost always a great deal more interested in his listeners than in his income. And this is why it is hard not to love musicians, even when they err. I've met many of them and hardly a one without a sense of duty that I had to respect.)

If a book reviewer were given a record reviewer's job, he would not take it. It would mean that he would have to devise, every second week, another fresh bright estimate of *Hamlet*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, and possibly The Song of Solomon. Don't think I am being facetious. Our last three centuries have yielded, in music, masterpieces quite as good as — and I think better than — anything written, built, carved, or painted in the times before. The *Eroica* says nearly everything Shakespeare and Homer ever tried to say and says it better, more valorously, and with much less extraneous byplay. And *Messiah* does more than Milton can, to justify God's ways to man (apologies to A. E. Housman). Sebastian Bach and Wolfgang Mozart give us, when we wish and listen, the stature of angels; no cathedral could do better. Wagner and Gluck have made open to us a wonderland of mythical heroes, demigods, giants, and enchantresses never matched elsewhere in legend. And there is also quipping wit and iron restraint, of equal force and use: Virgil Thomson, Franz Joseph Haydn, and many, many another.

As I write this, in the adjoining room Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart is

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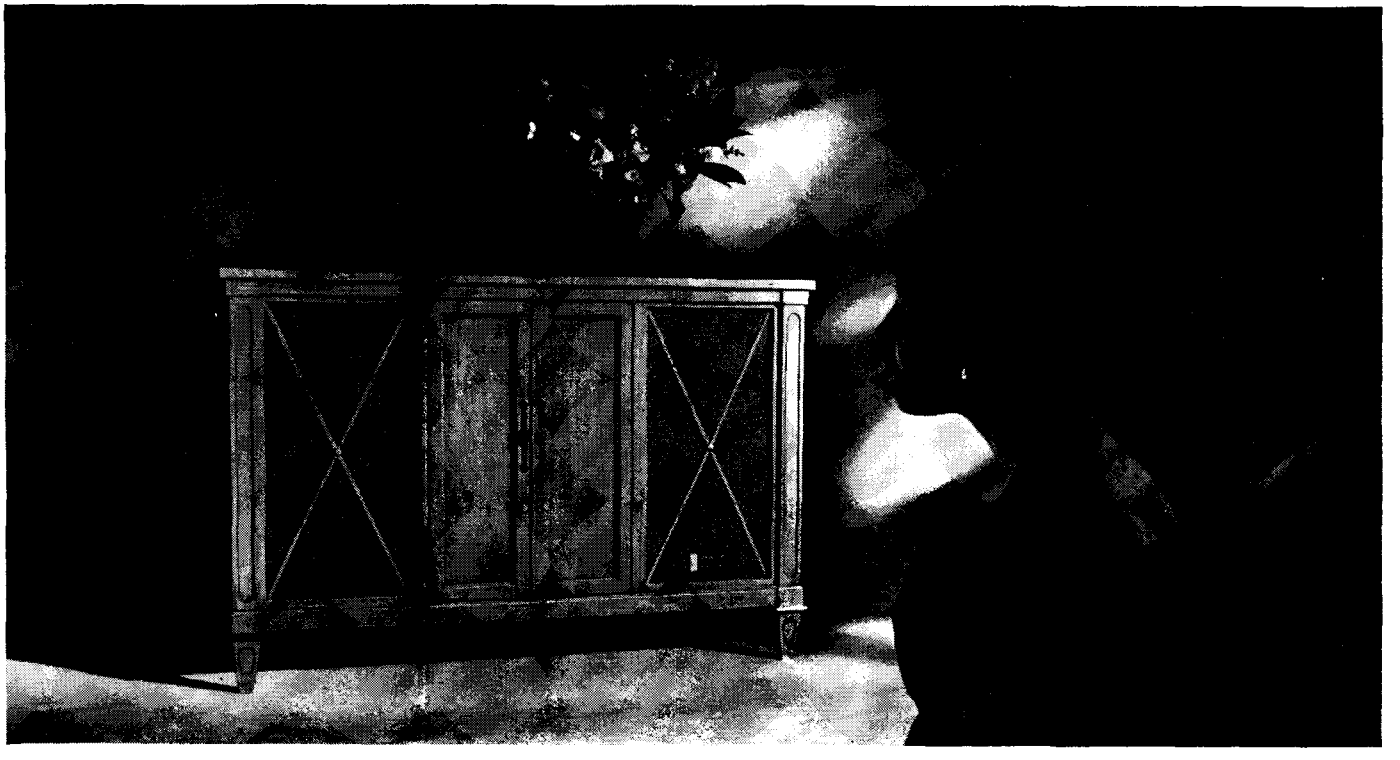

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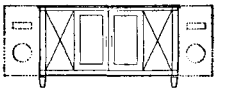

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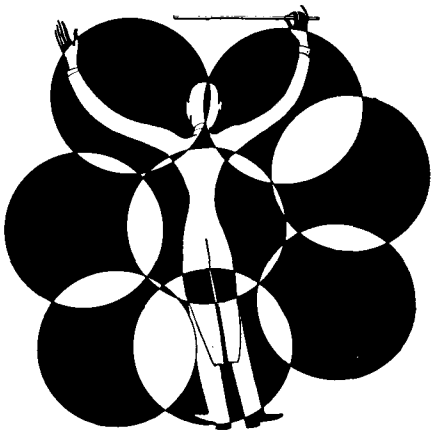
practicing witchcraft (it is the *Serenata Notturna*, I Musici, on Epic). I marvel at the indomitable fiddlers essaying this miracle once more. But I marvel just as much at the indomitable record reviewers who are going to assay it next week, especially since on the disc's other side is *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, which has been reviewed not more than 13,000 times in the last fifty years.

Some record reviewers are also music critics, of course, and it is these that I have had to shy away from most strongly, because they are closest to me. I read them, and I am always properly horrified to be told that the conductor has ruthlessly expunged bars 112 to 119, or that the soprano has cravenly ducked the high D at the end of Scene 1, Act II. But I am not always sure that these gentlemen really have heard the music, though they may win their game of "Top that, brother!" They write for each other. Not always, but too often.

Thus, Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole* may come to be assayed in terms of Ruggiero Ricci's double-stops and without regard for the evidence that the only reason Ricci is playing the music at all is that someone has paid him to — which is for me quite adequate reason not to buy a record. This is not meant as a slur on Mr. Ricci, who, I think, is the best Paganini player around and who for a long time held top honors in the Beethoven Concerto. But I must be, if I am to serve any purpose, simply the informed agent of the listener, and what the listener wants is the work of the composer. Not being a critic for the New York *Times*, I find Lalo's interests as cogent as those of Mr. Ricci, whom I never have met at a cocktail party. Lalo was not Bach or Schubert, but he spent many sweet and bitter hours fashioning for us forty-five minutes of a rather fine folkish pleasure. If he had failed, I would not protest, but he didn't. When he fails, it is because he is *made* to fail through the indifference of performers, who are in turn applauded by critics, who in turn do not care a tinker's damn about the music written. There has been only one good recording of the Lalo *Symphonie Espagnole*. It is by Campoli and the late Eduard van Beinum, a London issue. It has been pulled from the catalogues, so you cannot get it unless you are very lucky. It was beautiful, careful, and lovely. Nobody bought it. That is why it was withdrawn.

Which brings me to the record companies and the public and what I have learned about them. The two cannot be separated in a discourse like this. There is a democratic process — the box office — that determines the success and eminence of an artist. The result, to pick instances, is that three of our great metropolitan orchestras, whose names sell records, are headed by men who cannot play Beethoven or Mozart for beans: they either cannot or will not maintain tempos; they do not think the



music is good enough to stand by itself; they find it needs arbitrary assistance, mostly in the shape of ritards or accelerations, ill-conceived and sometimes positively horrible. I shall not say these men are not pretty good at Berlioz, Sibelius, and Shostakovich, and certainly I shall not avow any despite for those composers, but I shall say that they are not the composers that hearers really need, if they are serious listeners.

The main blame lies upon the public. The record company executive, supposing he wants to venture into such exotic territory as the Schubert Ninth, nearly the best symphony ever written, has, by virtue of contract, little choice but to put his idea at the mercy of someone who may know as much about the Schubert C Major as he does about spearing dugongs in the South Seas. Meanwhile, at large and at a loss for a podium is (for instance) Josef Krips, who has twice proved that he can play the C Major (or the Brahms First, or the Brahms Fourth) better than anyone else around now or lately — I do mean *anyone*, which includes Toscanini, Furtwängler, and maybe even Bruno Walter. The record executive probably knows this, but he cannot, without insult, shove

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Mr. Krips to work over the head of the regular conductor of the orchestra under contract. He is helpless. The fault has to fall back upon the public, who too commonly buy their music, at box office or record counter, with the same tireless stupidity they display at the supermarket or the drugstore. I am making things sound a little worse than they are. Mr. Krips is periodically afforded a job by London Records, and even in front of the London Symphony he has been able to evoke Schubert in a splendor not currently on sale in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia. I will not say Cleveland; I think you can usually expect your money's worth from Szell in Severance Hall. But Krips was *fired* from Buffalo; I just cannot get over that and do not intend to.

There is seldom room in these pages for expressions of distaste; it is more important that competence get its just due. Once in a while an animadversion must be made, as in the case of the atrocities slung at the unwary once by Mr. Jascha Heifetz under the title of Beethoven sonatas (I keep this album around in case my ire should burn out). In such instances, there is a sort of duty to warn people who might be beguiled by the performer's fame. I am pretty sure that Mr. Heifetz, with the proper partner, can play most of the Beethoven sonatas tastefully and even eloquently, but on the days appointed he did not. And his services were so expensive that no one dared veto issuance of the album.

So far I have been mostly railing, which is misguidance. One does not find acres of gold, but the gold found is gold nonetheless, something to be thankful for. I shall not soon, or ever, forget the afternoon I heard Toscanini sound the enormous challenge of the Beethoven Ninth. Or the evening when dinner was deferred three hours while I missed no word of Goddard Lieberson's production of *Porgy and Bess*. Or the many separate days when Dr. Hermann Scherchen brought home to me the greatness of Haydn. In the last ten years — the LP decade — a prodigious lot of beauty has been conferred, much of it in the shape of music that concert audiences never hear at all.

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sicians and recording directors; they can realize their aims beyond any previous chance. My measurement of surpassing merit, across the decade, has come to be an almost physical one: how hard it is to bring myself to turn off a given record. Of late months, since stereo invaded us, I find it sometimes impossible to turn off the machine at all, and I am discovered at dawn, slumbering seraphically, while the pickup patiently tracks the run-off groove on the last of seven records. I am sure that this is not good for the stylus. But it is good for me, and it is going to be good for everyone with an ear and a need for music.

Record Reviews

Britten: Peter Grimes

Benjamin Britten conducting Peter Pears, Claire Watson, James Pease, other soloists; chorus and orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; London OSA-1305 and A-4342: three records

One dislikes to use the word "best," but surely *Peter Grimes* is one of the most impressive operas written in the English tongue, a really great and gripping work. I cannot tell its story here patently, but it concerns a Suffolk fisherman who has the misadventure of causing successively the deaths of two boy apprentices and who is thereafter ridden to suicide by the ill will of his fellow townsfolk. Oddly, it is not in the least horrible, but very touching. Someone has called it an essay in compassion, and so I think it. London has produced it with no care spared, and it comes forth in magnificent sound and in such intelligibility that one can ignore the printed libretto.

Mendelssohn: Sonatas Opus 65, No. 1 and No. 6

E. Power Biggs, organ; Columbia MS-6087 (stereo) and ML-5409

The two Mendelssohn sonatas are very beautiful and devout — they are based on the Lutheran choral settings of *The Will of God* and *Our Father* — but when I talked to Mr. Biggs about them he was most absorbed with the tremendous sonic properties of St. Paul's Cathedral, site of the recording, and justifiably. The huge bass echoes of the big pipes thunder about for almost a quarter of a minute. It is no wonder

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that, when Mendelssohn played there in Victoria's coronation year, the crowd had to be broken up by police. Try this recording in a city apartment, and you, too, may attract the attention of the local constabulary.

Leontyne Price: Song Recital

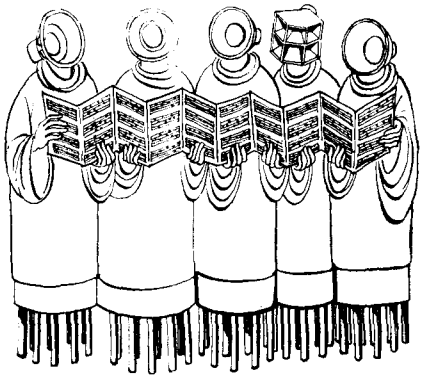
Leontyne Price, soprano; David Garvey, piano; RCA Victor LSC-2279 (stereo) and LM-2279

For the third time, Mr. Alan Kayes of RCA Victor has given us a Town Hall song recital overpoweringly lovely and convincing. Miss Price, in beautiful voice, strong or intimately dulcet as the need requires, and always intelligent, gets all there is out of seventeen well-assorted songs by Fauré, Poulenc, Strauss, and Wolf. And Town Hall, faultlessly microphoned, sounds just like itself. All these assets add up to a work of art.

Liturgical Jazz

Ed Summerlin conducting jazz ensemble; the Reverend Roger Ortmayer reading morning prayer; Ecclesia Records ER-1 (monophonic)

We thought this was going to be sick, and maybe funny. It is not. It is a bright, earnest, clever, and dignified piece of devotional work. The text is a Methodist Episcopal Sunday morning service, with a short sermon, and the jazz is perhaps misnamed. It is rhythmic but reverent; sometimes it sounds like Virgil Thomson's church music, and I think J. S. Bach would have approved it thoroughly. Most of it is written, not improvised, and in the Lydian mode first made popular by Beethoven in the adagio of the Quartet Opus 132. (It still seems effective.) My only qualification is that I do not know how often one would want to hear this. It is important, though, and it deserves attention.



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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE film studios at Leningrad were a large quadrangle in the conventional ocher stucco. We were expected, and after a moment's pause were shown into the conference room of Yuri Nikolaiv, the boss producer, a powerful man with a genial smile and fine dark eyes. The room itself was unlike anything in Hollywood: a flat-top desk by the windows, a fireplace with a portrait of Lenin hanging above the mantel, a large baize-covered table with a carafe of water and a single glass, and, opposite the fire, a cabinet of rather fine inlay — a gray-green room as efficient-looking as our host. He had with him an elderly gentleman whom he introduced to us as Mr. Ivanofsky, the famous producer (I noticed that he wore a decoration), five of whose films had been shown in America. Then we settled down at the table for our talk. Nikolaiv told us that he had been thirty-six years in pictures, twenty years as a cameraman. Paddy Chayefsky began the questioning for our side, and before replying, Nikolaiv wanted to know whether he should go into technical details or whether — looking toward Alfred Kazin and myself — he had better keep to generalities. "Well," I injected, "sometimes we take Paddy with us when we have our meetings with Russian authors; I think you can trust us to understand."

The Russian grinned and got down to business. They produced, Nikolaiv said, an average of eight pictures a year, and he personally was responsible for all of them. Was there any board of censors, we asked, to warn him if a film came close to the trouble line? No, the decisions were his, he said. We tried to probe into this question of censorship, but without any different result. Paddy asked about the filming of his big ones, and Nikolaiv mentioned *The Cranes Are Flying*, which was then showing, and the two earlier pictures, the opera *Eugen Onegin* and, on the wide screen, *Don Quixote*. He said he would give us a private view in his projection room two days later and at that time introduce us to the directors and the cameramen who were responsible for each. Then he rose and led us backstage.

On our way to the sets we passed some remarkably beautiful women in oriental make-up. "The nicest thing about our business," said Paddy, "is that you get to meet the prettiest girls." Nikolaiv laughed aloud and patted him on the back. For a moment we paused at the make-up room, where a cast of bearded Victorians in black broadcloth and stocks were being beautifully aged for the next scene in Chekhov's story "The Lady with the Dog." Then we went on to the larger set where the rehearsal with sound of a dramatic Kirghiz ballet was in progress. The story was the old folk tale of the enchantress who turned her lovers into stone, and we arrived at a moment when the male ballet, Mongolian, slant-eyed, were whirling like dervishes with their swords and spears an ever-present danger. Nikolaiv placed us safely among the cushions of what looked to be a throne, for, as he knew, this was to be the focal point where the ballerina and the warriors would make their final and striking obeisance.

On our return visit two days later, Nikolaiv took us to his private projection room, and here we were to see two ballets, four reels of *Eugen Onegin*, then a contemporary, *The Last Inch*, and finally a circus comedy, *The Woman Who Tamed the Tiger*. I was particularly impressed by the beauty, orchestration, and costuming of Tchaikovsky's opera, which had been filmed in the palaces of Leningrad, with the duel fought in actual snow and the country scenes acted on some princely estate. The music and the color seemed to me superb, and I was dismayed to hear that it had been offered for presentation in America but turned down by Mr. Skouras on the grounds that many would find it long and boring.

In general, the acting and the photography were first class, but the Russians have a tendency

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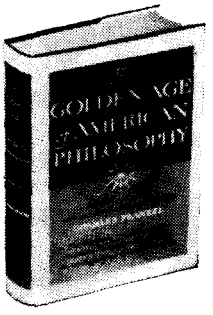

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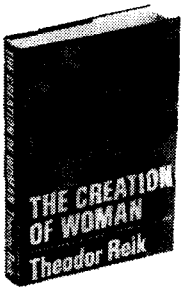

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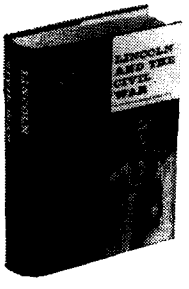

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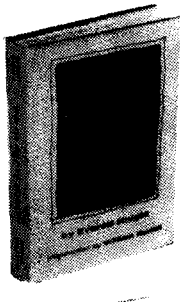

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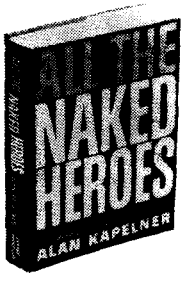

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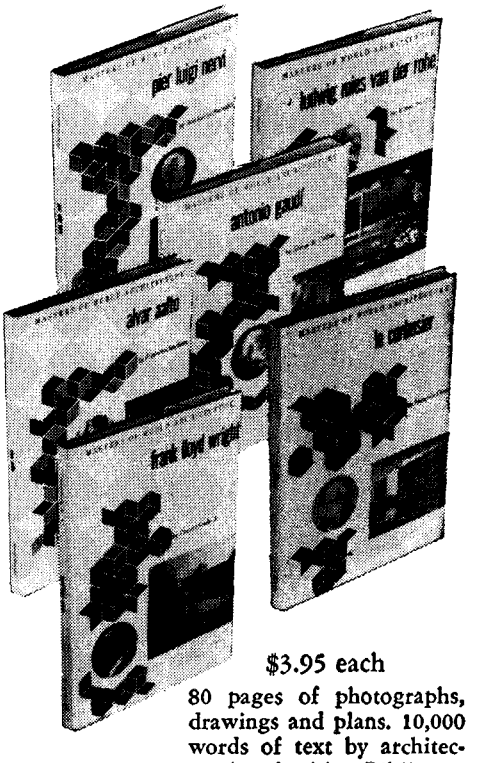

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to drag out the anguish and to vault over or accept by inference alone small points of realism which an American director would take pains to clarify. Thus, in *The Last Inch*, when the skin diver, who has been wounded by sharks, is dragged painfully up the beach by his ten-year-old son, there is the question of how together they can find the strength to pull him into the cockpit of the plane. The boy solves this by producing a board which will serve as a ramp, and the next thing we know both of them are strapped in and the plane is airborne. "Whoa," shouted Paddy, "how did all that happen?"

We moved to still another projection room, the one with the wide screen, to see a number of the scenes from *Don Quixote*, directed by Kozintsev, the English-speaking director who told us that he had spent six months preparing for the picture, which was shot in the Caspian country, and had been given another year in which to complete it. I remember the striking contrasts of black and white and scarlet and gold, the superb acting of the long, lean knight, and the broad farce of the squat Sancho Panza. Nikolaiv told us that Spain had purchased the picture, had shown it once officially, and then had buried it in the archives. I think we could do better than that if it ever should come our way.

THE SPANISH CRESCENT

In the Preface to his splendid book, THE ARMADA (Houghton Mifflin, $6.00), GARRETT MATTINGLY, professor of European history at Columbia University, explains how he became immersed in his subject. In 1940 he contemplated a short volume depicting the naval duel between Spain and England, but before he could write it he was himself drawn into the Navy and exposed to "some aspects of naval and amphibious operations" in the very waters through which the Armada had sailed. When he returned to the project, action and reflection brought into fresh focus the first great international crisis in modern history.

Philip and his advisers dreamed of a great crusade which would wipe out heresy and impose on the world a Spanish Catholic peace. Elizabeth, Howard, and Drake, who knew full well that the Enterprise, as the Spaniards called it, was coming, dreamed of its defeat and of the expulsion of Antichrist from Europe. The conflict swept through the Netherlands and France; it involved great soldiers, the Duke of Parma and Henry of Navarre; great sailors, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Drake; a multitude of spies; and, for tragedy, the defeated commander, the Duke of Medina Sidonia.

It is Mr. Mattingly's skill as a historian to be able to light up the action in half a dozen theaters and by the most lucid transitions convey the reader from one to another with a growing comprehension of the huge conspiracy. His story begins with the beheading of Mary Queen of Scots, the execution Elizabeth had so long avoided and one which finally flung down the gauntlet to Philip and the Pope. Next we follow Drake in his raid on Cadiz, where we watch him burn the shipping and, even more important, the vast quantity of barrel staves in which the water and provisions for the Armada were to have been stored. We see the costly, ineffectual fighting in the Dutch towns, where Parma's veterans have the better of it, and then 1588, that "fateful year of wonders," draws near. We feel the tension in England and the spurring urgency of Philip when, after the death of his old admiral, Santa Cruz, he presses the command upon the reluctant, courageous Medina Sidonia. Mr. Mattingly gives this humble outspoken servant a fairer appreciation than he has ever received before, and we have some idea of how much discipline he and the captains he trusted instilled in the variegated Spanish squadrons as we see the huge crescent of ships approach Plymouth and how stubbornly they held to that crescent formation through three of the four battles.

It is extraordinary how vividly he makes us share in the apprehensions of the Spanish seamen: their fear of the fire ships, their exasperation at not being able to board the faster English galleons, their desperate shortage of shot and water, their ignorance of the Irish Sea. I wish the author had told us in greater detail of what happened to the shipwrecked mariners in the aftermath, but that is only another way of saying that I wish other historians would write as beautifully as he has in his passages of action and in his characterization of men like Mendoza, Medina, Philip, and Drake. An exceptional book, to be savored slowly.

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Our summer cottage twenty-seven miles north of Boston backs up to a rocky moraine once covered with dense pinewoods which concealed a scattering of great ponds. Each spring we used to look for the prints of the deer which came down to sample our flowering shrubs and for the raccoon which called to see if the garbage tin had been refreshed. Then Route 128 went bulldozing through; the trees that weren't chopped down blew down, the rocks took over, and most of the wildlife fled.

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of what the white man has done to eliminate them. To this book PETER MATTHIESSEN brings his knowledge of zoology and ornithology, his skill as a writer (he is one of the founders of the *Paris Review* and the author of two novels), and the anger of a young man outraged at the ruthlessness he has observed so often in his travels. He quotes the explorers and naturalists who wrote with delight or foreboding about the country when it was young, and his text is pointed up by the black-and-white drawings of Bob Hines, by color plates of Audubon, Fuertes, and Peale, and by photographs of the game and the hunters who wiped it out. So often this is the story of prodigality, of killing followed by remorse when there was too little left to save. We have already lost the passenger pigeon, the bison, the heath hen, and today we are in danger of losing the whooping crane and the bald eagle. Here is the effect of predator control, of the almost cynical pollution of our rivers and the blight which settles over vast valleys as they are flooded by our excessive construction of dams; here is the arrogant abuse of wildlife sanctuaries by the armed services. What saves this from being a bleak story of extermination is Mr. Matthiessen's delight in the life that remains and the crusading spirit with which he argues against the extravagant use of insecticides and for the protection of the salmon, swans, cranes, the early inhabitants which once gave such character to this country.

THE CAMERA'S EYE

YOUSUF KARSH is a photographer par excellence who served his apprenticeship in Boston and who hung out his shingle in Ottawa. When the war brought Churchill and other leaders to the Canadian capital, Karsh embarked on the first of the portraits that have made him famous for his interpretation of men. His PORTRAITS OF GREATNESS (Thomas Nelson, $17.50) are studies of ninety-six celebrities of our time, exquisitely reproduced in sheet-fed gravure and each accompanied by a brief note explaining the mood of and the particular problems posed by each sitter.

As a rule, I prefer those portraits which are somewhat removed from the camera, especially the ones of David Low, Pope John XXIII, Martha Graham, Sir Jacob Epstein, Robert Frost, Igor Stravinsky, and Pablo Casals. The close-ups, like that of Dame Edith Evans, make me overly conscious of the skin; and those which magnify the pores and creases, as the portraits of Sandburg and Augustus John do, seem to me less than beautiful. Only rarely, as in the picture of Bertrand Russell, does the gleam of the intellect shine through and illuminate the marks of age.

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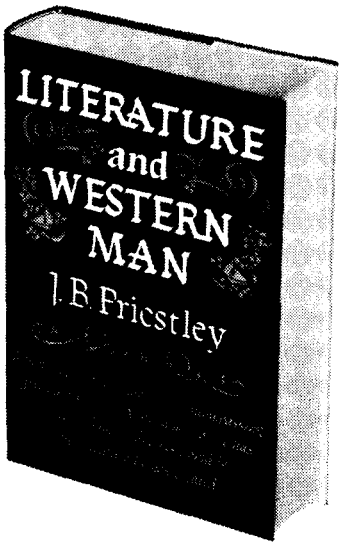

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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

RITUAL IN THE DARK (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95) is the first novel by COLIN WILSON, the young and more or less angry Englishman who wrote *The Outsider*. Mr. Wilson's critical and philosophical notions, expounded in that book, have been wildly praised for their originality and denounced as an ingenious mishmash of borrowings, but his novel ought to draw a more consistent press. It is an exceptionally good novel, and as a first attempt, it may fairly be called extraordinary.

The story takes place in contemporary London, but it is frankly derived from the exploits of Jack the Ripper and is essentially a speculation on how a combination of artistic failure, social dislocation, religious uncertainty, and sexual frustration might drive a sensitive and basically amiable man to mass murder. The tale with which Mr. Wilson illustrates his line of reasoning is a lively, somewhat Dickensian affair, full of policemen, journalists, landladies, drunks, clergymen, scruffy borderline artists, pretty women, red herrings, and suspense. This last quality makes it difficult to discuss the book, for it ought to be a hanging offense to give away a plot that an author has carefully arranged to keep the readers' curiosity on the boil.

Sorme, the hero of the novel, is a would-be writer with just enough inherited income to survive, unemployed and unmolested, at a level slightly above plain squalor. He is discontented with his progress and hideously bored, and when he finds himself being drawn into a morbid and possibly criminal clique, he makes no effort to escape.

Slowly, picking up a clue here and a bit of gossip there, Sorme constructs in his own mind an image of the killer who is terrorizing London. He himself is constantly pursuing a sense of freedom, power, and the importance of his personal existence through love affairs and induced visions — the last, very disappointing things. He assumes that the murderer is trying for the same result by external violence, and Sorme works out an interesting paradoxical argument to justify such a course. But Sorme himself is no killer, and Mr. Wilson is not seriously advocating thuggery as a tonic for strained nerves. The book ultimately circles around to the proposition that life is a sacred and joyous force, having demonstrated by the way that modern society does everything possible to make the individual experience of life painful and exasperating.

Mr. Wilson writes with assurance and displays no stylistic affectations. He has a nice sense of proportion in the construction of his novel. The book depends on a series of interviews, all skirmishing around the topic of murder, but these conversations involve so many points of view and seemingly extraneous bits of information that they never become monotonous. Minor characters are not described or pursued beyond the point of usefulness. Details of weather outside and furnishing inside seem, in context, quite normal and commonplace matters of rain, cold, overheated rooms, and clumsy plumbing. In fact, most of these details are designed to produce an atmosphere of discomfort and tension, and they do.

The book is not faultless, for Sorme, explaining his developing theories to a succession of people, is sometimes repetitious. There is an inordinate amount of talking about, negotiating for, and drinking tea, which may well be true to life but, if so, constitutes excessive naturalism. Once the conclusion of the story has become inevitable, Mr. Wilson is dangerously slow in getting to it. But these are small complaints against a generally exciting, intelligent novel. At his best, Mr. Wilson can present an important point in the midst of a scene, almost deadpan in tone, in which a kindly religious fanatic tries to spread the word, Sorme demurely needles him, the painter Glasp snarls atheistically in a corner, and the hostess twitters in helpless anguish while beer and good manners vanish like dew in the sun. The episode is an elegant little mas-

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The Peripatetic Advertiser

Angles and Americans alike can rejoice in their languages which have much in common. It is not merely that we can read each other with only rare recourse to the dictionary, the commonalty of interest goes many layers deep. Five men, all Englishmen, each eminent in his own field, contribute to the American market, books that present us with that unfamiliar double-mirror image of our own familiar faces. Diplomacy and publishing, sudden death and taxes, and the conquered will-to-failure are their themes.

One of the "most important political and diplomatic memoirs of our time" is **The Memoirs of Anthony Eden, Full Circle.** Preceded by headlines, 30 minute interviews on television, this wide-ranging look at British and American foreign policy in the cold war years is certain to be an extension of our experience in foresight as well as hindsight. The endlessly absorbing pattern of agreement and divergence between the U.K. and the U.S.A. in their relationships with the Middle East, with the Soviets, with India, with each other, is interpreted by the statesman who had been at the center of the European vortex. It is Sir Anthony Eden's personal and political testament of the years from 1951-1957.

One of the liveliest, most ebullient, and candid writers in the great tradition is **Frederic Warburg. An Occupation for Gentlemen** has already been published in England to a chorus of delighted cheers. ". . . a book by a publisher that will command the admiration and affection even of authors . . ." *Angus Wilson* "One of the publisher's occupational hazards is the recurrent and appalling question: 'What exactly do you *do?*' Now Mr. Warburg has written just the book to answer the more interesting part of that tiresome question." *Rupert Hart-Davis Time & Tide* "Here is a book-worm's eye view of a hazardous trade; honest, revealing, exciting, at times pathetic. But never dull." *Mark Starhope Sunday Times*

In a very short time **Colin Wilson** has generated the liveliest controversy about the ancient art of literary criticism. *The Outsider* undoubtedly introduced more readers faster, to more great books, than any other book of our time. Now Colin Wilson has turned to fiction, putting theory to the test, in a novel about Jack the Ripper, **Ritual in the Dark,** that was modestly hailed by the *London Sunday Express* in the following terms: "Not since Dickens has a British fiction-writer dealt with murder in a book of such size and seriousness."

One of our great sources of national pride should be that *Parkinson's Law* was published first in America and only then in Britain. No following of the flag there, for **Professor C. Northcote Parkinson** is an Englishman. Cutting even closer to the Yankee bone is his second promulgation **The Law and the Profits.** The man who dared to say what all of us live by, "Work expands to fill the time available for its completion", now says, "Expenditure rises to meet income!" Robert Osborn interprets as unforgettably as before. Even taxtime can be full of happy laughter.

Elder Statesman of the AYM, **John Braine** extended the market of a startlingly good novel, *Room at the Top,* to those who do not necessarily read, with a prize-winning movie that followed the book with an almost eerie exactness. His new novel, **From the Hand of the Hunter,** was published in England to instant approval:

"Once again Mr. Braine shows his great capacity for a tearaway narrative, for crisp dialogue and stark emotion." *London Times* ". . . confirms what one could see beneath the more fortuitous aspects of *Room at the Top* — that Mr. Braine is a gifted and skilled writer." Manchester *Guardian.* It will be published here this week.

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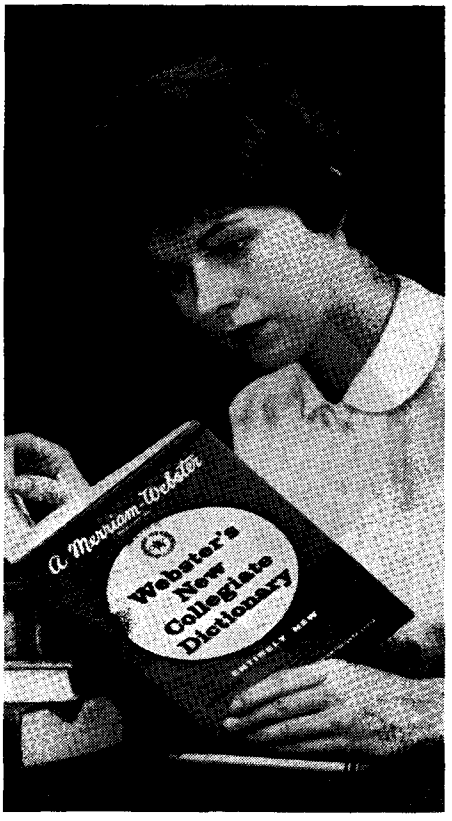
Teen-agers:
the search for assurance



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terpiece of high comedy in which character, dialogue, and action all combine to make the author's point, which, incidentally, is not comic at all.

ADOLESCENT RECKLESSNESS

The late JOYCE CARY'S early novel, CHARLEY IS MY DARLING (Harper, $3.95), has at last been published here. It is a fairly simple — simple for Cary, that is — story of adolescent Londoners removed to a small country village during the war. Obviously related to the author's delightful memoirs of his own childhood, the book also shows faint portents of the preoccupation with art, love, and responsibility that runs through his later work.

The "darling" is a wonderful and awful brat, bright, imaginative, resourceful, and, by adult legal standards, hopelessly criminal. Charley's view of the world is uncomplicated by experience or principle. He simply wants friends and affection and will do anything to get them. He begins by amusing some fellow *évacués* and a half-deaf farm girl with fantastic stories, proceeds to a perfectly real trip to the movies, and from there to housebreaking. There is no malice in Charley, and most of his friends are equally well disposed. The trouble is, they all love excitement. They keep wanting Charley to better his own reckless performances, and Charley, terrified of losing their regard, obliges.

The boy's career is bound to end catastrophically, but until it does his adventures are gaudy stuff. The great excursion to the flickers includes the stealing of a car, which Charley himself cannot drive, the lifting of money from a fat gossip, much buying of flashy trinkets, a noisy dinner in what the children fancy is high style, the slapstick theft of a second car, and its abandonment in a ditch. They get home at last on foot, half delirious with fatigue and excitement, rambling across the moonlit fields holding high intellectual discourse on parents and punishment, of which they take a tolerant view. It is impossible not to sympathize with these gentle delinquents who had such a magnificent time for nothing worse than a few pounds and a stranger's front bumper. But this kind of idyllic crime doesn't last. By the end of the book, Charley and his devoted little

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Translated by MARGUERITE WALDMAN

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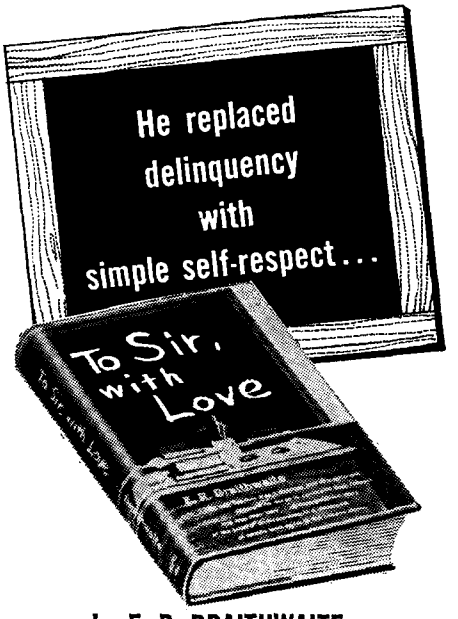

by E. R. BRAITHWAITE

Rick Braithwaite started teaching with three strikes against him: he was inexperienced, his students were London's toughest slum children, and he was a Negro. Incredibly, he succeeded where others had failed. The true story of how he did it — already a best-seller in England — is one of the most dramatic and exciting books of the year. $3.50

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girl friend are in serious difficulties, the worst of which is that they cannot quite understand why everyone is so furious with them.

The ending of the story is more sentimental than one would expect of Cary, but the rest of it is witty, amusingly observant of the actions of adolescents (Mr. Cary is not a victim of the delusion that they are awkward), and very acute in portraying their erratic waverings between childishness and maturity.

COVER ARTIST

NORMAN ROCKWELL: MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR (Doubleday, $4.95) is just what the title promises. NORMAN ROCKWELL begins with his small boy diversion of drawing, works his shy and deliberately bumbling way through art school and early magazine illustration to national recognition with the *Saturday Evening Post*, describes mad models, fellow painters, and editors, and ends with a day-by-day description of painting a particular *Post* cover.

Mr. Rockwell confides a few facts about his private life and discusses his attitude toward his painting, which is one of permanent dissatisfaction. He does not go very deep and clearly never intended to do so; *My Adventures as an Illustrator* is, for all its pleasantly informal style and flashes of Mark Twain humor, the public statement of a very reserved man.

Mr. Rockwell was brought up on Dickens and attributes his love of detail and genre painting to this influence. He was disgusted by the filth and brutality he saw around him during his city boyhood and admits, a little ruefully, that he has never been able to paint anything unpleasant. It was not policy that led Mr. Rockwell to his light and charming subjects but sheer inability to draw anything else. Oddly, his prose descriptions of some of the things that revolted him as a child are very effective, cold, economical, and almost savage with controlled fury. He left high school early to put himself through art school and very shortly, with no starving in a garret or reproaches from his relatives, was launched on a highly successful career.

All this sounds harmless, and most of it like a Horatio Alger story come true, yet there is evidently a dark

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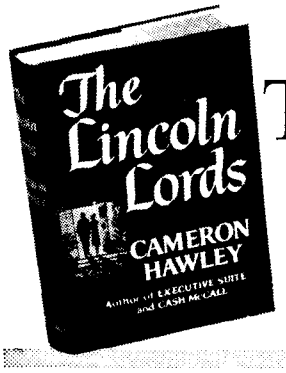

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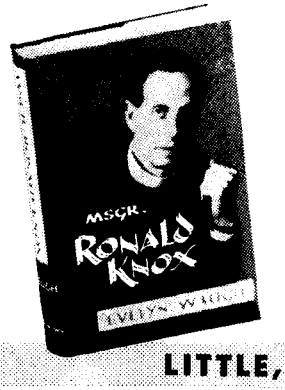

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side to Mr. Rockwell's success. He mentions long periods of incompetence, inability to paint much or to finish anything, lapses of confidence so complete that one of them drove him to a psychiatrist. But if he knows what causes these attacks, he does not tell. His book remains, like his paintings, good-humored, clever, technically deft, and graciously unexacting. It is pleasant reading, and if it doesn't tell much about being a painter, it tells a great deal about what goes into thinking up covers for a popular magazine.

EXIT THE DALAI LAMA

FRANK MORAES, a distinguished Indian journalist and the author of several books on Far Eastern affairs, has now written THE REVOLT IN TIBET (Macmillan, $3.95). This is primarily a factual book, describing with great thoroughness the events which led up to the Dalai Lama's flight to India in 1959 and the exchange of recriminations between India and China which followed it. Mr. Moraes not only knows his material, he appreciates how much the average Western reader does not know about Tibet and takes pains to provide the background information which is necessary for any understanding of what happened there.

In essence, of course, it was the usual story of a large, aggressive state gobbling up a small contiguous state which lacked defenses or allies. The Chinese Communists did not invent this form of misconduct, but they brought it off where previous Chinese governments had had little success, and they proved to be particularly infuriating overlords. The result was a general rising of all classes of the highly stratified Tibetan population, a desperately impractical affair which was quickly and bloodily suppressed.

Aside from the care with which Mr. Moraes describes the history and customs of pre-Communist Tibet, his book is notable for its blunt disapproval of Nehru's dealings with China. Mr. Moraes does not suggest that India could or should have taken up arms in defense of Tibet. He does argue, convincingly, that a little more wariness on Nehru's part would have left India in a position to offer stronger remonstrance when the occasion required it. As things turned out, Nehru's casual interpretation of the principles of peaceful

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coexistence led him into agreements with China which left the status of Tibet so ambiguous that, when he found the Chinese perched on his northern frontier, the Indian Prime Minister could only protest that it was not what he'd had in mind.

Mr. Moraes finds only one ray of hope in this pathetic story. He believes that the non-Communist countries of Asia, previously inclined to sympathize with China as a fellow victim of European imperialism, have been alerted by the fate of Tibet to the possibility that imperialism may call itself by other names and originate in Asia as well as in Europe.

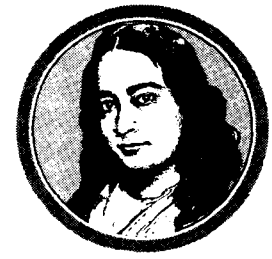
PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER?

JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS, who wrote *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox*, has turned to current political affairs in his latest book, **JOHN KENNEDY** (Harcourt, Brace, $4.75). Subtitled *A Political Profile*, the book describes and attempts to explain the career of the young Massachusetts senator, who seems, at present, one of the likelier Democratic candidates for presidential nomination in the next election.

The general outline of Senator Kennedy's career must be familiar, by this time, to all but determined nonreaders of the newspapers. The Boston Irish background, the wealthy father, the early success as a political essayist, the war service, the abrupt explosion into politics when young Kennedy, by utterly unorthodox methods, won the Democratic primary — equivalent to election — in a ten-candidate free-for-all in one of Massachusetts' wilder congressional districts. Professor Burns covers all this well, but his book is most interesting when he tries to detect a pattern of thinking behind the senator's subsequent activities as a legislator. All he succeeds in proving is that Mr. Kennedy is not a conservative's conservative or a liberal's liberal or a well-behaved wheel horse of the Massachusetts party organization.

Professor Burns spends a great deal of time rummaging through the question, still brought up against the senator at every opportunity, of his stand — or, rather, notable lack of stand — on civil rights legislation and the censure proceedings against McCarthy. When the McCarthy affair came to a head, Kennedy was

"FASCINATING"–says NEWSWEEK



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To combat the moral schizophrenia of our day

MAN THE BRIDGE BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

By FRANZ E. WINKLER, M.D.

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safely in the hospital and could avoid casting any vote. On civil rights, he has frequently seemed glued to the fence. Professor Burns argues that his actions on both these questions arose from the same principles, a determination to proceed by legal, well-precedented methods and a desire to reach a common-sense compromise, not necessarily the ultimate ideal solution but something that would work at the moment. In short, the senator refuses to be forced either to the left or to the right.

The other great question in regard to Senator Kennedy is, of course, his Catholicism. Professor Burns doesn't go much beyond quoting the senator himself, who has said more than once that he cannot conceive of any situation in which his private convictions as a Roman Catholic could conflict with his public duty as an elected official of the United States. This is about what Al Smith said thirty years ago, and although he undoubtedly meant every word of it, quite a number of people refused to believe him. Not having contracted to investigate the extent of anti-Catholic suspicion in the country today, Professor Burns leaves the matter right there. Evidently he has not been able to learn what plans, if any, Senator Kennedy has in mind in case his nomination, if he wins it, should cause a resurgence of militant Protestantism.

In all, the book presents the picture of a highly intelligent, hard-working, levelheaded man, one most unlikely to commit any hasty indiscretion. What is lacking is any indication that the senator, in a crisis, can tell where indiscretion becomes a virtue. He has simply never been called upon to face such a situation, and it must be admitted that that is neither his fault nor Professor Burns's.

LOLITA IN PA.

OURSELVES TO KNOW (Random House, $4.95), JOHN O'HARA's latest novel, starts off as though it were going to be a dryly funny study of small-town society in the twenties, the Pennsylvanian equivalent of one of John Marquand's archaeological digs around Boston. It quickly degenerates, however, into standard O'Hara and settles down to a wearisome assembling of information which adds up to nothing.

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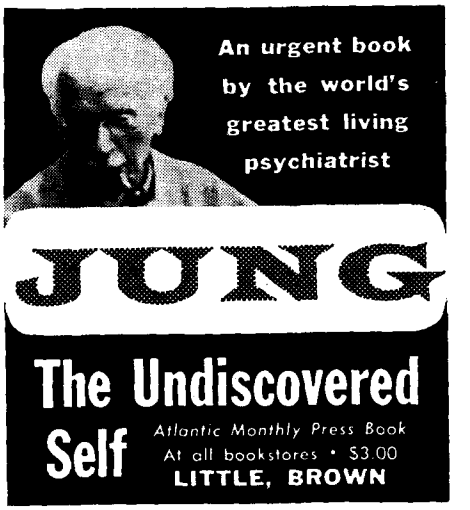

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It is impossible to deduce, while plodding through this tome, what Mr. O'Hara's object is, and difficult to remember that he once wrote books with point and humor and characters that talked like human beings. His hero is a quiet, well-behaved gentleman, a sober citizen and unobtrusive benefactor of the whole town, who never says or thinks anything of the slightest interest. In his fifties, this decent and sensible fellow marries an eighteen-year-old beauty who is, as he very well knows, a bad-tempered little nymphomaniac. There is no indication in Mr. O'Hara's account of the action that the man is under any irresistible emotional compulsion when he commits this indiscretion. The girl behaves unexpectedly well for a year or so, and then, when the inevitable misdemeanor occurs, he shoots her.

Nothing in the book indicates whether this affair is supposed to represent a study of uncontrollable middle-aged passion, a portrait of a good man driven to crime, an exploration of provincial morality, a vague protest against women, or an isolated character study. The last category seems the most likely, but if it is assumed that the book is a character study, there arises the question of why Mr. O'Hara lavished over four hundred pages on a hero who is, to be uncivilly candid, a quite unspeakable bore.

Ourselves to Know is written with an air of earnest purpose. The structure is intricate, necessitating a narrator and confidant and a terribly confusing time scheme. This type of paraphernalia generally suggests that an author believes himself to be engaged upon an eighteen-carat literary work, but much of Mr. O'Hara's book rings like tin. It is full of incongruities of speech and action, the most spectacular being an episode in which the naughty little girl comes downstairs to meet our hero, accompanied by her mother, who is well acquainted with, and in despair over, her child's character. Since Hedda intends to be seduced, if possible, she is wearing nothing under her dress, and Mr. O'Hara's assumption that this circumstance could possibly have escaped a suspicious maternal eye in the year 1906 reveals either complete ignorance of the costume of the period or neglect of duty on the part of an author with pretensions to realism.

Christ's Church *HAS TO BE* Infallible!

Many people challenge the claim of the Catholic Church that it is infallible in matters of religion.

"No human being is perfect," they will say. "No institution run by human beings can be infallible."

Many believe the Bible fills this need. However, since numberless fallible people interpret the Bible... and often in direct conflict with each other, the Bible cannot supply the need of an unquestioned source of Christ's teachings. For Catholics, the infallible source is the Catholic Church, established for that purpose by Christ Himself.

The Church is the infallible source of religious truth because it was established by the Son of God for that purpose. We know from the New Testament that Christ instructed Peter and the other disciples to "teach all nations"... that He gave them the power to forgive sins in His name... that He appointed Peter the first head of His Church... that He promised to send the Holy Spirit to guide and protect the Church against human errors and the assaults of evil forces.

Peter was divinely appointed to be the shepherd of the flock of Christ. In his lifetime, he was so recognized by the disciples and by the early Christians. He was also, according to Holy Scripture, instructed by Jesus to appoint others to spread Christ's teachings to succeeding generations. This continuation and succession of authority was obviously necessary if Christ's Church was to fulfill His promise to endure for all time and against all enemies.

We know that Peter was the first Pope of the Catholic Church... that all of the Popes down through the centuries are his successors . . . that the Church which existed as Christ's Church for the first Christians is the Catholic Church as it exists today.

Everyone, of course, has the obligation to follow his own conscience in seeking the truths taught by Jesus Christ. This, we sincerely suggest, should include an investigation of the claims of the Catholic Church, which, significantly, is the only Church on earth making the claim to be Christ's true church—one, holy and infallible in its promulgation of the message of the Son of God. You may ultimately, and sincerely, disagree with us, but nothing is more important than finding an infallible source of Christ's truth and we hope you will investigate.

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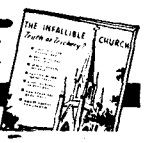

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The passions that move men to create history

"One man and God can overturn the universe," John Brown said* — and marched on the federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry at the head of an avenging 'army' of five negroes and thirteen whites. Brown's crusade ended, within weeks, on the gallows — but the conflict he helped unleash raged for five bloody years and permanently changed the face of the nation.

The passions that move men to create history may be peculiar to the time and place, but their consequences are the legacy of us all. Just as our lives today are shaped in part by Sir Francis Drake's defeat of the Spanish Armada — so is our future now being perceptibly altered by the seething aspirations of people in Algiers, Jakarta and Peiping.

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*Quoted in *THE CIVIL WAR, by Shelby Foote*

DEATH OF A KING. . . . *Assassination of Alexander I of Yugoslavia and Foreign Minister Louis Barthou of France by a Macedonian terrorist, Marseilles, October 9, 1934. The assassin, his coat held by the chauffeur, is trying to shield himself from the saber slashes of the mounted officer at left. (World Wide Photo)*

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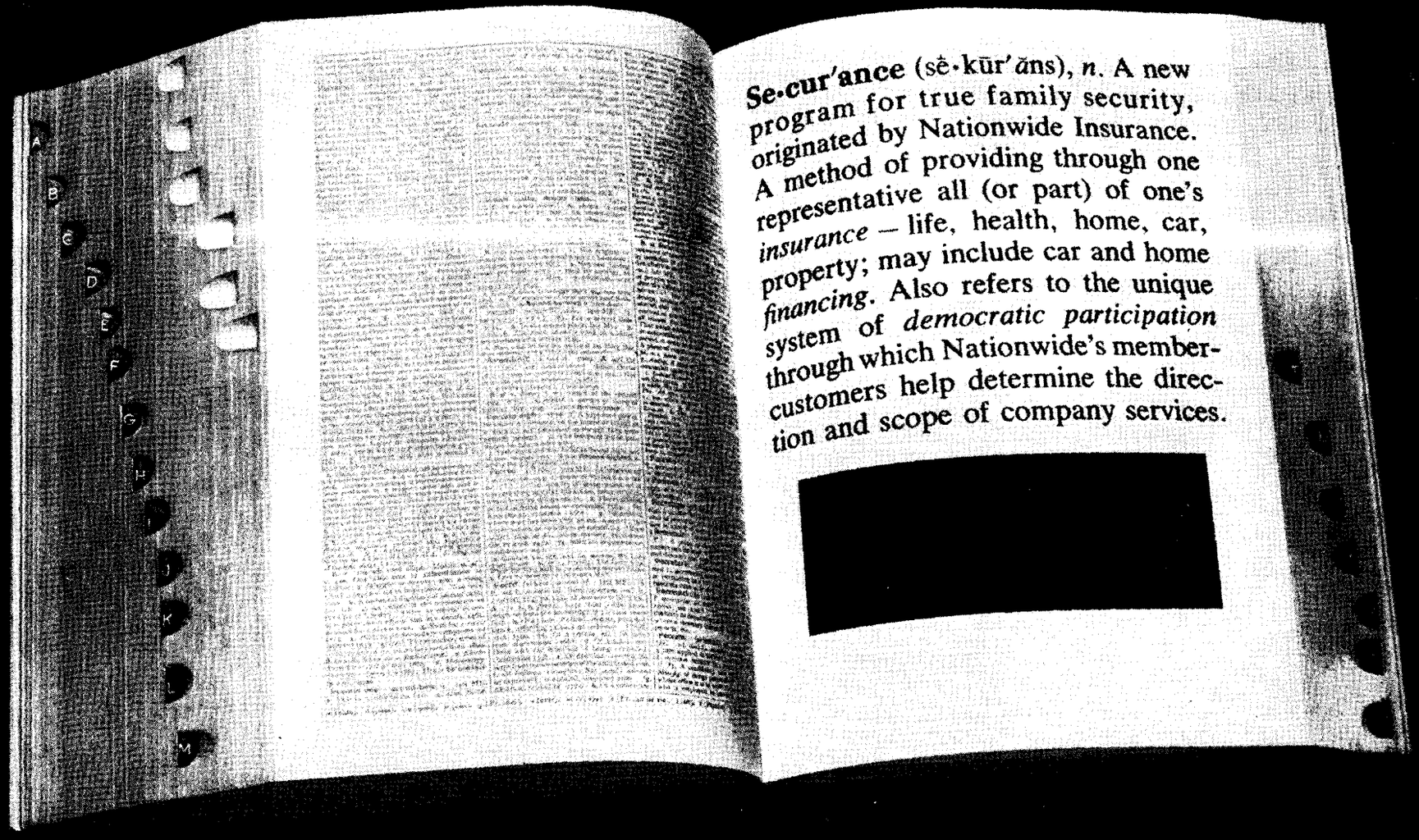

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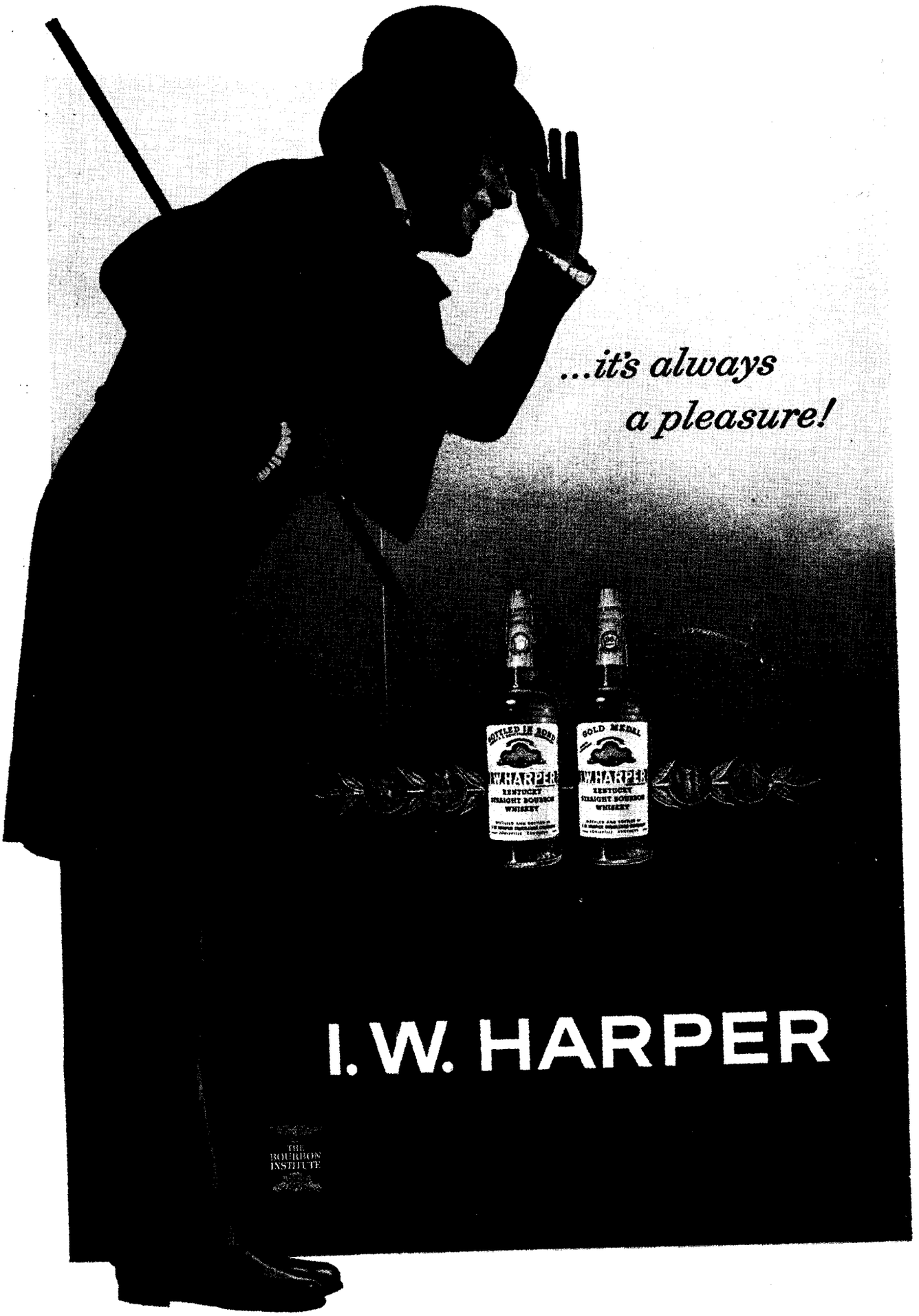

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